

The Australian

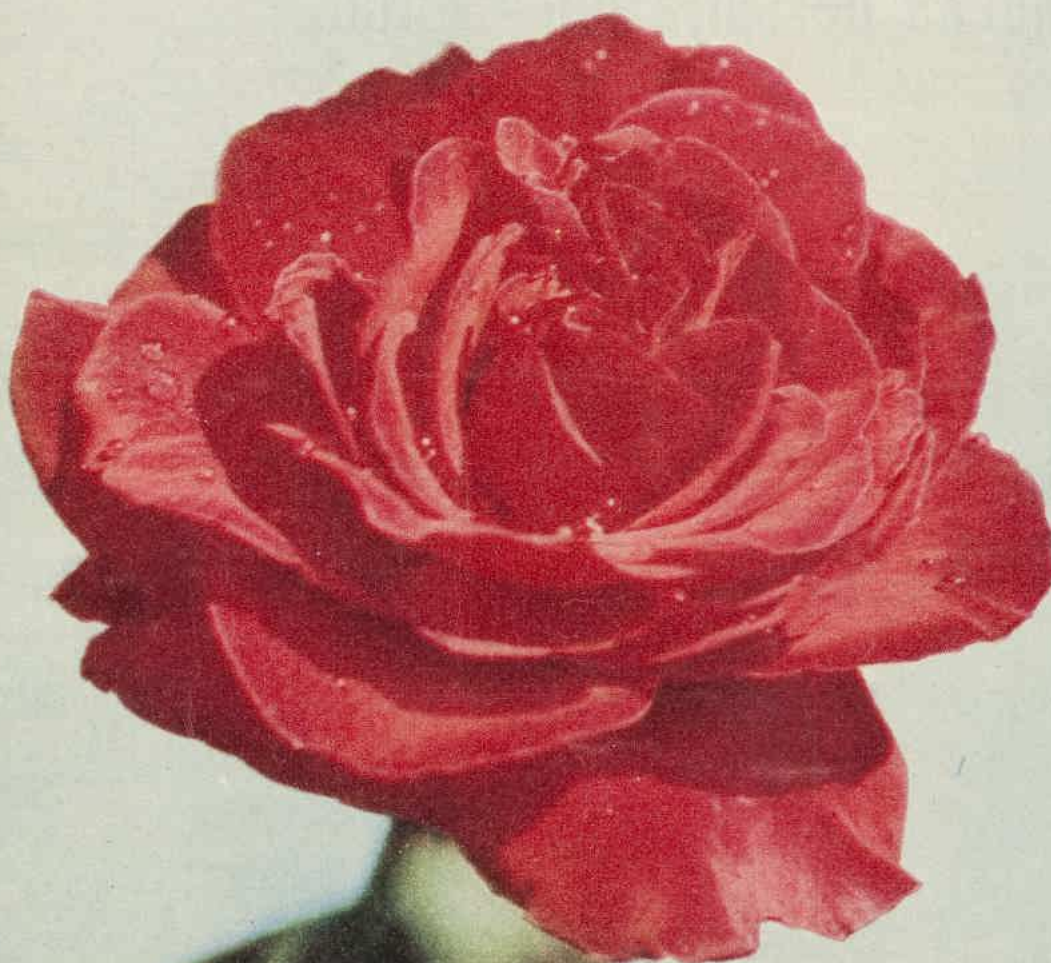
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 19, 1958

PRICE



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 19, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 24

Our cover

● Our beautiful rose is Mrs. Miniver, whose catalogue description is "Scarlet-crimson, large but thin, vigorous and upright growth. Very fragrant." The picture was taken by Stirling Macoboy, of Neutral Bay, Sydney. For other pictures and information about roses see the special section, pages 43-49.

CONTENTS

Fiction

| | |
|--|--------|
| The Lonely Shore (Serial, Part 1), Freda Vines | 24, 25 |
| Love and Lisa, Elizabeth Rackham | 26 |
| Uncle Tom and Little Eva, Owen Fitz Henry | 27 |
| Firetrap, Owen Gray | 28, 29 |

Homemaking

| | | |
|---------------|--------|------------------------------|
| Cookery | 64, 65 | Cup Day in Color 8, 9, 11 |
| Home Plan | 66 | The No Willpower Diet 20, 21 |
| Color Home | 67 | |
| Prize Recipes | 68 | |
| Transfers | 72 | |

Special Features

| |
|------------------------------|
| Cup Day in Color 8, 9, 11 |
| The No Willpower Diet 20, 21 |

Regular Features

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------|-------------------------|----|
| Fashion | | Social | 19 |
| Fashions in Nylon | 16, 17 | Readers' Letters | 18 |
| Dress Sense | 34 | Ross Campbell | 18 |
| Fashion Frocks | 77 | It Seems To Me, Dorothy | 31 |
| Patterns | 93 | Drain | 31 |
| Films and TV | | Beauty | 34 |
| Anthony Perkins | 81 | Here's Your Answer | 41 |
| Television Parade | 82 | Worth Reporting | 42 |
| Annie Oakley | 83 | The Laugh Was On Me | 42 |
| Film Preview | 84 | The Australian Year | 53 |
| Reviews | 85 | Coupon | 53 |
| | | Mandrake | 58 |
| | | Stars | 62 |
| | | Teena, Crossword | 95 |

The Weekly Round

● We chose artist John Mills to illustrate our new serial, "The Lonely Shore," because he particularly likes to illustrate sea stories.

HE is keenly interested in ships, ancient and modern.

An enthusiastic yachtsman on Sydney Harbor, he served during the war in the small ships section of the Royal Australian Navy.

He owns a fine collection of marine reference books. For this story, by Freda Vines, of Western Australia, he had to check the type of American whaler used in the period (round 1842) and the kind of small boats likely to be in service on the Western Australian coast.

Before starting work on the serial he spent some time in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and at the Municipal Library in his own suburb, Mosman, studying costumes and scenic references.

IT'S not easy to find a slimming diet that is both novel and effective, but we have one for you this week. See pages 20, 21.

Its principle is the same as that of any soundly based slimming programme — you eat less. But you do it in a way that is easier to sustain.

Men as well as women are interested in keeping their figures. Too much weight is ageing, and it's a nuisance to carry round.

If you have failed at other diets, have a go at this one. The results claimed are not spectacular. Five pounds in a month is not a great deal, but it's a start. And don't forget that five pounds in a month adds to 15lb. in three months.

ROSE-FANCIERS will enjoy this week's special section, with its pictures of magnificent displays at overseas shows. (See pages 43-49.)

This time of year, when roses are in bloom, is the time to make notes of the new ones you want to add to your collection when planting time comes round in autumn.

Otherwise you often forget the name of the particular beauty that impressed you.

Methodical gardeners, incidentally, keep a plan of the beds, with the names entered a piece of book-work that is well worth while for those with big collections of roses.

NEXT WEEK

● Ever hear of a serial jigsaw puzzle? We feature one next week and it's bound to be a favorite with the children. The first week we'll show you the complete picture and provide a few of the pieces. We'll give you more pieces the second week and the last of them the third week. Other attractions in our next issue include some Christmas gifts that children can make. They're illustrated in color, with easy-to-follow directions.



QUEEN ELIZABETH MAKES TV HISTORY

● This is the scene millions of people in the British Commonwealth saw in black and white on their television sets when, for the first time, television cameras were permitted in the House of Lords to record the opening of the British Parliament. Viewers watched the Queen drive in state from Buckingham Palace; saw her seat herself on the golden throne, facing the scarlet-robed peers and peeresses. They listened as she delivered the speech prepared for her by the Government, outlining its policy. They heard her say of the vast new audience: "Outwardly they see the pageantry and symbols of authority and State. But in their hearts they will surely respond to the spirit of hope and purpose which inspires our parliamentary tradition."



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"Chances Are" Mathis will be a local hit

● U.S. singing sensation Johnny Mathis chose Australia for his first venture abroad because he thought he "might get a certain amount of acceptance there."

THIS—from the 23-year-old Mathis whose voice nets him annually more than £250,000 and whose "Chances Are" sold two million discs—could be the understatement of the year.

Slim, modest, clean-cut Mathis—whose trip to Australia will last just nine days—is the kind of person Australians like.

With seven or eight performances packed into his nine-day stay, he probably won't find time for jogging round a running-track or working out in a gym.

But if he had the time that's certainly where you'd find him, winning many friends.

For Johnny was a top school and college athlete, and still firmly believes in keeping fit.

A record jump

When he was three inches shorter than his present 5ft. 10in. he set a high-jump record of 6ft. 5½in. — a class performance when you consider that Western Australian Jack Winter won the 1948 Olympic title in London with a jump of 6ft. 6in.

On his tours in America he works out whenever he can at the local Y.M.C.A. "Keeping in shape helps my singing," he said.

Mathis, the fourth of seven children, was encouraged to become a singer by his father, who thought he had an unusual voice and took him, aged 13, to a local teacher in San Francisco.

She was equally impressed, and taught Johnny free for seven years.

"She's been a real angel," said Mathis.

Johnny sang at school rallies and dances, and finally got his first professional engagement through the school athletic team.

The shotputter had a friend who ran a tavern, and Mathis started singing there on Friday and Saturday nights.

"The woman who owned the club across the street heard me, and gave me a summer job," he said.

Eventually nightclub owner Helen Noga heard him. And she was so impressed she became his manager.

She soon got him an audition with the boys at Columbia Records. They in turn were so impressed they signed him up.

By this time, when all the signs pointed to Mathis be-



AMERICAN SINGING SENSATION 23-year-old Johnny Mathis, who will appear during his nine-day Australian season at Melbourne Stadium on November 15, 17, and 18, and at Sydney Stadium on November 19, 20, 21, and 22.

coming a surefire success as a full-time professional singer, he'd been studying for 18 months at the San Francisco State College to become a physical training teacher.

Success came in that thoroughly American way.

In no time, like a bushfire, Mathis was everywhere — on records, on TV show after TV show, at special shows such as the Academy Award presentation, at all the top nightclubs and hotels in all the big cities, and in films.

And he makes so much money now that it takes Helen Noga and a team of lawyers and accountants to count it for him.

"I don't know anything about money," he said.

But when you have expert financial guidance AND a voice that nets you £250,000 a year, perhaps that knowledge isn't too important.

This money-making voice

has also helped Mathis make "Chances Are" the fastest selling ballad in disc history, with a million sides selling in just seven weeks.

And this year he's hardly been out of the hit parades, with success piling on success.

His was the voice on the soundtrack singing the theme song, "It's Not For Me To Say" in the Kirk Douglas production, "Lizzie," and "Wild Is The Wind," and in the movie "A Certain Smile" Mathis had a feature spot before the cameras singing the title song.

Black-haired, bright-eyed Mathis told me he hopes to do a lot of movie work.

His first acting role will be in a movie of his own life, for which Universal International will start shooting in March.

Mathis regrets his trip to Australia will be so brief.

"I can't afford too much

By
LARRY FOLEY,
of our New York
staff

time away from here," he said. "People are apt to forget you if you're not around for a while.

"But if things go well in Australia we may include it later in a more extended tour which I have in mind.

"This takes in England and Europe, and there's no reason why I couldn't go south there, too."

Mathis, who has made his mark as a singer of popular songs with remarkable range and control, also sings operatic and religious numbers, and plans a series of symphony concerts.

"The first will be with the Rochester Symphony Orchestra," he said.

"There are all sorts of things I want to sing

— classical songs, Hebrew songs, such as 'Kol Nidre' and 'Eli Eli,' songs of other religions, songs from opera.

"I have recorded some of these songs, but, of course, no one would dream of including them in a nightclub performance."

For his nightclub appearances in the States he has his own show, which usually includes a dance team, a couple of comedians, and a novelty act.

His own part in the show is simply singing, and he usually contributes about 25 numbers.

"I won't be bringing my own troupe to Australia," Mathis told me. "That part of the show depends on whoever's doing the package deal."

No rock-'n-roll

"I only hope they don't have any rock-'n-roll parties in the show."

"I don't cater to that sort of — well, it just doesn't intrigue me. Rock-'n-roll audiences are apt to let you down, if you know what I mean."

"We try to present ourselves with the normal amount of dignity that goes with a concert. I don't want to look like a prude, but

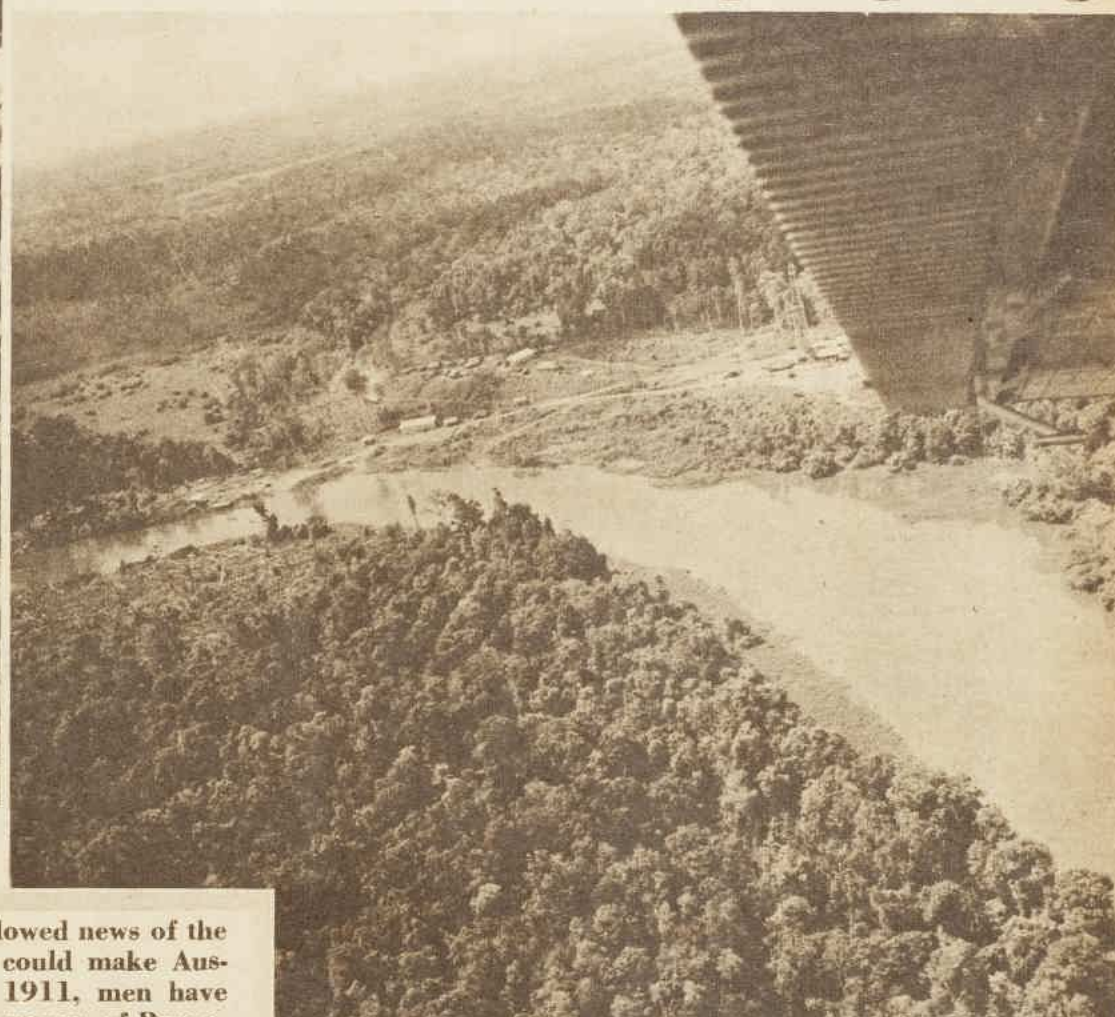
"You mean you don't cater to your audiences, and the bobby-soxers don't go over you?" I asked disbelievingly.

"Oh, yes, that happens," said Mathis. "But they seem to save their energy at last till I finish. Then I can go away safely."

OIL! New Guinea jungles may hold key to Australian prosperity



OIL gushing from the Puri well. Reports from Port Moresby stated that the flow was at the rate of 105,000 gallons a day. Official statements were more conservative.



FROM THE AIR drill sites show as small bare patches in the middle of dense jungle. Clearing the site usually takes longer than the drilling operation. The drill site (above) at Omati, now abandoned, is typical of those in Papua.

● A week of mounting excitement followed news of the oil strike at Puri — a discovery that could make Australia's fortune. For 47 years, since 1911, men have believed that oil lay below the jungle swamps of Papua.

IN the past 20 years the Australasian Petroleum Company has spent 30 million pounds in a search that dwarfed the efforts of smaller companies before them.

This year it looked as if the search might be nearing an end in failure.

The huge overseas interests which hold the main capital of the Australasian Petroleum Company announced their intention of pulling out.

Hundreds of small investors sold the shares they had bought on the strength of the oil boom in 1953. Then the flash-in-the-pan strike in Western Australia had sent stock exchanges into a brief frenzy, brought get-rich-quick hopes to housewives and typists who hardly knew the difference between oil shares and lottery tickets.

Last week oil shares were again the topic of ten-tables and espresso bars.

Five-shilling shares which hit rock bottom at 1/4 a few months ago went as high as 26/-, see-sawed day by day.

"Will I sell today and make a fiver or wait and make £50?" girls asked one another.

Meanwhile, some big investors made a fortune. Others chewed their fingernails.

A spokesman for the Australasian Petroleum Company said soberly: "The public

should treat the initial flow with caution."

Puri, which lies 240 miles north-west of Port Moresby, is in an area typical of hundreds of square miles of steaming, swampy jungle country.

From the air one oil clearing looks much like another, a small bare patch hewn from impenetrable green.

Clearing the land before drilling often takes longer than the operation in search of oil.

Air transport

Transport is a vital problem. The drilling company depends on planes, helicopters, river boats to bring in supplies and even whole drilling rigs. Workers use native canoes for much of their travel on the fast-flowing rivers.

If the Puri strike is followed by others it could change the face of Australia's economy.

Petroleum is Australia's biggest single import item. It cost £93,000,000 last year.

If New Guinea became Australia's Texas, as optimists have been hoping, it could bring immense riches — and immense problems.

Other nations have already coveted its rich undeveloped land. Oil would raise the value to danger point.

RIGHT: This feverish activity was a common sight in Australian stock exchanges after the oil strike. Here brokers bid for shares.



LEFT: Natives load core (underground rock sample from a well) on to a plane for transport to Port Moresby, where it is analysed for oil. ABOVE: To reach the sites, oil men travel long distances by canoe. This picture was taken at another drill site, Kuru, 40 miles from Puri.





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THE TOWN WITH TONS OF TUNA

Festival welcomes new fishing season

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Unless you were prepared to "talk tuna," Bermagui—240 miles from Sydney on the far south coast of N.S.W.—was certainly a town to stay well clear of during the recent Tuna Festival.

FOR then the 800 people of the tuna town, plus hundreds of visitors, temporarily forgot the rest of the world as they wholeheartedly celebrated the start of this year's tuna season.

Fishermen toasted the 100,000 tons caught last season, drank to record hauls in the future, and talked tuna night and day.

Everyone ate tuna in sandwiches, salads, sauces, and pastries; watched tuna on decorated floats during a lavish procession; danced beneath effigies of tuna at the local hall.

After the dance everyone was up at dawn to gather at the local jetty for the blessing of the tuna fleet.

And it was really a sight worth seeing.

The backdrop was Mount Dromedary, a bush-covered local landmark, then the sparkling open sea, and white waves on the harbor bar.

Ranked alongside the jetty was the tuna fleet of boats decked with bright pennants, streamers, and balloons waving in the breeze.

After the fleet was blessed crews started the engines, and the boats moved off in line, making for the harbor bar, the open sea, and the hope of a rich tuna harvest.

Harvesting of tuna off the

N.S.W. coast, which began only about eight years ago, round Bermagui alone now returns about £72,000 per season and keeps the cannery working at top pressure in Narooma.

The fish, known as the "chicken of the sea" because of their flesh and flavor, move down the east coast of Australia from early September.

To watch tuna fishermen at work, staff photographer Ernie Nutt and I went aboard the Loch Lomond—a 62-foot, 30-ton vessel skippered by Frank Broder and crewed by engineer Jim Jubb, Gordon Thompson, and his 16-year-old son, John.

But it was a bad day.

A small haul

A southerly whipped up choppy seas, leaving the fishermen with little to catch but plenty to talk about as we bucketed 20 miles out to the continental shelf before turning back.

"On a good day," said Frank Broder, "tuna are like cattle in a paddock, feeding all over the place. But bad weather drives them into huddles."

And so we missed the most wonderful sight of all—tuna moving in a ground swell, turning their bodies so, as Jim Jubb put it, "they look as if someone got a big sack of two-bob pieces and spilt them like a silver sheet in the water."



A CATCH is made by Frank Jubb (left) and Joe Mead from the 30ft. tuna boat Vida. A good-sized tuna for use in canning weighs about 30lb. During the recent Tuna Festival in Bermagui, the fish, known as the "chicken of the sea," was sole topic of conversation among many visitors and 800 inhabitants. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

When a school of tuna is spotted — picked out by the dark patch of color it makes in the ocean, by the presence of hundreds of seabirds overhead — crews go swiftly into action.

Biggest haul in one day for the crew of the Loch Lomond was 18 tons, or approximately 2700 tuna.

For canning, the best tuna usually weigh about 30lb., and are three to four feet long.

It's hard work

Bermagui's tuna fishermen, who get 5½d. a lb. for their catches, work hard to make their profit when the tuna season is on.

One of Bermagui's well-known fishing identities is Tongan-born "Johnnie" Hill.

"Everything depends on the fisherman's eyesight," said Johnnie. "You've got to be spotting all the time, even though we've a regular spotting plane and use echo sounders on the boats."

Bermagui is a tuna town with many legendary personalities.

Among those I met during the Bermagui Tuna Festival were:

• Councillor L. F. Tarlinton, of Cobargo, whose grandfather, William Duggan Tarlinton, came to the Bermagui district in 1829, hacking his way through thick forest, and was an onlooker at a ferocious fight between mountain and coastal blacks, in which 30 perished.

• Miss Hope Bate, of nearby Tilba Tilba, whose parents brought her to the district in 1869 when she was two years old. Miss Bate can remember the natives of Lake Wallaga dressed in blankets, pinned at the shoulders with kangaroo leg bones.

"My mother was the only white woman in those parts," she says. "She was always frightened I'd roam in the

bush, and so that she would not lose me fastened little bells to my slippers and dressed me in scarlet."

• Mr. and Mrs. John Hayward, of Bermagui, whose 60th wedding anniversary coincided with the Tuna Festival.

Mr. Hayward (84) and Mrs. Hayward (77), who received a congratulatory telegram from the Queen, are known as "Pa" and "Ma" throughout the district. They have four children, 20 grandchildren, and 25 great-grandchildren.

• Mr. Wal Sirl, bullock-driver, whose team is the last on the South Coast, brought his team 32 miles into Bermagui for the Festival.

These people remember Bermagui's past—and they're seeing it going ahead now that tuna is booming.

The harbor is being dredged, new retaining walls are going up, the Commonwealth Government is talking of financing a modern refrigerated tuna clipper, and the population is growing all the time.

Little wonder they talked of tuna night and day.



FISHERMAN "Johnnie" Hill, one of Bermagui's well-known fishing identities, comes from Tonga. He thinks tuna caught off the eastern coast of Australia are bigger and better than in any other Pacific tuna grounds.



ON THE JETTY at Bermagui just before the blessing of the fleet are ministers of the Methodist, Church of England, and Roman Catholic Churches, who all took part.



THE TUNA FLEET, with the boats decorated to mark the opening of the tuna season, heads for the open sea after the blessing of the fleet at Bermagui. Last season 100,000 tons of tuna were caught by Bermagui fishermen.



• The huge Flemington crowd applauds 21-year-old jockey Mel Schumacher and Cup winner Baystone as the Clerk of the Course leads them back to scale after the 1958 Melbourne Cup, followed by Monte Carlo and Red Pine.

CUP-DAY WINNERS AT FLEMINGTON

● The Melbourne Cup once again provided Australia's fashion parade of the year. Trapezes, chemises, harem skirts, and floating panels were whipped by the wind which swept across Flemington's famous lawns on Cup Day. On this page and page 11 we show some of the fashion winners in dresses, hats, and shoes seen at Flemington.



THREE CONTENDERS in the Big Hat Stakes were (from left) Jill Markby, wearing a blue straw hat with roses and field flowers around the crown; Helen Woods in a straight-set hat covered with white petals; and Jennie Ham, whose enormous green straw picture hat was edged with white guipure lace.



BALLOON-SKIRTED frock worn by Melbourne girl Helen Woods was made of printed nylon, caught at the knees with a band. She carried a taffeta coat.



JOCKEY'S WIFE Mrs. George Moore was one of the best-dressed women on the course. Her Cup Day dress was pale blue silk and cotton with a mink-collared jacket.



SMART PRINT. Marcia Raphael wore a patterned dress, high waisted in front, falling straight at the back. Her bowler hat was tied with yellow chiffon.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Thompson were married in the garden of the bride's home, "Minibimbil," Merrivale. The bride was formerly Janet Miller, second daughter of Mrs. J. I. Miller and the late Mr. Miller. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Malcolm Mackay; the groom's brother David Thompson was best man, and Margaret Miller bridesmaid. The newlyweds will live on the Thompson property, "Warrie," Bathurst.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WEDDING BELLS will ring out from St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, when country lass Jill Hassall marries David Voss, of Rose Bay, on November 21.

Jill is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hassall, of "Glendaruel," Braidwood, and she will have four attendants, Mrs. Bill Borthwick, Mary Johnson, Sue Remington, and Janet Voss.

David and Jill have spent the past few weeks redecorating the house where they will live at Vaucluse. David is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Kerrod Voss.

I'M sorry to hear that Margaret Moses is missing out on this wonderful surfing weather — she's in St. Luke's Hospital for ten days or so.

EVERYBODY had a wonderful time at the Quirindi Bachelors and Spinners' dance — especially local boy John Ferguson and his fiancée, Pam Yates, who announced their engagement at the ball. Pam is the daughter of the C. R. Yates, of Roseville Chase, and great-granddaughter of Robert Pymble, one of the pioneers of the North Shore.

A **ROUND** of pre-wedding parties is in full swing for Antoinette Kendall and Derek Lloyd, who'll be married at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff, on November 20.

SHIPBOARD parties are always fun, so I'm really looking forward to the one on board *Mariposa* on November 17. There'll be cocktails, a buffet dinner, and a film preview — proceeds to the Women's Hospital. *Anne*



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Flight-Lieutenant David Ingall, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and his fiancée, Janet Milson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Milson, of "Huntly," Canberra. They will marry when David finishes his term as A.D.C. — he is the son of Mr. C. W. Ingall and of Mrs. C. C. Ingall, of Balgowlah.

ABOVE: The Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, with Lady Slim at the Melbourne Cup Day races in Melbourne. On the eve of the races, Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks gave a late-afternoon reception at Government House.

AT RIGHT: Sir Rupert Clarke (left), with Lady Clarke, Mrs. Sam Hordern, and Mr. Hordern at the races in Melbourne. Mrs. Hordern chose an elegant race outfit — a trapese style suit of olive-green silk and a pink flowered hat.



RACEGOERS on Oaks Day at Flemington included Nigel Robinson, who is holidaying in Melbourne from the Philippines, and Sandra Bragg, of "Rougale," Aberdeen, who stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade at Toorah.

Cup Day, continued from page 9

NEW FASHIONS IN HATS AND SHOES



MARGARET LAWRENCE, of Brighton, Victoria, wore a hat that came from Rome. It consisted of a rose perched on her forehead, attached to a band.



MOYA CULLITY wore one of the most unusual hats—two white-feathered birds perched jauntily on the back of her head. Moya, who lives at Windsor, Victoria, teamed her unusual hat with a green trapeze coat.



MRS. CLIVE CARNEY, of Sydney, bought her Cup hat in Paris. It was a confection of pink and grey organdie roses piled high on the front of the head.



PATRICIA LAMBURD, daughter of the Consul for Sweden in Melbourne, chose an artist's hat of white cotton, the fullness caught at the back with a bunch of red berries.



MRS. BARRY WEST (left) wore an organdie petal wig and Wendy Burbank a straw planter bound with cotton to match her dress.



ANNE CURTIS, of Toorak, topped her Prince of Wales checked suit with a massed feathered and flowered hat from the U.S.A.



PATRICIA LAMBURD'S pair of plain white court shoes had clusters of vivid red berries to match those she wore on her hat (above).



JILL WILLIAMS wore white kid shoes from Rome and carried a white embroidered plastic bag from Honolulu. Pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.



MRS. IAN MEIN, of High Camp, Victoria (left), wore nylon straw shoes, which she bought in Honolulu. Mrs. Graham Lanes' flower-printed court shoes, tied with vivid satin bows, came from Italy.



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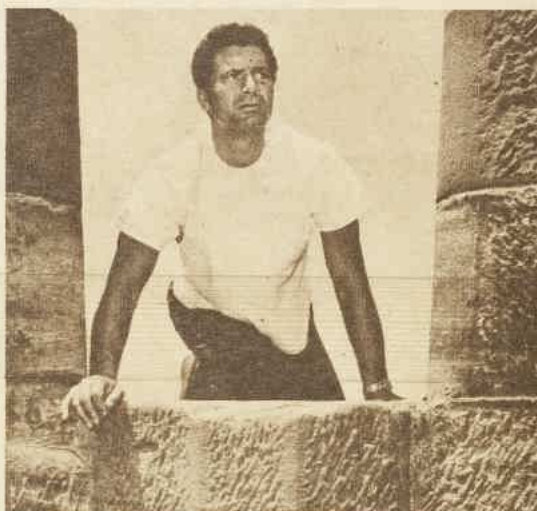


INTERNATIONAL FILM STARS gossip by the old stone wall of Fort Denison, historic island in Sydney Harbor, where they are on location for the film "The Siege." From left are Italian Carlo Justini, Canadian Neil McCallum, English Victor Maddern and Heather Sears, and American Aldo Ray.

At 48, a shy Sydney actor scores in first screen role

By AINSLIE BAKER

● From 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. each day Sydney ferry passengers have a new neck-craning interest. They now can watch an international film cast playing "cops and robbers" on Fort Denison.



HANDSOME Carlo Justini climbs a parapet for a dramatic scene in the film. Before coming to Australia, Justini played in "Goya," which stars Hollywood's Ava Gardner.



ABOVE: Mattress, unseen to the film camera, cushions a fall for Justini as he jumps over a wall. Filming at Fort Denison is expected to continue until January.

RIGHT: Victor Maddern climbs up to a naval gun on the island for a scene in which he and Justini threaten to blow up Sydney by firing on an ammunition ship.

THE film causing all the excitement is "The Siege," a thriller set in present-day Sydney.

Director is Mr. Harry Watt, of "The Overlanders" fame, who also wrote the story and prepared the script for "The Siege" in collaboration with Australian author Jon Cleary.

Most of the film action takes place on Fort Denison, which is the real "hero" of the film.

This little 30ft. by 120ft. island was fortified in the mid-fifties of last century, when it was feared there might be an attack by Imperialist Russian warships, said to be massing in the Pacific.

Previously it had been known as Pinchgut, a legacy from the colony's early days when prisoners were sent there on a starvation diet.

Fort Denison now is maintained as a historical landmark by the Maritime Services Board. There is an official caretaker, whose duties include turning on electric fog sirens and navigation lights and recording tide levels.

International stars flown to Australia for the film are:

● American Aldo Ray, who has just appeared in the controversial war epic "The Naked and the Dead," and goes back to Hollywood to a Western—one of three in a row—with Sophia Loren.

● English Heather Sears, who finished work in "Room at the Top" on a Wednesday and left London for Sydney on the Friday.

● English Victor Maddern, whose next film is "I'm All Right, Jack," the sequel to "Private's Progress."

● Italian Carlo Justini, who



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1955

Island star of British film



expects to make a picture with Anita Ekberg in Yugoslavia next February.

• Canadian-born Neil McCallum, 28, fresh from playing younger brother to Kirk Douglas in "The Devil's Disciple." Neil had to leave for Australia before his last day's work, and a double completed the role.

Despite this international line-up, the romance and drama of "The Siege" are centred on the presence of a middle-aged man who never before had put foot on a film set.

He is Dublin-born (Australian by adoption) Jerry Duggan, who plays the Fort Denison caretaker in the film.

"Harry Watt liked the look of me," Duggan said modestly in his soft Dublin voice. There is more to it than that.

Duggan's role is a key one, and Watt could have ruined the film he has so long wanted to make in passing over the more experienced actors for Duggan and the special quality Watt was sure Jerry had.

Watt made the gamble a big one. He did not ease Duggan into film-making, but threw him into a series of lengthy, testing scenes on the first day of shooting.

Genuinely anxious that the retiring, gentle Irish-Australian should make the grade, cast and crew encouraged him with generous "Well done, Jerrys" as the temperature mounted to a scorching 96 degrees.

After three days' shooting, Harry Watt happily announced: "The man's a genius. A positive genius."

An engineer by profession, 48-year-old Duggan has lived in Sydney for 20 years.

With Frank Waters he shared a 1955-56 best actor award for his performance as

Lennie in The Attic Theatre's production of "Of Mice And Men."

Some months ago an agent telephoned Jerry at the outer Sydney suburb where he works.

Would Jerry be in town in two hours to apply for tests for the caretaker role?

Jerry was the last applicant to arrive and the last to see Harry Watt, who for one hour looked at Jerry and asked questions.

Jerry now has leave of absence from his firm and will return to England with the unit for final shooting.

Married to a Sydney woman, they have a 13-year-old son.

High praise

Husky (14st. 8lb.) Aldo Ray, who earns high praise for his work in "God's Little Acre" (now an Australian release), is 32. He is no lounge-suit hero—by inclination as well as bulk. His second marriage—to actress Jeff Donnell—ended recently.

Heather Sears, with upward-sweeping dark eyelashes and a wide, ready smile, is determined to spend every minute she can on Sydney beaches.

She is married to art director Tony Masters.

Neil McCallum's wife, actress Judith Whitaker, who is expecting a baby in February, stayed in England.

Of Neil, Harry Watt said: "This boy hasn't had a great deal of experience, but I consider him the most exciting screen material I've ever had before a camera."

Handsome, 6ft. 2in. Carlo Justini is 37 and married to an Italian.

"Just a few months ago in Italy, while working on 'Goya,' neither Ava Gardner nor I knew we'd both be in Australia for films at the same time," he said.

Ava arrives for her role in

ABOVE: Director Harry Watt, who first visited Australia in 1945 to make the famous "Overlanders." Mr. Watt's last film, "People Like Maria," won three awards at the Venice Film Festival.

BELOW: Mr. S. Adams, caretaker at Fort Denison, and Dublin-born Sydney actor Jerry Duggan, who at 48 makes a triumphant debut playing the caretaker and father of Heather Sears in "The Siege."



PRETTY FEMININE LEAD. 23-year-old Heather Sears, with co-star Aldo Ray. The American actor recently appeared in the film version of the controversial war book "The Naked and the Dead."



"On The Beach" while "The Siege" is still shooting.

Victor Maddern, a pleasant, capable man in his early 30s, is one of the most constantly employed actors in the British film industry.

He was Jose Ferrer's sergeant in "Cockleshell Heroes" and has appeared in 53 films.

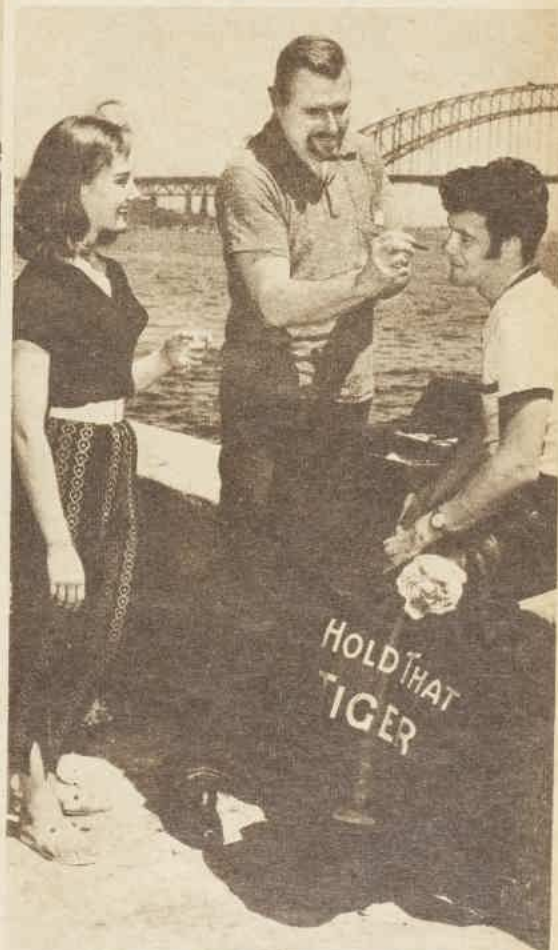
Victor's brother George, his wife and six children live in Perth.

Vic also believes that he has an aunt and uncle, with whom he has lost touch, living in Sydney.

Harry Watt, who is making his third Australian film — "The Overlanders" was followed by "Eureka Stockade" — keeps his cast happy with a blend of charm and granite.

After two or three gentle reminders to "Keep that doorway clear, please," Watt the amiable suddenly will become Watt the terrible with a bel-lowed, "Will you keep that blankety doorway CLEAR!"

Someone among the crew murmurs admiringly, "Harry in action!" and the doorway stays clear.



YOUNG SYDNEY EXTRAS Jeannie Whittet and Tony Wickert, with make-up man Bill Lodge. Jeannie and Tony are with a group of tourists who visit the island in the film.



Pinchgut: Old setting for modern thriller

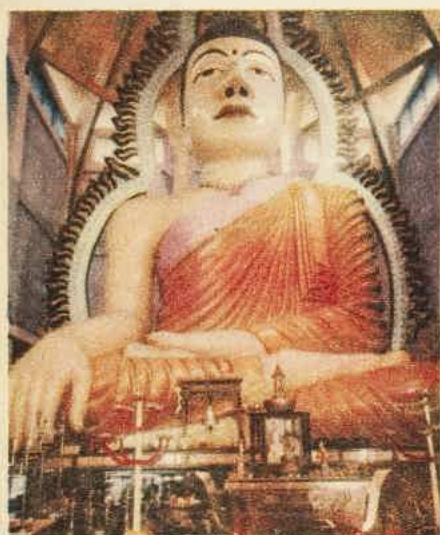
新加坡 In Singapore



you will find China and India, too...

All the costumes of the East are in the streets of Singapore. The saris and golden jewellery of India. The pencil-slim slit skirts of silken China. The Malays, themselves... the men in white with velvet caps. The wives in Sarongs and Kebayas. Buddhist priests in saffron robes. They paint the streets of a city that never sleeps.

Of all the cities of the East only Singapore has regained all of its pre-war colour and life. There is so much to see, so much to do, you'll wish that you didn't have to waste time in sleep when you come to Singapore.



ONLY 12 FLYING HOURS
FREQUENT HOLIDAY
CRUISES



Click! Click! Click! Your camera will bring back treasures by the hundreds. You gasp at the colours and statues like these when you first see the shrines, temples, mosques and minarets.



There is nothing quite so exotic as the weird Lion Dance. In fantastic costumes, two people mime the fierce struggle of a lion and his tormentor. Crackers and banging drums add to the atmosphere. National dances and ceremonies are just another attraction for the visitor to Singapore. It's just a few miles drive from the skyscrapers and temples of Singapore to the farms and fishing villages of the Malays. More beautiful pictures for your camera. Another way of life. This is the East.



You must see the Chinese Opera in Singapore. The costumes are gorgeous. So is the scenery. There is so much to look at you won't mind the music. Have supper afterwards at one of the famous Chinese restaurants. Or go on to one of the Fun Parks. Then try "Satay" — scrumptious Malay food... at a Satay club on the waterfront.



The Singapore waterfront has supplied the background for some of the best novels you've ever read. For the part it played in the last war it belongs to Australian history. Its waterways are as colourful and busy as its streets. Sea breezes keep this island city balmy and cool. Temperature rarely exceeds 90°. So — any time of the year is holiday time in Singapore.

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Please send me your special travel brochure with coloured illustrations, together with all information on hotel accommodation and tourist trips.

NAME

ADDRESS

Flowers—and card—for Miss Leah's birthday (from 'The Boys')

By JOAN JACOBY, staff reporter

When a middle-aged woman celebrated her birthday a few weeks ago, the most treasured of all her presents was a bunch of red carnations.

TIED to the flowers was a simple card — just a picture and several rows of raised dots.

With the tips of her fingers the woman "read" the message of the dots:

"We'd like to take you to a show to celebrate your day. Though we can't go with you, here's to wish you every happiness on this your birthday."

"God bless and love—from The Boys."

The woman is Miss Leah Rapoport, of Perth, totally blind from birth and librarian of the Braille Society.

"The Boys" are six prisoners in Fremantle Prison.

And the carnations were grown in the garden inside the prison walls.

The six prisoners transcribe all sorts of books—from novels to text books—into Braille for the Society.

Miss Leah (or her sister, Miss Rose, who is also totally blind) goes to the prison once a week to help the boys with their Braille and pick up the completed volumes.

The 24-year-old man who "wrote" the birthday card is serving a life sentence for murder.

"He's refined and gentle," Miss Rose said.

"They're really a lovely crowd of men," said Miss Leah. "You can't believe they're criminals."

Another message Miss Leah received on her birthday was from a former prisoner. He phoned her to say that he wanted to go on with his Braille work.

Born in Russia

Leah and Rose were born in Russia. Of the family's five daughters and one son, three of the girls were born blind.

"There were no schools for the blind in Russian then," Miss Leah said.

"However, we did all the other normal things that children do."

"Fortunately we had a very wise mother, who encouraged us—within reason—to live as the other children did."

"We were teased about by the other kids, just as the sighted children were, and we came in for our share of hidings."

"When we played with other children we did as they did, as nearly as we could."

"There was an old woman who used to stand in the street selling sunflower seeds. She baked them and they tasted lovely—like nuts."

"We got a glassful for the equivalent of a farthing. We used to go straight home and count them—there were

usually about 940—and divide them equally between us."

"I don't think we knew we were blind until we were seven or eight."

"We didn't realise until then that other people could see."

In 1910 the family migrated to Perth.

Leah and Rose went as boarders to the Blind School at Maylands.

"None of us could speak English," Miss Leah said, "but we picked it up fairly quickly."

"Our teacher, Miss Florence Jane Anderson, was wonderful. She used to give Rose and me special lessons in English and Braille, and in six months we were taking home books to read."

"We stayed at the school for four years."

One day in 1913 Leah and Rose and three other little blind girls were playing in the schoolyard when one said: "I wonder where we'll all be in 40 years' time? Let's meet."

They kept the appointment in April, 1953, at the home of their old teacher, Miss Anderson.

Proof-reading

When Miss Leah left school she went to work in the brush shops at the Blind School.

Later she got a job in the Braille Society's free lending library, and has been there ever since—for 37 years.

The greatest part of her work, apart from changing books for members, is proof-reading books which have been transcribed into Braille before the volumes go to the binders.

The library has about 2000 books, or 5000 volumes, for each printed book expands out into two or three volumes when transcribed into Braille.

When Rose left school she thought she had a future in music, and persuaded her family to send her to Melbourne to study at the Blind Institute.

"But I soon found I would never earn my living at music," she said.

"My teacher, Tilly Aston, who was totally blind, advised me to learn elocution and typing."

"So I went to an ordinary business college, and later learnt to use the switchboard in the Blind School office."

"But I couldn't get a job. I went from firm to firm offering my services for a month's free trial so that they could see that I was competent, but nobody would take me on."

"So I went to work in the Blind School brush factory and stayed there for 18 years."

Finding that her job did not



LEAH RAPPEPORT, knitting for the Red Cross, and her sister Rose, at the piano, in the living-room of their Inglewood home. The sisters do all their own housework.

give her full satisfaction, she took on charity work.

She visited blind people in their homes at night and in hospitals at weekends.

At last she became ill herself and returned to Perth.

She resumed her charity work and at one stage was on 14 committees.

At present she is a vice-president of the W.A. National Council of Women, vice-president of the National Council of Jewish Women (Perth section), president of the Jewish Women's Branch of the Red Cross, a vice-president of the Jewish Women's Guild, president of the Maylands Social Club for the Blind, and a member of the Women's Service Guild.

She helps with the fortnightly social afternoons at the Braille Society rooms and reads to old people.

And, with Miss Leah going to work every day, Miss Rose keeps house for herself and her sister.

During World War II, Miss Leah and Miss Rose knitted and made camouflage nets, and washed dishes at a servicemen's hostel.

Like theatre

The sisters go to concerts and to plays and the movies, following the story by the dialogue, with a sighted friend to whisper anything they want to know.

But they don't listen much to the radio. "We don't have time," Miss Leah said. "We have so many outside interests."

They go to special weekly cooking classes for blind

people which the Perth Technical College started four years ago, to choir practice at the Y.W.C.A. once a week, and both knit continuously for the Red Cross.

Miss Rose attends her committee meetings and Miss Leah goes to the Braille Society dance once a fortnight.

Lottery prize

The sisters live in their own house in Inglewood, which they had built in 1946, four years after Leah won half the first prize in the State Lottery (£5000).

Even though they can't see them, they keep fresh flowers in the vases and family photographs on the piano.

Everything in the house is normal, with one exception—the oven regulator on the gas stove is printed in Braille.

Miss Rose said they'd given up the idea of having a house-keeper.

"The first one we had said she couldn't wash, scrub, or polish, so I did those jobs myself."

"I ended up cooking her lunch."

"The next one went to the other extreme, and wouldn't let us do anything for ourselves."

"So now we do everything, except the washing and heavy cleaning. We have a woman in once a fortnight to do that."

Miss Leah and Miss Rose, both keen readers, say they have one great advantage over sighted people.

On cold winter nights they can read in bed with their books under the blankets, so that their hands and arms don't get cold!



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Illustrated: Hot water pot and
sweet dish by Silcraft. We
recommend Silvo to clean,
polish and protect your silver-
ware.



New decade in British nylon



THESE seven fashions were taken at the new nylon yarn plant at Bayswater, Victoria. The plant, the first of its kind in Australia, will be opened this week by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks.

Some of the fabrics were made in Australia, some in Britain. All the garments were made by fashion houses in Sydney and Melbourne.

• Elegant afternoon dress (left) is made in printed nylon twill, and the shoes are in the same fabric. The dress has a low scooped-out neckline, tiny sleeves, and a skirt drape. The ensemble is completed with a chic cascade-of-feathers toque matched to the color of the dress fabric.



• Modified trapeze line is chosen for the Chinese-red late-day and theatre coat (left). The coat is made in nylon brocade, has a single-breasted fastening and high revers. The accessories are beige.

• Superbly draped yellow nylon jersey is chosen for the floor-length evening dress (above). The strapless bodice is encrusted with crystal beading. In the background is the laboratory of the plant.



● Chic tailored suit (above) made in palest grey nylon brocade with a raised flower-motif surface in black and white. The easy jacket is single-breasted, with high, wide revers and collar. The platter-like hat has a stitched brim and folded crown of tangerine chiffon.



● Cocoon-line coat in silk "tweed" nylon (above) is worn over a matching sheath dress. The coat has a deep collar and is caught under the bosom with a black ribbon accent matched in color to the gloves and shoes.



● Trapeze-line coat (left) of flower-printed nylon taffeta is designed for late day and evening. The coat is collarless and finished with a harem-line hem and three-quarter sleeves. A chic twisted turban completes ensemble.



● Shades of pink are combined in the short-skirted evening dress (right). The bell-line skirt has an elaborately ruched swag drape. A cluster of roses trims the sleeveless low-cut bodice-top.



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RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY all this striving for equality with men? Nature never meant men and women to be equal. The late Peter Marshall, a Scotsman who made a great name for himself as a churchman in the U.S., said: "I believe that womanhood has been definitely lowered by equality with men. For 19 centuries woman was revered and respected and in a higher plane than man. To achieve equality she had to step down from that high plane and take over men's vices." How very true.

£1/1/- to A. E. Brown, Woolloowin, Brisbane.

I APPLAUD the young folk of today for saving for their homes. However, one lass told me recently that she wouldn't think of marrying until her young man had a home of his own and everything to make life easy for her. If she only knew that half the happiness of married life is in striving together for something and finally acquiring it! I'm afraid she will either wait quite a while for marriage or change her views.

10/6 to Mrs. A. R. Hayes, Sawtell, N.S.W.

WE have read much for and against the police force. May I speak for them? A youngster of ours got on the wrong side of the law, leading to a court case and a suspended sentence. The detective who handled his case, by his kindness and understanding, won the boy's highest regard. Lately, when home on holidays, the first person he called to see was this detective, whom he now counts as one of his best friends. In the lad's own words, "He's a good bloke."

10/6 to "Grateful" (name supplied), Lismore, N.S.W.

I OFTEN feel disappointed, on receiving Christmas cards from friends I seldom see, when no personal message is included. We are all too busy near Christmas to write dozens of letters, but a minute or two spent in making a card a really warm greeting is well worthwhile. Let us make the extra effort this year and keep alive our old friendships.

10/6 to "A.J." (name supplied), Hobart.

I HAVE found out how to get attention when assistants in shops or post offices keep me waiting while they talk to each other about their own affairs. If I have a book with me I lean comfortably against the counter and start reading with obvious concentration and enjoyment. It works every time.

10/6 to Miss Irene Smythe, Nunawading, Vic.

NOW that it is the time to dispatch Christmas gifts to friends overseas, I find it irksome to be compelled to declare the price paid. The difference in our money values would make it appear to our friends that we have been over-generous. Could not the authorities devise some other system so that the information given could be theirs alone?

10/6 to Miss Dawn Beaumont, Deer Vale, N.S.W.

I'VE often wondered why our public-telephone booths are not more convenient. Apparently the designers think we are all over six feet tall. I am not a small person, but I always have to stand on tiptoe in these booths. Could not the postal authorities hang the phone lower and supply seats?

10/6 to Mrs. H. W. A. Reiman, Tamunda, S.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WHY not use our postage stamps to advertise the tourist attractions of our country? A set of seven stamps, one for each State and the Northern Territory, could depict the scenic attractions of the particular State. We can be loyal without having the Queen's picture on practically every postage stamp.

10/6 to A. Thornton, Granville, N.S.W.

WHEN I hear frustrated and discontented housewives complaining of their lot, I often wonder why they don't look around their own suburb for interesting things to do. Time spent on a hobby makes a mentally refreshed housewife. For example, in our suburb the local art group runs an adult painting class one evening a fortnight, where raw beginners are given as warm a welcome as the experienced.

10/6 to Mrs. Sue McDougall, Beaumaris, Vic.

Stupid threats

I COULD not agree more with Mrs. Prescott (22/10/56) about stupid mothers who threaten their children with policemen and dentists. I have long been infuriated with mothers telling their children, "If you don't behave I'll get the nurse to give you a great big needle." Then when the time comes for the child to be immunised he is absolutely terrified. Should he have the misfortune to enter hospital he takes twice as long as usual to recover, because he is in terror of the nurses and all treatment has to be forcibly administered. How much happier is the child whose mother teaches him that policemen, dentists, nurses, etc., are his friends and helpers.

10/6 to Mrs. E. B. Smith, Melbourne.

Family affairs

MY problem was getting the boys to the table when the meal was ready, but I hit on a plan which brings them quickly to their places. I made it a rule that the last to the table washes the dishes, so now they know to come when called.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Lampard, Edenhope, Vic.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOME time ago I denounced sardine canners for not modernising sardine tins.

I pointed out that the tins are just as hard to open as they were fifty years ago.

But the complaint had no effect.

Perhaps the sardine people did not hear of it.

They live, packed closely together, in countries a long way off.

Today I want to pick a bone with offenders more close to home—the people who sell things in screw-top jars and bottles.

My criticism is this: the lids are too darn tight.

Every day or so I hear a pleading cry from the kitchen: "Will you take this lid off, please?"

My wife is trying to open a bottle of Bingo detergent, or some such thing.

The theory is that I am a big strong man. I must help the little woman in time of need.

I should take the bottle of Bingo in my powerful yet gentle hands,

TOO TIGHT

unscrew the lid easily, and hand it back with an indulgent smile.

The trouble is that although fairly big I do not have powerful hands. This is because I have always avoided, as much as possible, doing anything with them.

I strain, grunting and muttering,



to screw off the top of the bottle. But it's no good.

If I'm lucky I get it off at last with a spanner.

I suppose there are some men who can unscrew lids without trouble.

Big Chief Little Wolf might do

it. Mickey Hargitay (Mr. Universe) probably copes well enough with Jayne Mansfield's bottles of floor polish.

Spin bowlers like Jim Laker, who have big hands, would be useful in the kitchen.

But men aren't all Mr. Universes, or Messrs. Universe. It's time the jar and bottle crowd woke up to the fact.

They should think, too, of the bachelor girls, widows, and women whose husbands play golf. How do they get at their detergents and pickles?

What the industry needs is someone like Kev Garfinkle with a fresh approach to the problem.

Kev Garfinkle is the genius who thought of using pennies to open boot-polish tins.

People had been cursing boot-polish tins for donkey's years.

Then suddenly Kev had this great idea of making a slot and twisting a penny in it. Good luck to him.

The man who can do something like that for detergents will clean up.

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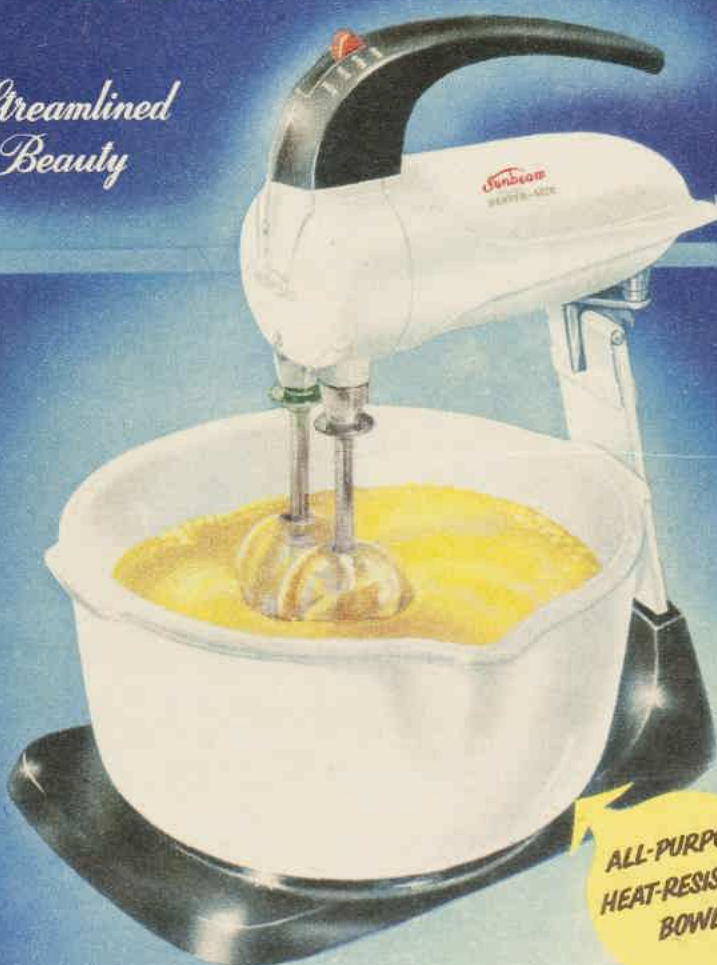
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Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is DeWitt's Pills. World famous, sure acting DeWitt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys immediately

—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of DeWitt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
Regular Size (40 pills) 5/-
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Mrs. H.C., Wonthaggi, Victoria, writes:—

"I still derive tremendous benefit from your great health-giving relievers of pain and distressing backache. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills do everything they claim to do."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)



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The NO Willpower way to slim

● Since the publication of my book "The Slim Gourmet" I have received more than 10,000 letters with case histories of overweight people.

MANY letters were complimentary — but some were not. The first flattered my ego — for it is good to hear that you have helped thousands of people in England and America, Australia, Switzerland, or Germany to lose surplus weight once and for all.

But now I want to give some hope to those unsuccessful members of the International Fraternity of Overweights who wrote to me that they tried — and failed.

These are the people who supply the real reason for that growing waistline. The clue is in one sentence which again and again cropped up in their letters: "I have no willpower to follow a diet."

For the past two years I have applied myself to this problem — for a long time, I admit, with no success.

Then, after much disappointing research, reading, and interviewing, the answer suddenly came from a quite unexpected quarter.

In one of my many talks with a psychiatrist, he referred to one of his recent cases where he was asked to help a heart-patient to stop smoking. He was not too successful.

Easy — for a day

"Yet," he told me, "the man, being an orthodox Jew, easily refrains from smoking for one whole day every week — the Sabbath. But it seems impossible to make him do the same for the rest of the week."

I asked him why.

"Quite normal," he said. "For a day everybody can do or refrain from doing anything. It's the second day that counts; and the third, and so on. For then we need the power of the will."

Here was the answer to my riddle!

These innocent-looking remarks gave me the key to slimming without willpower!

Out of my own experience I knew and had proof how right he was.

One day I can stay up late — against my usual habit. Two days is difficult and makes me nervous or inefficient at work.

For one day I can take my bath in the evening instead of in the morning. Two days in succession would mean a change in a cherished habit, and my routine would be disturbed.

Once you may enjoy eating snails. But it needs more than curiosity to make snails a daily dish for a week.

My mind ran like this:

● If a system can be worked out to prescribe a sensible eating programme just for one day . . .

● And if we could vary these sensible eating ways for a sufficient length of time . . .

By
MARTIN LEDERMAN
Author of "The Slim Gourmet."

● Then everybody could lose weight without willpower.

So I went to work again. The outcome was a 30-day, 5lb. weight-reduction programme which I first tried out on myself.

The result was stunning.

Lost 5lb.

During the time of the experiment I had absolutely no time to concentrate on weight reduction. It was in the middle of a period of hard work and many social activities. Cocktail parties had to be attended, and luncheons and dinners to be eaten.

I followed the programme without the slightest difficulty, and at the end of four weeks the 5lb. were lost. That was all I had wanted to lose, and I made a stop there.

Yet had I wanted to lose 10lb. I could and would have gladly continued for another 30 days, as did a friend of mine whose experiment in willpowerless reducing still continues.

He is now in his third 30-day reducing period. Since the end of World War II he has always wanted to lose about two stone, and this is the first time that he has been successful.

This new Slim Gourmet approach to weight control is based on the Slim Gourmet idea: By pleasurable eating we gain weight; by pleasurable eating we lose weight. All other ways raise the opposition of human nature.

The Slim Gourmet's eating philosophy teaches the enjoyment of quality-eating and quality-taste.

And this youngest offspring of the Slim Gourmet philosophy is aimed at those many thousands who just want to get rid of 5lb. or 10lb., and do not want to change their entire way of living doing so.

What is the scientific basis of the plan? Here are its two foundations:



MARTIN LEDERMAN
... the slim gourmet

First: the physiological foundation.

We lose weight when we eat less than we spend in terms of nutritional value. To lose 5lb. we have to eat some 17,500 calories fewer than we normally expend in energy.

Obviously that cannot be done in a single day — irrespective of whether we need 1800 or 2400 calories — if we are to remain healthy and keep our energy.

But in 30 days we need between 54,000 and 72,000 calories, and all we have to do is to reduce the nutritional value of our food intake by 25 to 33 per cent.

This is not too difficult — especially if we know that a piece of chocolate means 100 to 250 calories and a full bowl of clear soup only 20 calories.

Second: the psychological foundation.

We do not count on willpower.

It is a fact, which everyone can test on himself, that we can do without almost everything for one day — but very few things for a week or forever.

30 experiments

Test yourself by abstaining from smoking or drinking, or looking at TV or using the telephone. For one day it's easy. On the second day it becomes unpleasant.

Thus, we are going to do in the coming 30 days a number of weight-reducing experiments — for one day only. One day, which will deduct from your food intake approximately 600 calories a day.

After 30 days this will have added up to 18,000 calories, and 5lb. less than you weigh now.

There is, of course, much difference in food habits between one person and another; therefore, not everybody will lose 1lb. every six days. For me, the bigger loss may come in the second week; for you only in the fourth, depending on our personal eating habits and on a number of other individual factors.

Therefore, the plan is worked out in such a way that everybody who follows it conscientiously will have lost the 5lb. at the end of 30 days.

I do not recommend anyone to indulge in the "weighing sickness" which sends so many followers of slimming diets rushing to the scales after every meal to see "how things are going on."

Weigh-in the first day. Weigh-out the last . . . That's my advice.

Set out on the opposite page is the full 30-Day No Willpower Diet. Cut it out and keep it by you.

And now let's get our plans into action.

There's one primary rule: Don't count calories.

Just follow the advice in

THREE years ago Mr. Martin Lederman published his now famous book "The Slim Gourmet."

In The Australian Women's Weekly he revealed how he lost 5 stone 10 pound by working out his own philosophy of food and eating to it.

After years of enjoying food without regard for the scales, he found he had to lose weight for the sake of his health and appearance.

But he wasn't prepared to follow orthodox diet experts into giving up the joys of eating.

If you took Mr. Lederman's early advice and are now a slim gourmet, you don't need to read this.

Those who lost their resolution and didn't achieve new eating habits will find new hope in Mr. Lederman's latest dieting trick — slimming without willpower.

the chart for each of the 30 days.

Of course, those who never eat sweets will not lose a grain on the day that sweets are excluded.

But there are 29 other diet days which will do the slimming for them! The web is tight enough to ensure that every overweight person will be caught somehow.

And I know there are individualists among us. Even when it is only for a day there are many who will say: "I have never eaten macaroni and no Slim Gourmet will force me to eat it." "I am allergic to seafood."

"No, I cannot start work without breakfast." . . . And so on.

For this reason the final section of the diet-programme contains two substitute day programmes, A and B, which you can use to replace the plan for any given day.

Suit yourself

Of course, there are other ways to personalise this diet-chart to meet your own idiosyncrasies.

For example, by voluntarily extending the days on which you follow one or another plan-for-the-day.

In my own case I find myself now wedded to the Continental breakfast habit, for which I found I needed no willpower at all.

Therefore, if some of the proposals in the main chart are very, very easy for you to follow, why not go on for more than a day — and enjoy the slimming result?

Well, when do we start? If you're reading this before breakfast, what better day than today?

And if not, how about tomorrow?

How to lose 5lb. in 30 days

| EAT-PLAN FOR THE DAY | WHAT TO EAT | WHAT NOT TO EAT | EAT-PLAN FOR THE DAY | WHAT TO EAT | WHAT NOT TO EAT | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|---|--|------------------|------------------------------|---|---|
| 1 st | Eat nothing fried | As usual — but nothing that's fried. | Not more than usual and no rich sauces. | 17 th | Prohibition day | Eat as you like, but no drink, nothing sweetened nor alcohol. | Wine, beer, liquor, sweetened drinks are out, out, out! |
| 2 nd | The Continental breakfast day | Coffee or tea and one roll, toast or piece of bread with butter or jam. | Eggs or bacon, ham or kippers, or breakfast foods with cream. | 18 th | The fresh fruit festival | Apples, pears, peaches, berries, plums, grapes without companion foods. | Bananas, cream, and more than a minimum of sugar. |
| 3 rd | Eat no desserts | The usual lunch or dinner until the main course. | The last course, whether you consider the dessert fattening or not! | 19 th | The sugarless day | Eat as you like but today consider sugar as a poison. | Anything into which you or somebody else (cookies, etc.) puts sugar is not allowed. |
| 4 th | The egg festival | Poached or boiled eggs or omelets with mushrooms or kidney or ham. | Big portions of potatoes or meat, or more than three slices of bread and butter. | 20 th | The apple plus cheese day | Eat 3 or 4 different sorts of apples — each with a little cube of cheddar cheese. | Baked apples or apple-pie or more than 6oz. of cheese altogether. |
| 5 th | Eat no potatoes | Anything, but no potatoes at all. | More bread than usual. | 21 st | The fat-less day | Eat as you like but avoid fats, butter, margarine, etc. | The fat around the ham — bacon fat, meats, or fried foods. |
| 6 th | Eat-stop at 5 p.m. | A good but not too rich breakfast — late but normal luncheon. | Go easy with drinking after 5 p.m. Unsweetened tea is best! | 22 nd | The green vegetable festival | Green peas, string beans, spinach, asparagus, green salad, cucumbers, peppers. | Big lumps of butter or meat or more than two eggs for the day. |
| 7 th | Only ONE dish or sandwich for lunch | One plate only — the usual restaurant portion. | The habitual pie or mayonnaise salad or dessert. | 23 rd | The "no seconds" day | Only the first helping, the first drink, the first cup of tea. | Second helpings, even of apples, coffee, or "harmless" spinach. |
| 8 th | A breadless day | Anything you fancy that does not come from the baker. | Bread substitutes. | 24 th | The "4-fruit dinner" day | Eat as you like, but choose for dinner 4 pieces of fresh fruit. | Don't drink beer or wine or soft-drinks or tea and sugar after dinner. |
| 9 th | The canned soup festival | From breakfast to dinner make a choice of a variety of canned soups. | No additions to soups of meat cubes. Cheese or sausages. | 25 th | The day without breakfast | Up to two cups of unsweetened tea or coffee for breakfast. | More than the usual luncheon. |
| 10 th | The grill festival | Meat or fish dry-grilled with salads or vegetables. | More than usual is out! Of course — no sauces or butter maitre d'hotel. | 26 th | The no sweets day | Whatever you like. | No chocolates or candy or sweet cakes or sweet desserts. |
| 11 th | No meat nor fish nor eggs at all | Eat one day like Bernard Shaw did all his life—100% vegetarian. | Not too many nuts nor too much fat, and please, no cream. | 27 th | The 2-meal day | Cut one of the three meals out (or two — if you generally have 4 meals a day). | More than usual at the remaining two meals. |
| 12 th | The fluid day | Fruit-juices from morning to night—3 biscuits allowed. | Not too big glasses and little orange juice. | 28 th | The banana festival | Eat fresh, natural bananas whenever you feel like it. | Eat nothing else and not more than 12 bananas. |
| 13 th | The day of the half-portion | Eat as usual but exactly half of normal. | Rich foods that count double! | 29 th | The natural taste festival | Anything you like as near as Nature created it. | No sauces or gravies, nothing fried or with mayonnaise. |
| 14 th | The seafood day | Prawns, mussels, all kinds of boiled fish. Cold lobster, etc. | Mayonnaise or fatty sauces with it. | 30 th | The salad festival | Breakfast: fruit salad; lunch: vegetable salad; dinner: tomato salad, hard-boiled eggs. | Go easy on bread and with the oil for the salads. |
| 15 th | Three light meals only | One may be a fruit meal, one a salad meal, and dinner a vegetable plate. | Nothing between or after these meals. | A | The milky way day | Breakfast: yoghurt; lunch: cheese sandwich; dinner: three glasses of milk, biscuits. | More than you need to feel satisfied. |
| 16 th | The Italian meatless day | Breakfast: vegetable soup; lunch: spaghetti, tomato sauce; dinner: macaroni, mushrooms. | No meat nor fish nor too much cheese. | B | The dessert festival | Stewed apple for breakfast, a fruit salad for lunch, and a good pudding for dinner. | Too much sugar in the desserts. |

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November, 19, 1958

Page 2

When the
room smells
stale...
put it out to
"air" with
AIR-O-ZONE

You know how a room can get "stale"—in close, humid weather... when it's suffering from a bad case of the "morning after"... when tobacco odour permeates furnishings or when cooking smells linger. To keep your home fresh, and pleasant for your family and guests to walk into, put "stale" rooms out to air with Air-O-Zone. Just press the button—and a fine mist of Air-O-Zone floats to every part of the room, *instantly* absorbing and destroying all unpleasant odours. Air-O-Zone completely banishes "staleness." A room sprayed with Air-O-Zone has a cool, clean freshness that you can *feel*—just as if you had truly put it out to air in a grove of fragrant forest pine! And it *stays* fresh and sweet for hours!

More important still, the Glycol in Air-O-Zone kills harmful air-borne bacteria. That's why it's so important to use Air-O-Zone when there is sickness in the house—use it in the bathroom and toilet, and *wherever* there's a risk of air-borne infection.

Economical Air-O-Zone is highly concentrated—only a few seconds' spraying is necessary.



Try **AIR-O-ZONE**

SEE HOW SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE IT IS
TO KEEP ALL THE ROOMS IN YOUR HOME
FRESH AND HEALTHY



KILLS AIR-BORNE BACTERIA

ABSORBS ALL UNPLEASANT ODOURS



DISPELS COOKING ODOURS



AIR-O-ZONE

is made by the
PRESSURE-PAK COMPANY
a Division of
Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.
makers of famous
Mortein Plus
Mortein Pressure-Pak
and Trix Detergent

Diabetes 'no problem' to U.S. tennis star

● United States tennis star Ham Richardson, who will play in the 1958 Davis Cup Challenge Round in Brisbane from December 29 to 31, is a diabetic. Ham's wife, Ann, who is accompanying him to Australia, tells how her husband has overcome his disability to become a top world athlete. She writes . . .



ATTRACTIVE Ann Richardson, formerly Ann Bennington, of New Orleans, photographed with her husband at Forest Hills, New York. They were married in 1956.

LITTLE did I think when I met Ham Richardson that some day I would be his wife.

He was the college hero, and we met by chance walking across the campus at Tulane University, New Orleans.

Oh, I had heard lots about him. I knew he was a wonderful tennis player, an outstanding student, and one of the most popular boys at school. But, like most of the people who do not know Ham well, I had no idea that he was a diabetic.

As we met more often, Ham spoke to me of his diabetes and his daily injection. He mentioned them casually and assured me there was "no problem." How characteristic of him is that single phrase.

By experience I have come to disagree with Ham, but I wouldn't change his outlook for the world. His boundless optimism is the secret of his success.

An obstacle

For Ham, diabetes was an obstacle to be recognised and overcome. His daily problem is to achieve a body balance by external means, the balance which your body and mine maintain for us.

To give you a quick picture in my own terms: The normal person has a blood sugar level of approximately 100 milligrams per cent. (This means that about one-tenth of one per cent of blood is sugar.) Ham's has varied from 35 to over 600 while he was still functioning properly.

A low blood sugar produces an "insulin reaction." This is caused by lack of food or excessive exercise.

The opposite extreme, a "diabetic coma," is more serious, but will not occur unless Ham forgets his injection.

While Ham has a normal, well-ordered life he has little trouble, but the tremendous physical exertion of top-flight tennis makes it very difficult to keep him in balance. His blood sugar zooms up and down like a roller-coaster.

Symptoms of a low blood sugar or reaction are sweating, loss of co-ordination and visual control. In fact, the brain and nervous system refuse to work without sugar.

Another difficulty lies in the diabetic's frequent inability or reluctance to do anything to help himself. As he approaches the final stage, that of complete unconsciousness, he keeps insisting he is perfectly all right — or would be if you would just leave him alone.

The first time I saw Ham have a reaction I thought he was drunk. So did all the other people in the restaurant.

I will never know how I got up the courage to pour a bowl of sugar in a glass of water, but I did, and, fortunately, he drank it. In no time he was himself again, and, to my amazement, he seemed to have no recollection of his earlier behaviour.

Ham has always been fortunate in having someone help him out when he gets in trouble.

Vic Seixas has been a devoted friend, but his method of getting Ham to take something sweet was rather hard on him. Vic ate right along with Ham, and I hate to think how many candy bars and sugar lumps Vic has consumed.

Though I still administer many a dose of dextrose, we are working for the day when Ham's diabetes comes under complete control and it becomes unnecessary. Ham has fewer reactions now, due in part to the attention a constant companion can give him, the little things I can do to help him avoid the pitfalls.

Doctors say an ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure, and since we have been married I have learned to detect a change in him long before he reaches the danger point.

Not since our marriage has Ham made ambulance trips to

parent to those watching when he served every single ball over the far fence and into the road.

Ham's opponent was a doctor (his usual luck!), who suggested a short rest and a long drink of dextrose. In no time Ham was on the court again, and he won the match.

Fascinating for any young man is the two years of study at Oxford University awarded

Food, always a concern, was a stumbling block for Ham. The dining halls are run efficiently, but the meals were not best suited to a diabetic.

Supplementing his diet with huge quantities of milk, Ham became a favorite of the college cat.

After our marriage I returned to England with Ham, and I was able to cook the food he needed.

We even planted lettuce in our tiny flower-bed to ensure that Ham had green salads throughout the winter. Ham had virtually no difficulty with his health that year.

Free insulin

The National Health programme was a great help to Ham. He was given free medical care and insulin throughout his stay in England.

I thought we were the only Americans to avail ourselves of the programme until I heard about Jack Frost, who played at Wimbledon this year. He took his wife along to have their first baby in London—free.

Despite the many incidents and problems it imposes, Ham feels that his diabetes is actually an asset.

The frolicking 14-year-old who entered that hospital for treatment many years ago came out a man. The weeks which Ham spent waging his personal battle with disease made him aware of the blessings of this life, and he determined to make the most of his every opportunity from then on. He has done just that.

So if Ham and the other boys in the American team take the Davis Cup home this year, don't be too surprised. Ham's diabetes may be a handicap, but he doesn't know it.

FOR THE RECORD: Ham (short for Hamilton) Richardson is 25. He first visited Australia as an 18-year-old junior member of the 1951 Davis Cup squad. An Arts graduate of Tulane University, New Orleans, he is a Rhodes Scholar. Last year Richardson refused selection in the cup squad because of American insistence on the "no wives" rule. This year he has been allowed to bring his wife.

hospitals for the intravenous administration of sugar, nor has he got into any real trouble on the tennis court.

You can imagine, I watch him like a hawk! He says that every time he misses a ball I think he is having a reaction. This isn't true, but I do worry if he doesn't drink his dextrose mixture each time he changes courts.

To give you an idea of the kind of thing that can happen: Ham played an early round match in Southampton several years ago in which his blood sugar level began to lower. At first he just felt rather strange. He couldn't seem to get the feel of the racket. Though Ham was past determining what was wrong with himself, it became ap-

to Rhodes Scholars. The new experiences, surroundings, and people pose an adjustment problem for all newcomers to the old University town—especially to a diabetic.

Ham spent his first year "living in." He was a Trinity College man and his room was typical, with its high ceiling, Victorian furnishings, and lack of heat.

His first job was to convince the college authorities that he needed additional warmth. He succeeded in installing an electric heater, but only after he had had his room wired.

In keeping with tradition, his classmates suggested he christen the wall switch the "Hamilton Richardson Memorial Outlet," and erect a plaque over it.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.



3 1/2 PER BOTTLE,
SUFFICIENT FOR
8 SHAMPOOS

Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China



ON SHOW AT ALL LEADING STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

MANUFACTURED BY
THOS. C. WILD & SONS, LTD.
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Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

THE LONELY SHORE

Beginning our new serial, a
romantic story of pioneer days

By **FREDA VINES**



ILLUSTRATED BY

John Miller

In a drowsy day in 1842 Jonathan Parkes, master of the American whaler *Silver Bay*, was feeling very much at peace with the world. It was May, and the southern summer had passed, but the Western Australian sky was still blue — not the harsh blue of midsummer but the soft, washed blue that followed the first rains. It was a warm day, and from where he lay, his back to a low sandhill, he contemplated the bay before him with half-closed eyes and found the sight good.

Fourteen whalers lay at anchor, their spars sharply etched against the purple veils blurring the outline of Cape Naturaliste. Here in quiet Geographie Bay the water was as still as the air above it, and as polished as glass, but despite the laziness of the day there was plenty of activity.

A whaleboat shot out from the shore in the direction of the Montezuma, loaded with the potatoes and other produce that found ready sale with the whaling men, weary for fresh food after the voyage that had taken them to the fringes of the southern ice packs. Fast alongside the *Connecticut* was a whale they had brought in that morning, and Jonathan could see the glint of the spades as the crew hacked the great carcass.

A miserable end to so much majesty, thought Jonathan Parkes, who never failed to be stirred by the great schools of whales with their enormous and lazy dignity. They always turned his thoughts to evenings at home, when the lamplight picked out the silver in his father's hair and beard as the old man thundered his way through the 104th Psalm: "There go the ships; there is that leviathan which Thou hast made to play therein." It always seemed to Jonathan that that psalm was read more than any other, and that his father's tongue rolled lovingly about the words.

And perhaps it was so, for old Gregory Parkes had been a great whaler in his day, and it had never occurred to him that his three sons would do anything else but follow in his footsteps. He had loved the whales and respected them, even as he hunted them remorselessly, and to his youngest son had come the same delight touched with awe. They alone seemed to be built on a scale comparable to the vastness of the sea, and Jonathan remembered — soaking in the warmth of the sun — the austere splendor of the sun glittering on the southern ice while the sperm whales rose slowly and with dignity to blow.

Winter had crept up from the Pole, driving the

Silver Bay to Australian shores to whale in King George's Sound, and then fight its way around Cape Leeuwin in an end-of-April squall to this peaceful bay. For Jonathan Parkes this was the first voyage south and the *Silver Bay* his first command, but the other captains were no strangers here. Bearded Captain Douglas, of the *Iris*, had invited him to come ashore and meet some of the settlers, with whom the whalers seemed on good terms, but on his first day ashore Jonathan was content to enjoy the sun alone.

It was pleasant lying here, with the *Silver Bay* in view out among the other ships with twelve hundred barrels of sperm and eight hundred barrels of black whale oil already in her hold, and to look back over the two-year cruise which had been unmarred by accident. He was more than a little proud remembering his handling of the *Silver Bay* in the squall off Cape Leeuwin, with its white-maned terror of wind and reef. No wonder the ancient Dutchmen had called this wind-bitten cape "The Lion!" It had been a relief to slip finally around its sister cape, the *Naturaliste*, into Geographie Bay, where the water smiled up at a windless sky.

Jonathan stretched and yawned. He sat up and took off his jacket, then lay back again, closing his eyes. He was a young man, with a wide and pleasant mouth, which could straighten into lines of cold anger, as his men had reason to know. The sun and the sea had bleached his fair hair and were already etching little lines in the clean tan of his skin, but as he lay half asleep, with his coarse, white shirt open at the throat, he looked younger than his twenty-six years — and too young to be master of a 400-ton whaler.

The peace of the afternoon deepened, and Jonathan slept.

The pounding of hoofs brought him to complete wakefulness with a start to see a horse swing away above him with flailing hoofs as it shied violently at the man lying in its path. The girl rider, taken by surprise, lost her balance, and for a moment Jonathan thought she would be thrown; but she recovered herself sufficiently to make a reasonably graceful descent from the side-saddle without losing her grip on the reins, staggering a little as her feet sank in the soft sand.

For a confused moment she was engaged with the frightened horse, soothing it with quiet words, but by the time Jonathan had recovered from his surprise and jumped to his feet the horse was standing still with the girl beside it. He found himself looking into grey eyes that held a trace of annoyance, but when she spoke her cool English voice was apologetic.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said. "But I had no thought of anyone being here."

Jonathan decided there was no trace of sorrow in

To page 55

As Jonathan watched the farewell scene Mark said with disappointment to Elizabeth, "So now it is goodbye for a few days."



LOVE AND LISA

BY ELIZABETH RACKHAM



The young man was so pleased to see Lisa that he didn't notice Antonia.

ALL the way over on the boat the boys give my sister, how you call it, the "glad eye."

But Lisa, she's a proud one, and with a toss of her dark head she tells them: "I'm going to marry an Aussie when I get to Melbourne."

The boys only scoff at her and her high and mighty ideas. "Oh, so we're not good enough for the likes of you. You'll find out when you get there that there aren't even enough men for Aussie girls," they taunted.

But Lisa only smiled. She had only one thought in her head, and she didn't care who knew it.

When we had lessons on the boat, Lisa was always right up at the front listening with both ears, so that she might know the English words. Because I'm her little sister, Momma says to her, "Now, Lisa, you must look after Antonia," so she has to take me everywhere she goes. That's how I come to know about the passport papers and everything.

I know that all the boys think Lisa is pretty, too. I've heard them tell her often, and I've seen the pink color that creeps up her neck when they sit close to her and whisper. But, as I said, Lisa has only one idea in her mind and that is to marry an Aussie.

It's a funny thing, that. We've been in Australia a few months now, and Lisa hasn't married anybody yet. It might be because she's had trouble with her papers. It's her passport or something, she told Momma, and that's why she has to get dressed up every week or so and go into town to see the man in the Government Offices.

I've been going to school since we arrived here before Christmas. Coming over on the boat was exciting, and I was glad to see our new land. But grown-ups are funny. Momma was crying as the boat berthed, and Lisa looked as if she couldn't make up her mind whether to or not. There were hundreds of people on the wharf, and at first we couldn't find Poppa, and then when we did find him Momma started crying again.

When we got things straightened out a bit, Poppa pointed out our car—an old bomb, he called it, but we were impressed. Only the rich people have cars where we came from, and Poppa says his old bomb really goes, although, of course, it needs a bit of doing up.

But more important than a car, Momma says, we've got a house, and that made us all very happy. It's a small timber one out in the hills, and Poppa drives his car to work every day. Momma's contented in her little home, and she's learning to speak English words better now. She's a bit slower than me because she doesn't see so many people. You have to talk to people

to learn the different words, but I'm the cleverest one in our family because I'm learning to write the English words as well as speak them. That's why Lisa got me to help about her papers. She just couldn't understand it. Out of the whole family, it was her papers that had to be wrong. In fact, she was so worried about it, she didn't even talk about marrying an Aussie any more.

"It's a shame," said Momma. "Now, why don't you take little Antonia in with you tomorrow. She knows the English real good, and she'll be able to tell the man what he wants to know."

Everyone thought it was a good idea, so that's how I came to go into town with Lisa that day. I like school, but I don't mind missing a day now and then. Besides, it made the other kids jealous, especially when I told them about that beautiful double-headed ice-cream and the big chocolate block all to myself

that the nice official gave me.

I forgot to say that this was the fifth time Lisa had been to see the man about her papers. The first time, when she was with the family, this young fair-haired man with the nicest blue eyes, and a mouth that curved when he smiled, called Lisa aside and said that there was a little matter he would like to check up, and would she please report to him personally in two weeks' time. Lisa looked a bit shy when he looked at her so solemn-like, and yet with the faintest curve of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

She went back alone next time, but he said he was still worried about one small detail, and it would take time to investigate it. She told me he talked to her for a long time, and asked her questions about all kinds of things, like where she went at weekends and who her friends were, and so on.

I couldn't figure out what this had to do with her papers, but Lisa didn't seem to think it was very odd. In fact, although she was worried about her passport, I don't think she really minded going to see the official at all.

I noticed that she wore a different dress each time she went in. She brushed her black hair until it shone, and when she was doing her face she put on her lipstick ever so carefully. When she put on her dangling earrings she'd pirouette in her pretty full-skirted dress and ask Momma if she looked nice.

The day she took me with her the sun was shining, but the wind was cool. Lisa wore a black-and-white frock which looked nice with her dark hair. I thought she

looked like a grown-up lady, because when you're twelve eighteen seems almost old. I told her, and she blushed and said, "You're not really grown-up till you're married. Now, today you can help me get my papers right, and then I'll have time to look around for a nice Aussie boy."

I felt a bit scared when we were walking down the long corridors in the Government building. I started to talk to Lisa and she shushed me. At last we came to Room No. 453, but before we went in Lisa took a quick look at herself in the little mirror in her handbag.

When we walked in people looked up and smiled at Lisa, and then a fair-haired young man came hurrying over to us. He looked very pleased to see Lisa, but he didn't seem to take much notice of me. Seeing that I was there to help him straighten out Lisa's papers, I thought he'd have noticed me. But, no, he just put out his hand and walked Lisa over to the chair near his desk in a sort of tender way, almost as though she were too old and feeble to walk herself. I didn't even get a chair.

Lisa looks lovelier than ever when she blushes, and as blue eyes looked into brown she had to tear her gaze away to tell the man: "This is my little sister, Antonia. She can speak and read the English words much better than I. Perhaps she can help straighten my papers out."

"Oh, that!" He brushed the matter aside. "I've finally managed to fix it myself. Now, I was wondering—" he started to say, and then he remembered I was there.

He fished around in his pocket for a minute and brought out some silver and pennies—three and elevenpence, to be exact. "I don't think I need your help now," he smiled, and he actually winked at me. "Now, how about trotting down to the cafeteria like a good girl and buy yourself a double-header and some chocolate."

Of course, me being a dinkum Aussie, I understood him at once. And there's another thing I'm pretty sure of, too, and that is if Lisa had taken me in to see him before it wouldn't have taken five visits to get her affairs in order.

(Copyright)

An amusing, lighthearted romance

UNCLE TOM AND LITTLE EVA

By OWEN FITZ HENRY



Frank Becker

"You must get out and sell," Mr. Milligan was shouting, but all Tom's attention was centred on the boss' secretary.

DAVID DAVIES was a tiger in a grey flannel suit. He prowled about the city, a ravenous salesman, craving a palatable order. He stole into office buildings and ambushed unsuspecting clients. There was no escape. His victims could be found strewn about the city — broken, defeated men. David's insatiable hunger defeated all opposition. He harassed and clawed at his prey until they surrendered an order to Winter Woollies.

Mr. Milligan, the general manager of Winter Woollies, exemplified this success to the other salesmen. He urged them to study and imitate David's approach. He spoke in particular to Tom Hanson.

Mr. Milligan worried about Tom. Here was a personable, handsome man capable of selling the products of Winter Woollies. But he lacked interest. Tom's selling talent was limited to one commodity—himself.

Tom Hanson, alas for Winter Woollies, was interested in females. He delighted in their company, and all his personality was directed to their happiness. He collected girls with the zeal and industry of a schoolboy philatelist.

He was not, however, interested in marriage, and held his girls, figuratively, at arm's length. The harem required constant juggling. New applicants were thoroughly checked on their worthiness, as his collection maintained a high standard, and long-term members were periodically granted a ticket-of-leave. This turnover gave variety, and prevented any friendship developing beyond the casual and nebulous.

Tom's sale figures necessarily suffered because of this activity. He wrote sufficient orders to stay off the threat of dismissal, but he could not delude Mr. Milligan. And Mr. Milligan told him this.

"Look at David Davies," said Mr. Milligan. "Thirty Snugfit sweaters sold in one day. And you—eight in one week. That's not good enough, Mr. Hanson."

"No, sir, Mr. Milligan, sir." Tom looked away from the general manager and studied his secretary. A cute blonde, who, in turn, studied Tom before she moved away to the outer office.

"You must get one foot in the door," continued Mr. Milligan.

"Yes, sir." A brown-eyed blonde. Now, that was interesting.

"You must get in there and sell." Mr. Milligan thumped his desk. "Sell! Sell! Sell!"

Tom jumped with fright. "Yes, sir, Mr. Milligan, sir," he cried, endeavoring to match enthusiasm. "I shall get two feet in the door."

Mr. Milligan nodded approvingly. "Are you set now?" he asked.

"Like a jelly," assured Tom.

Mr. Milligan was satisfied, and he dismissed the salesman.

A brown-eyed blonde, mused Tom, as he sauntered to the sales department. Natural blonde. Maybe twenty years old, seems receptive. Perhaps I can find a place for her in my outfit.

Tom frowned. His economy would not allow a new face in the harem. Not unless he off-loaded someone. Then he remembered Eva Ellen, and smiled. Little Eva. He would give her the cold shoulder, the Eskimo roast. She was due for the axe, anyway. The previous night Eva had slyly remarked on the bliss of married life. The crafty creature.

Exit Eva. It could be difficult. She was a long-term member of the harem, almost an original. This move would require a certain sleight of hand, a certain savoir-faire.

Tom entered the sales department, and the first person he saw was David Davies. And then the idea occurred to him—the brilliant scheme, typical of his outstanding intelligence.

David was seated at his desk adding his sales figures. Tom perched himself on the edge of the desk and asked genially, "Counting your scalps, Big Chief?"

David looked coldly at this intruder. He knew Tom Hanson only as a working acquaintance, and wished their relationship to stay that way.

Tom indicated the sales figures. "Thirty Snugfits in one day. That's a good effort."

"I do my best," admitted David.

"Yes," agreed Tom. He moved closer to David, who moved

farther away. "But, Davie-boy," continued Tom, "have you considered something else?"

"Something else?" asked David uneasily. He was wary of this fraternisation.

"Something else," announced Tom, "like who goes into those Snugfit sweaters. Meaning girls."

"Goodness gracious," said David. "I have no time for such thoughts."

"No," agreed Tom. He walked across to the office window and looked out at the city streets. He said in a despondent tone, "Of course, I told Mr. Milligan that. But you know Mill." Tom raised his arms despairingly. "Won't listen to reason."

"What?" demanded David.

Tom still continued his survey of the city streets. "A man needs a mate," he said.

David was at his elbow, clutching at him. "What did Mr. Milligan say?"

"There, there," soothed Tom. "Sit down and I will tell you."

David stumbled back to his desk. He sat down, and waited for Tom's explanation. Tom, who considered himself an actor, paced the floor before continuing his story. He lit a cigarette, and exhaled the smoke in one dramatic sigh. Then he crushed the cigarette and faced David.

"Milligan calls me in, see. 'Tom,' he says. 'You've got the style, crocodile. How do you get so popular?'"

"'Mr. Milligan,' I says. 'Mill—it's no secret. I love all mankind, especially womankind.' And you know what Mill says?"

David shook his head.

Tom continued: "He says, 'Tom, my boy, I wish David Davies was like you. I wish David Davies loved mankind, especially womankind.'"

Tom studied David. The story had apparently gone home. David chewed his fingernails.

Tom had struck at David's one imperfection. His Achilles' heel. David was terrified of womankind. They reduced him

To page 50



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FIRETRAP

A dramatic complete short story

By OWEN GRAY

EVERY two hours for the past week the radio had been repeating the State-wide ban on lighting fires in the open. It had been a week of steadily rising temperatures, following months without rain.

But today was different. The murderous, coppery sun was blotted out by dust—storms of red, penetrating dust, blowing straight out of the lifeless desert of Central Australia, borne on an oven-hot northerly gale that blasted the last particles of moisture out of the grass and scrub and left them like crisp, brown tinder.

Behind the lonely little farmhouse near the top of the hill Craig Maltby got stiffly down from the driving seat of the tractor. It was the first time for ten hours that he had been sheltered from the wind, and he stretched his long legs luxuriously.

His face felt as if it had been stripped of skin, and he looked at it in the tractor's mirror. What he saw was nothing like the face that had greeted him that morning in his shaving mirror. He recognised the slightly broken nose, but the black hair and the deep-tanned skin were all masked by a thick layer of red powder.

Sharyn was waiting for him inside, watching through the window. As he opened the door she put up her face to be kissed, and he pecked her lightly on the cheek. "That'll have to do till I'm clean," he said, brushing away a smudge of dust that had come off on her face. "I've been slightly sandblasted."

"I've saved you three buckets of water," Sharyn led the way to the bathroom and bowed him in, indicating with a sweep of her arm the buckets drawn up in a row. "Took me an hour."

"Bad as that, is it?"
"There's only a trickle coming into the well, and that's not too clean. The pump keeps pumping it dry."

Craig shook his head thoughtfully. "I goofed there all right," he said. "There's plenty of water another twenty feet down. Never counted on a summer like this one." He took one of the buckets and tipped half of the water in it into the basin. "How's it been up here?"

"Terrible. All the windows are shut, but the grit gets in everywhere. It's in the food, in the clothes, in everything. I just can't keep up with it."

Sharyn was leaning against the door. Craig looked at her as he rubbed his arms with a towel, and an uneasy feeling of guilt came upon him once again. She looked lovely, as always, with her dark hair swept back from her suntanned face, and high cheekbones, and eyes that were grave. But she looked desperately tired. She was wearing no make-up except a little lipstick, and her hair was dusty from the day-long, half-won battle against the grit.

This is what she gave up her career for, he thought. She wasn't born to it like I was.

It was the same fear that haunted him more and more as the months went by.

Sharyn had been a model when they first met—one of the most-sought-after in Sydney. He was a lieutenant-com-

mander in the Navy. Theirs had been a whirlwind courtship. They married three months later, and Craig resigned his commission and found an office job so that he could be with his bride.

He had never worked in the city before, and he loathed it. Sharyn knew he loathed it; sometimes she had suggested that they find themselves a place in the country and raise chickens and things.

But nothing came of it for a little over a year, and then two things happened. Christopher Maltby was born, and a month later Craig's father died, leaving Craig to decide whether to sell the farm on Mount Opal, where he had grown up, or to take it over himself. He decided to take it over.

They had been there five years now, and they hadn't been easy years for Sharyn. The farmhouse had never been modernised, but she had agreed with Craig that priority must go to getting the farm into shape. It had been a mixed farm, but the livestock had been auctioned after the old man's death, and Craig decided to develop the fruit instead. There were thirty acres of apples, and this year he had put in one hundred cherry trees.

Sharyn had redecorated the house so that it looked quite modern and cosy. She had mended the roof when it leaked, and humped firewood, and done all the things that farmers' wives do the world over. And all the time Craig knew that she wasn't happy. Not really happy.

They talked about it sometimes, and she joked and said the first thirty years were the worst. Once, not long ago, she had been leafing rather wistfully through a glossy fashion magazine, and he asked her if she would like to sell out and go back to Sydney. She said no, but she hadn't met his eye as she had said it.

And now, as he looked at the three buckets that she had spent an hour filling at the dribbling tap, he remembered again her smart little flat overlooking Sydney Harbor, and the uneasy thought came back to him that she might never be able to accept the country as her home.

She was loyal clean through, no doubt about that. She would never complain about it. That was what made it so hard—deciding whether to press on with the farm and hope she would grow to like it or sell up and make a new start in the city.

Craig finished washing, and sluiced himself down with the second bucket. "Let's forget it for tonight," he said. "Look, I've saved you a bucket of water. The wind will drop before long, and I'll give you a hand cleaning up the house."

He was right. The wind died away as darkness fell. Later, as they lay in bed, too hot for sleep, they listened to the bedside radio softly recounting the day's events. Six separate bushfires were ravaging the State, three of them out of control. The fire risk, it said, had never been so high.

The announcer gave way to music, and Sharyn snapped it off. "Any of those fires near here?" she asked.

"Not yet," Craig said. "But in this

weather they can break out anywhere. Don't worry. It's not so bad now the wind's dropped."

"Did you finish the firebreak?"

"Mostly. I cleared a break around the apples. Tomorrow I'll clear some strips between the trees; then if a fire jumps the break it may stay in one patch."

"What about the cherries?"

"Got to take a chance with them. I'm concentrating on the apples. If we lost the cherries it wouldn't break us—they only went in this year."

They fell silent, but both of them were still a long way from sleep. They lay like that for perhaps five minutes, drifting with their own thoughts. Then Craig spoke softly, almost as if he were thinking aloud.

"Would you like to pack it all up and go back to Sydney?" he asked. "If we sold Mount Opal we'd have enough to start a business."

She was off guard, caught unawares in the mood of candid revelation that sometimes comes to two people talking in the dark.

"I'm not ready to give up yet," she answered slowly. "I won't pretend I haven't longed to sometimes. You've known, Craig, although I've tried not to show it."

It was the first time she had spoken her secret thoughts about it, and she groped for the words. "We're probably over the worst. If I made you give up now I'd always be haunted. Haunted for what I'd done to your life and to Christopher's, when if I'd held on for a little longer..." Her voice trailed off. "Do you see what I'm trying to say?"

"I see, darling." He was glad she had put it into words, though it hadn't solved anything. "Tell you what—why don't you run down to Elaine's for a week or so and get out of the heat?" Elaine was Craig's sister, and she had a house at the beach where Christopher had been staying since the hot weather had begun.

Before Sharyn could reply they were both asleep, and in the morning the wind, with its terrible, abrasive dust, had died completely.

Now the air was still and heavy, charged with oily vapor sucked by the hot sun out of the gum trees that covered the hillside above and below the house. Eucalyptus it was, and resin, and many





Feverishly they packed the car with an odd assortment of their possessions as the fire raced up to the house.

other odors, making the air so pungent that it was almost an effort to breathe.

Craig went on with the firebreaks, and Sharyn cleaned the house from end to end. In the evening Craig came home, and sniffed uneasily at the aromatic air that hung around them like an invisible blanket. Away to the north a tower of smoke hung, mushrooming at the top like the cloud of an atom bomb.

Craig was restless. He turned the radio up and waited impatiently while the announcer recounted the day's happenings in Washington and Moscow and finally came to the State news. It wasn't reassuring. Two bushfires were out, three more had started.

One of them, the announcer said, was advancing on a ten-mile front through thickly wooded country along the Western Ranges. Fire-fighting was hindered by lack of water, and several homesteads were in danger.

"Meaning us?" Sharyn asked quietly.

"Could be." Craig walked over to the window and looked towards the distant pillar of smoke. "It could go anywhere now."

"Surely now that the wind's dropped they'll be able to put it out?"

"I hope so. If it gets over here while it's like this..." He broke off and turned to Sharyn. "It's this heavy atmosphere that I don't like, this eucalyptus in the air. It'll hang in the valley till there's a breeze."

He looked anxiously around the horizon. "If the concentration gets strong enough it can burn, they say. I've never seen it happen, but there's never been a summer like this one since I've been here."

"How do you mean, it can burn?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. I believe the fire sort of jumps through the air and starts new fires hundreds of yards apart."

She joined him at the window and they looked down the valley. In the gathering dusk the gum trees were a deep blue-green shadow all round their orchards. Away towards the horizon the smoke was merging into the night, and now the base of the cloud was reflecting a dull red glow.

"If it comes this way we'll certainly have a grandstand view," Sharyn remarked. She felt for Craig's hand, and he knew that she was a little bit afraid.

The breeze didn't come that night, and it

didn't come next morning. The radio triumphantly announced that yesterday had been the hottest day in the State's history, and that today was expected to be hotter.

The odor of the gums filled the house and the outdoors until breathing became an exertion, and every mouthful of food and water tasted of eucalyptus. And the tower of smoke still hung over the ranges, not much nearer but higher, still capped with the familiar grey mushroom.

Craig was off with the tractor very early, trying to get in some more work on the firebreak before the sun grew too oppressive. Sharyn got the house straight—with Christopher away there wasn't nearly so much to do—and wandered down to the yard.

A little flake of ash landed on her face, and she brushed it off. There seemed to be quite a lot of ash now, floating suspended in the air.

Suddenly she was alert. Craig was shouting her name. She listened again. He was up at the house. She turned and shouted back.

"Yes, here I am."

"Sharyn—have you seen the fire?"

"No—where is it?"

"Come and see." He led the way to the house. "Either it's travelling at a terrific speed or it's a new one."

"Where's the tractor? I didn't hear you come back."

"No. As soon as I saw the fire I put the tractor in the middle of a ploughed patch and left it. It'll be safe there."

He opened the door for her, and together they went through to the window that looked out over the valley.

"It's moved down even in the last few minutes," he said softly.

They stood silent, watching the fire. Across the valley, less than a mile away, a huge oblong screen of brown-grey smoke hung across the sky. The bottom fringe was a wide, dancing crescent of flame, lower in the middle than on the sides. They watched it flare up, now in one spot, now in another, as the dried-up trees fell victim and were swallowed up and charred into ugly black stumps.

Now they could hear the roar of the flames, the crackle of burning brushwood. Slowly, slowly the fire crept down the hill. And then it sprang. With a noise that rattled the windows a tongue of yellow flame leaped down

almost to the foot of the valley, licking over the bushy tops of the trees, setting a dozen torches flaring, cutting off great islands of blue-green gums and scrub. At the dried-up creek bed the advance was checked, but Craig knew it wouldn't halt there long.

He made a conscious effort to think. His brain raced through the dangers, the possibilities, the risks, and the rewards. Get down the road to the plains before the fire cut them off? Or stay and fight for the house? With no water—not even enough to soak a blanket to hide under as the flames came past?

He knew Sharyn was looking up at him, waiting for him to decide. A blast of hot air hit him, and then the fire was over the creek bed and raging up the hill towards them.

At once Craig's decision was made. "Make sure all the windows are shut," he said. "Then grab what you can—clothes and that. I'll get the car."

He hurled himself out and ran down to the shed. By the time he was back with the car Sharyn had dropped an armful of clothes outside the door and gone back for more.

For several minutes they worked madly, cramming the car with a confused pile of clothing, blankets, linen, and books.

By now the hot wind from the furnace below them was moaning up the gully, carrying over their heads a flurry of sparks and burning fragments which rained about and pattered on the iron roof of the house.

Craig took one swift, last look. There was nothing more to be done. As the car lurched down to the gate that led to the road they both saw flames licking along the edge of the roof, playing round the ends of the wooden rafters as the accumulation of dry leaves in the gutter flared up. Then they turned on to the road and the high lantana hedge shut out their view.

"There goes the house, I think," Sharyn could not hide the tremor in her voice, and Craig reached over and rested his hand on hers.

For all the days of warning, disaster had engulfed them with paralysing suddenness. But out on the smoke-filled road there was still a moment of time to mourn their home. It was more than a home; it was a symbol, a symbol of their joint enterprise. It stood for a lot that Craig knew he had taken for

granted until that moment: things he would miss, things they would both miss, and—he faced the thought squarely—things that Sharyn wouldn't miss at all.

A blast of scorched, bitter-tasting air hit them round the first bend, sweeping away thoughts of what was past. Craig frowned with concentration, peering through the folds of blue haze that rolled across the road. He said, "We've left it a bit late—this may be a bit unpleasant."

He tried to gauge how fast the fire was spreading. He knew every yard of the road, pictured every curve as it wound down the hill through the heavily wooded slopes. The feathery tops of the gums nearly met over their heads—the fire would jump the road as easily as they had seen it jump the dry creek. It would be a lot healthier to be down in the plains before that happened.

Craig leaned over the wheel, driving as fast as he dared, braking sharply every time they entered another pocket of smoke. His eyes were smarting and his throat was dry and tickling. Beside him Sharyn sat absolutely still, staring ahead, saying nothing.

They were half-way down when the fire hit them. First it was a shower of sparks and burning wisps, and then a great gust of sulphurous, superheated gases, rank and searing like a blast from hell itself.

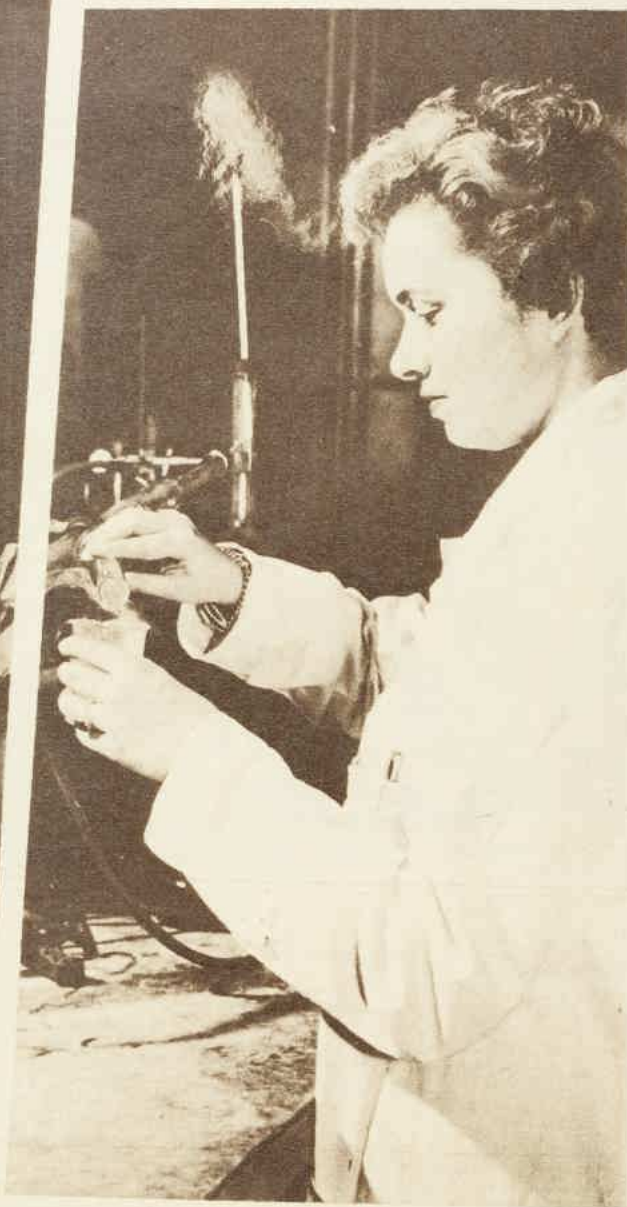
Nearly blinded by the heat, Craig slammed the window shut and stepped on the brake as the engine, starved of oxygen, coughed and died. He swore aloud, wiping his watering eyes with the back of one hand, feeling for the starter with the other. The engine spun, and choked, and died again, and the car came to rest.

And then the fire was on top of them. First to go were the bushy tops of the gums above them, bursting into brilliant flame like carnival torches. The car quivered with the force of the draught as the heat sucked the air through the undergrowth like gigantic bellows that kindled sparks into fire, and flickering flame into all-consuming blaze.

Within seconds the road had become a black channel between walls of red fire. Inside the car the heat was unbearable. The paintwork on the doors began to crack and blister. Desperately Craig spun the engine again and again, but there was no life in it

To page 53

AUSTRALIA TO-DAY ...



LOWEST UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE WORLD!

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FATHER



MOTHER



It seems to me

LAST week's mail included a batch of letters on the subject of the term "housewife."

In the issue of October 29 I mentioned the fact that many women didn't like the word as an occupational title, asked for suggestions to replace it.

"I don't really object to 'housewife,' but I do object most strongly to 'home duties' or, worse still, 'domestic,'" wrote Mrs. Merle Niles, of Castle Hill, N.S.W. "I always use 'mother,' as that is what I am. I hate domestic duties, but I do like being a mother. I recently gave my occupation as 'mother' to a court recorder. He looked up, so I repeated firmly, 'Mother!' Bless him, he put it down, too."



IF the Queensland Police Commissioner proceeds with his proposal to train policewomen as detectives he won't lack applicants.

Louise Hunter tells me that lately she has received an extraordinary number of letters from girls who want to be detectives or spies.

Trying to fathom the reason, she thinks that girls in Sydney and Melbourne envy the job held by Della, secretary to Perry Mason on the Perry Mason TV show.

Mature viewers, familiar with Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery books long before his detective-lawyer hero hit the screen, know better than to envy Della.

She does a few odd sleuthing jobs for Perry, but most of the time she answers his phone and sees that he eats his sandwiches.

It's clear that she is in love with Perry, has been in love with him for years. She would still like her job if he managed a chain store or a fish shop. So she isn't a dedicated detective.

(Indeed, Della's sad plight has a moral in it for all prospective career women, a moral that has nothing to do with the spy trade.)

Mystery authors being what they are, she probably won't land him ever.

FOLLOWING are extracts from other letters on the same subject.

"As I married my husband and not a house I am therefore not a 'housewife.' When completing forms which require me to state my occupation I write 'Home Duties.'"

—I. Boarder, Launceston, Tas.

"What about 'homemaker' or the French title 'chatelaine'? I'm afraid, however, that whatever the title may be, the fact remains that a wife with children will always find her time occupied like a 'housewife.'"

—Mrs. Agnes Holland, Mayfield, N.S.W.

"I have just returned after living for a year in the United States, where I attended many meetings of the Association of American University Women. All of their members use the term 'homemaker' when required to state their occupation and I listened to one very sincere speaker urging the members to adopt the term 'home executive.'"

—Mrs. Rene M. Clark, Rockdale, N.S.W.

"We call those who have made their outside work of first importance 'career women.' Why not an equally dignified title to those whose homes and families are foremost? My suggestion is 'family women.'"

—Mrs. J. E. Molineux, Greenacre, N.S.W.

"What's wrong with it? To be a wife and have a house of your own is wonderful. It includes being a mother, too. And what a responsibility! If women would only value it more and not, as often, wish to get away from it all!"

—Isabella Oettingen-Rczy, Mortlake, N.S.W.

"The word 'homekeeper' popped straight into my thoughts. Home affords us the comfort, security, and peace which are important to sane, happy, and relaxed living. By using the word 'keeper' we mean one who possesses a treasured thing and manages it in complete harmony."

—Mrs. Joan D. Meadows, Gympie, Qld.

"My suggestion is 'home executive.' It sounds really specialised, which the job is, in my opinion. I know that I've had to devote more thought and care to my home and husband than ever I gave to an office position."

—Elaine Dykstra, East Doncaster, Vic.

ALDERMAN R. S. L. Cohen, of Willoughby Council, ran over and killed a 6ft. goanna in the Sydney suburb of Killara last week. "It's the first time I have ever seen a goanna of that size in Sydney," said Alderman Cohen.

They'll tell the tale on the tracks outback for many a year to come.

Of the doomed goanna who said one day,

"I'm tired of climbing a gum,

This bush routine is wearisome, dull. In the city they're living it up,

But nothing has happened around this dump since the homestead dog was a pup.

"The Harbor Bridge is bigger, they say, than the bridge across the creek,

And I've never seen an espresso bar. Adventure is what I seek.

I'm hoping, after I've looked around, to get in a nightclub act,

Which could do with a novel turn or two — and that, they say, is a fact."

Well, you know what happened. The news got out. It travelled wide and far.

"The paper says," said his Uncle Joe, "he was killed by an alderman's car.

His Dad was knocked by the mailman's truck, which goes to show, my friend,

Adventure's fine and ambition's good, but it's all the same in the end."

3

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in

3

sizes...

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5/3

6/3

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Page 31

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Every tiny particle of Nescafé is flavour-active. You simply add hot water and each tiny particle dissolves instantly and completely . . . releasing a star-burst of rich, full-bodied coffee flavour. There's not a trace of grounds . . . no deposits to settle on the bottom of the cup. Nescafé is pure coffee . . . all coffee . . . nothing but coffee. Every cup is delicious to the very last satisfying drop.

Whether you make it direct in the cup for yourself alone or in your best coffee-server as company coffee, you'll agree that Nescafé is the modern way to truly tastier coffee.

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ADELAIDE'S PRIDE:



A "POPEYE" BOAT makes its way along Torrens Lake, Adelaide. The view, taken from the City Bridge, shows the University boatsheds on the left. In the far distance are the Adelaide Hills. These color pictures of the "Popeye" fleet of three 38ft. motor-boats, which have now been running for 21 years, were taken by David Brock.

● You mightn't have heard of "Popeyes on the Torrens," but Adelaide wouldn't swap this miniature waterway and fleet for the Grand Canal and all the gondolas of Venice.

THE "Popeyes" are 38ft. motor-boats which, for 21 years, have been plying Torrens Lake—ferrying holidaymakers, sightseers, and family parties along the stream meandering through Adelaide's parks and gardens.

There are three "Popeyes," and their names were chosen by Captain G. S. Watts, skipper of the "fleet."

"Why 'Popeye'? Well, we had to call them something, and back in 1937 'Popeye the Sailor' was all the rage. You couldn't open a newspaper without seeing comic-strip drawings of him eating his spinach," Captain Watts said.

"My wife didn't like the name, but she finally agreed. And I think it was a good choice, because since then my 'Popeye' boats have become known all over Australia and in many parts of the world."

The boats increased in glory early this year when the familiar "Popeye 5" became a royal barge for a night.

The Royal passenger was the Queen Mother, who was spotlighted as the "Popeye 5" moved down the lake in darkness, and on the banks a choir of 200,000 sang "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

So well are the "Popeyes" known in Adelaide today that Gordon Stanley Watts, a Gallipoli veteran, can't even go to the local pictures without hearing nearby children whisper excitedly: "There's 'Popeye'."

And if children are in their element as the motor-boats set off on their short journey from the landing stage at El-

der Park, down to the weir, under the bridges, and back up to the zoo, so is "Popeye" Watts.

Usually he'll turn from the wheel of the boat he is skippering to look at the packed craft, and ask: "Anyone got a birthday today?"

If there's a "yes," as there almost always is, Skipper Watts says: "Happy birthday. Like to come up here and take the wheel?"

Then after the guest-of-

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

honor has had his turn, the other envious children are invited to "line up and have a go, too."

Children aren't the only ones who have steered. Adults who have taken the wheel include former South Australian Governor Sir Willoughby Norrie and comedian George Wallace.

"Sir Willoughby Norrie drove all my boats," said Mr. Watts. "And through the years I've had all the South Australian Governors and their wives as passengers."

Apart from Mr. Watts, skippers of the "Popeyes" are Mr. Roland ("Sunny") Grey and Mr. Harold Louder.

Each boat carries 46 passengers, and cameras click constantly as overseas, interstate, and country sightseers snap views of the University Bridge, the tree-lined banks, and reedy reaches.

"We're always getting copies of photos they've taken," said Mr. Watts, whose boats have

appeared on postcards, calendars, and writing-pads.

Wherever he's making a trip on Torrens Lake, Mr. Watts takes with him a brown-paper bag filled with bread crusts to feed the waterfowl, black swans, wyandots, and pinkies which paddle hastily towards approaching craft.

There are lots of fish, too. Carp, perch, and trout lurk in Torrens Lake, which is 10 to 23 feet deep.

Often through the year special parties board the "Popeyes." Sometimes they're children from the Australian Inland Mission; sometimes youngsters who are spastic or blind.

Then, as a piano-accompanied plays and a singsong starts, the journey is really fun.

Often ex-servicemen hold reunions afloat.

On all trips Mr. Watts and his skippers give a full description of passing sights over the radio transmitter, with which all boats are equipped.

There can be drama on the Torrens.

"One summer evening I was out in 'Popeye' when I heard people yelling wildly from the banks," said Mr. Watts.

"I opened up the throttle and went towards where they were pointing. There I saw a woman floundering in the water and she looked finished."

"Well, I ripped my coat off and went straight in. I managed to save her, though when we got her ashore we had to apply artificial respiration."

"I later found she'd jumped in deliberately. As for me, I was in bed nearly a month with a terrific cold."

"But that sort of thing doesn't often happen."

A "POPEYE" FLEET

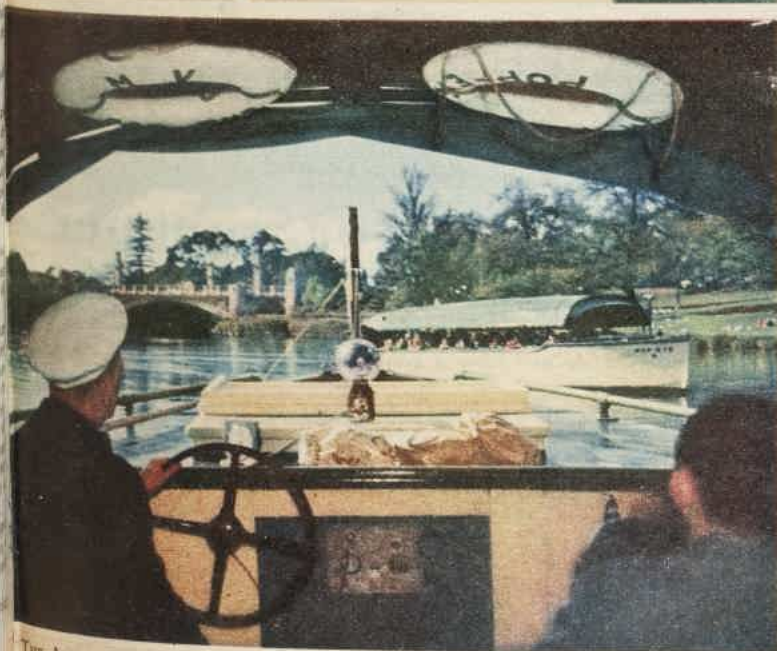


ABOVE: Passengers wait to crowd into a "Popeye" boat. Captain G. S. Watts, skipper of the fleet, named the boats in 1937 after "Popeye the Sailor," the comic-strip hero.

RIGHT: Under instruction from Captain Watts, eight-year-old Penny Campbell takes the wheel. Waiting their turn are Peter Pengilly; Rodney Ashenden; Roy Plummer.



BELOW: Captain Watts steers "Popeye 5" towards the City Bridge. This parkland is only a couple of minutes away from Adelaide's busy railway station on North Terrace.



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Cashmere Bouquet
in exciting new pastels



costs no more than ordinary soaps!

lovelier, more natural-looking
curls with $\frac{1}{2}$
the work...



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The only permanent you dare wash at once!

So easy, no need to shampoo first!

Wave and wash with $\frac{1}{2}$ the work!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

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Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package.

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The bridal gown illustrated below is designed for brocade. I chose it because its classic line suits the stiff fabric.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"I have been searching unsuccessfully for a design for a bridal gown suitable for white silk brocade. Could you design such a style and let me have a paper pattern in 36in. bust? The wedding is to be formal and is timed for 4.30

p.m. I want a tailored gown. If it won't look too like an evening frock, I don't want a train."

The design I have chosen has classic lines; the formality of the style being partly achieved by the fabric. A bridal gown without a train is correct fashion. A paper

pattern for the design is available in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"COULD I have a suggestion for a linen summer suit? I take a small women's fitting, am rather short, and very long-waisted. I would like the style to disguise my too-long waistline."

My suggestion is a waist-length box jacket worn with a slender-line skirt with a built-up waistline. The built-up waist will give a slightly Empire look (very new in fashion). It also will flatter and disguise your long waist. Style details for the jacket: a round collar, three-quarter length sleeves, plus two low placed pockets.

"MY problem is a maternity frock suitable for an afternoon wedding. I have eight yards of navy sheer, and wonder if I could use this material to make some sort of soft frock. I do my own sewing, so only need an idea."

The chemise dress has been successfully adapted to maternity fashions, and I suggest this idea for your navy sheer. For instance, you could have a one-piece dress incorporating the straightness of the chemise, with fullness given by narrow pleats falling from a high yoke. A white collar and cuffs and a large bow would add an elegant tailored look.

"WOULD you please suggest several new ideas for separates suitable for casual weekend dressing?"

Here are two variations of the two-piece theme that are current in summer fashions:

● A sleeveless overblouse cut like a sports shirt, tied at each side to control the loose cut, and worn over a straight, slim skirt.

● An overblouse finished with a self-band at the hipline and cuffed away from the neck collar, worn with an all-round knife-pleated skirt.



DS337. — Bridal gown in sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 13yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

Hair care for summer

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you dread the way those hot, humid summer days make your hair limp and hard to manage, it's a good idea to wear a short hair-do and have a good permanent wave.

THEN, if you shampoo your own hair, set it regularly with a good waving lotion in small pin curls to make it stay crisp longer.

In very humid weather some types of hair need setting every night.

This is a do-it-yourself job that becomes easier with repetition, and all you should need then is a suitable hair-spray to keep any unruly hair-ends in place during the day.

Fortunately, there are many pretty and easy-to-keep summer hairstyles from which to choose.

If you do decide to wear it short, make sure that your hair is well shaped.

And if you succumb to the summer pastime of sunbathing, remember that an application of dressing, after the shampoo, will help keep sun-dried locks in condition.

Now greater than ever!

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the only
PROVED
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Your feet — and particularly your children's feet — deserve the best, and that means TALISMAN — the quality plastic sandals backed by 4 years' success, and selling this year at the same price **plus** bigger-than-ever size range, **more** colours to choose from! TALISMAN sandals are ideal for children as well as adults and — remember! — **only** TALISMAN gives you these vitally important features:—

3 rustless buckles giving 3-way *adjustment* to fit all types and widths of feet and allow for foot growth in children.

Extra-durable but flexible soles with separately moulded, more pliable uppers that adjust to every foot movement.

Only TALISMAN sandals — with the true *Roman* design — allow healthy sunshine and air to your children's feet.

Only TALISMAN come in a magnificent range of 7 sparkling *permanent* colour combinations!



For comfort, safety, unequalled wear — rely on TALISMAN — the **proved** plastic sandals that can't slip or slide, can't be harmed by salt water, oil, acid or perspiration.

**Talisman have proved they really do outlast
3 pairs of ordinary sandals!**

Talisman sandals for all the family are available in the following sizes:

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Don't Experiment — buy the Proven Sandal — Talisman!
At all Good Shoe Stores in City, Suburbs and Country

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YOU COULD WIN YOUR OWN MALVERN STAR BIKE, A.W.A. RADIOLA MANTEL RADIO, OR KODAK SIX-20 BROWNIE FLASH II CAMERA IN THE TALISMAN COLOURING COMPETITION! ENTER NOW!

Get your TALISMAN colouring picture from any shoe store or shoe department where TALISMAN sandals are stocked. Look for the TALISMAN sign on the shop window or in the store.
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Send your name, address and age, together with the swing ticket from a pair of Talisman sandals to British Xylonite (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 795 Nepean Highway, East Brighton, Victoria — in return you will receive a TALISMAN CLUB BADGE, which entitles you to enter the various TALISMAN competitions and win the big prizes.

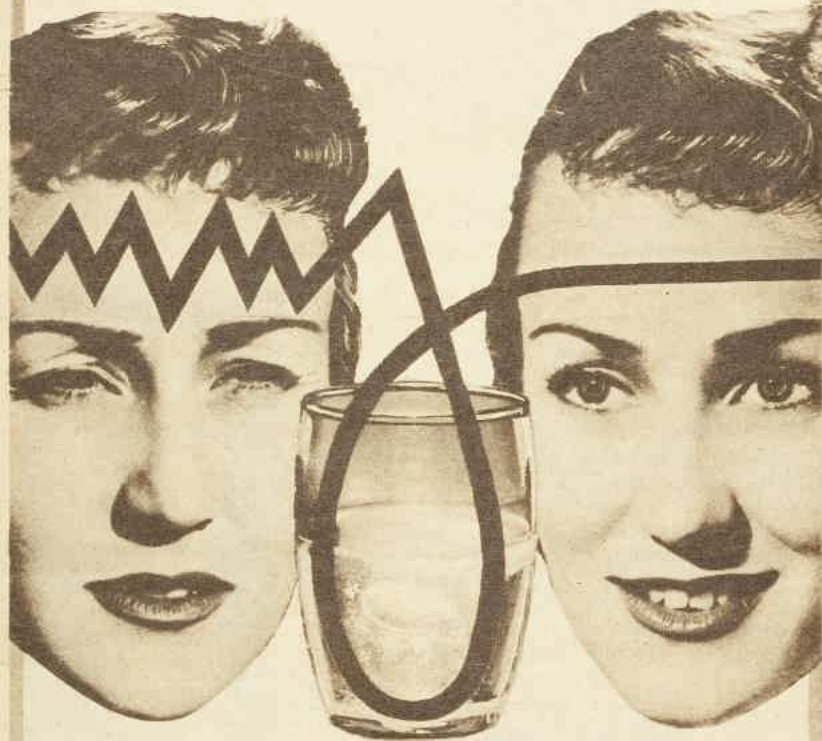
**Medical experience shows that ordinary aspirin causes stomach upset - but...*

you avoid this risk with

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

* Further information on request.



The safe, fast way to relieve HEADACHE and PAIN

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin does not readily dissolve—it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation, such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

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He has lived on

Wilfrid Thomas — from choir boy to broadcaster-at-large

● In the Northern Territory, on the Barkly Stock Route there's an artesian waterhole known as the Wilfrid Thomas Bore, named after Australia's veteran broadcaster-at-large

WILF says it's the most mixed compliment he has ever had.

He got his name on the map after he'd spent an evening in the Territory "ear-bashing" the official responsible for naming the artesian bores lining the stock routes.

The best-known Australian broadcaster to trot the globe was boning up on his adopted country before going abroad to tell the world about Australia.

Wilfrid Thomas tells this and a thousand other stories of a broadcaster's life in a book he has just written, "Living On Air," one of the wittiest show-business stories to hit the stalls yet.

It establishes one thing. Off the air, too, Wilfrid is no bore.

Best known in Australia for his Wilfrid Thomas Show—a regular feature in broadcasting since 1941—the Welsh-born, Australian-adopted Wilfrid Thomas has been a broadcaster ever since Farmer's Department Store opened 2FC, Australia's first radio station, on its roof in 1923.

Thomas, a strapping 18, but owning a surprising bass voice, walked in and asked for a job.

He got more than he bargained for.

In first serial

Starting as a filler-in with the station pianist at a guinea-and-a-half a night, he was lumbered for speaking parts, "feeding" lines to the comic, playing characters in sketches. Gradually he turned into a radio actor, imitating English film stars and acquiring some grotesque accents.

Wilfrid acted in the first radio serial, plays by Shakespeare, made up record programmes from discs on the shelf, read off items from the newspapers which he thought would interest his friends—and hurriedly switched on the automatic piano-player when-

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

ever girls called to share his solitude in the primitive broadcasting studio.

Thomas got his first taste of travel when he joined an Eton-suited band of youthful choir singers called the Westminster Glee Singers to tour the world.

Starting with Asia and Africa, led by an impoverished but genteel ex-tenor from Westminster Abbey, he ended up in London.

There, between singing at businessmen's banquets and acting-singing in musical comedy, he took up radio work again.

He also became a television pioneer. "In a tiny subterranean studio in Broadcasting House," recalls Wilfrid, "I sang in Baird's experimental television programmes."

"We painted our faces white, and the eyelids, lips, and sides of the nose blue."

"Behind a glass panel Mr. Baird and his fellow-conspirators operated a revolving drum of mirrors, from which a blinding beam of light was directed on to us."

When Wilfrid Thomas returned to Australia before World War II he settled down to producing "Out of the Bag," a weekly light entertainment which starred Dick Bentley and had Joy Nichols, Kitty Bluett, Bettina Dickson, and several other radio stars, who have since found fame abroad, making regular appearances.

It was this show that allowed Dick Bentley, till then a fiddler, singer, mimic, and disc jockey, to develop his comedy talent.

He and Thomas occupied neighboring flats in Sydney—and Wilfrid now confesses disarmingly:

"At night we listened short-wave to the big American and British comedies and in the mornings we baked by our swimming-pool and adapted their best to for our audience."

"The task of originating first-class comedy script after week was beyond capacity, and beyond that any writers we knew."

"The programme ran 1 years."

Big job rejects

The A.B.C. appointed Wilfrid its first Federal Director of Light Entertainment during the war.

Working in liaison with American Forces in the South Pacific, he handled many stars, including Jack Benny, Carole Landis, Larry Adler, Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, I. Bolger, John Wayne, and A. Shaw's Band.

But he was one of the radio personalities who did dream of the security of coming a radio boss rather than remain a performer.

"Promotion carries you further and farther from studio," he says, and thence where his heart lay.

On the tenth birthday the Wilfrid Thomas Show, 1951, the A.B.C. decided let Wilfrid make future editions of the show in countries overseas, and he made London his headquarters.

Of his radio work since then Thomas says: "It broadens you—you eat much and walk so little."

"Yet on a tour of the most distinguished restaurants France I actually lost weight which convinced me that great chefs are chemists, not cooks."

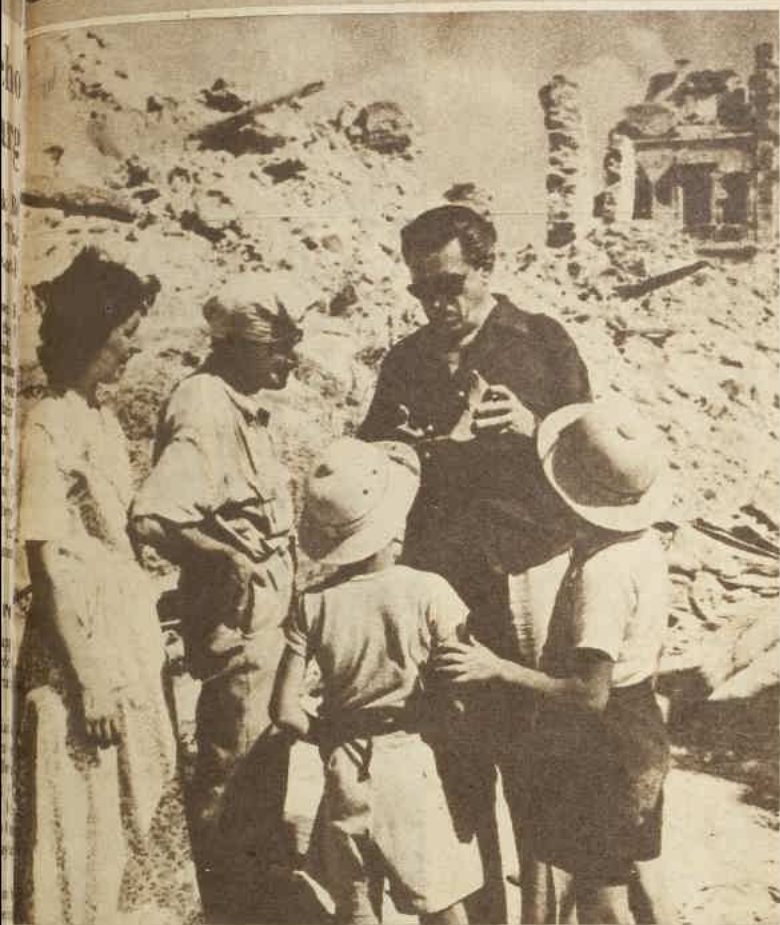
"In Denmark, Norway, and Holland I recorded inspiring stories of self-sacrifice and courage by heroes of the resistance."

"I travelled to Elba to cord a village barber who cherishes a boomerang he



CHRISTMAS DAY BROADCAST on a world-wide hook-up from the Pestalozzi International Children's Village in Switzerland where Thomas interviewed the children

air for 35 years



AFTER A GREEK EARTHQUAKE Wilfrid Thomas, Australia's best-known broadcaster-at-large, interviews two children who lost their parents in the disaster.

ured in Central Australia, and to Lourdes to record a pilgrimage of cripples. "In Switzerland I hauled regarding gear up the Matterhorn to interview a guide, and made a programme at the orphanage International Children's Village with Jeanette Helweg, who had rejected a creative career in order to work there for the children. "In Spain I recorded flamenco music at the Seville arena . . .

Greatest crusade

"In London Burl Ives stayed in my house. We let the remainder run and roared our way into the Mayfair night of the homegoing waiters in the street joined in." Wilfrid Thomas plays host to his top-floor Mayfair flat to a wide selection of show-business celebrities as you can find in a theatre "Who's Who." Sir Richard Boyer, chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, set Wilfrid Thomas on what has been his greatest crusade as a broadcaster — to report on the tragedy of the Displaced Persons in Europe in a series of radio programmes. It was the most heart-rending job he'd ever done. On two successive Christmases he took part in the third hook-up, preceding the Queen's speech, from refugee camps in Germany. The most moving moment in his life came on one of these broadcasts. He was standing by with his microphone at the bedside of a Ukrainian refugee widow who had condemned herself to life of utter loneliness and then in a D.P. camp when she gave her assent to her two

boys — all she had left in the world — migrating to foster parents in America.

Wilfrid had arranged for the widowed mother, Mrs. Bojko, to exchange a Christmas message with her two boys on the other side of the world.

"As our cue approached we all sat tense and silent," he said.

"Then John Gielgud, who was linking the various items in the studio in London, spoke the words I was waiting for, and I began my piece.

"In Baltimore Stanley Maxted picked up the story and introduced Mrs. Bojko's sons, Victor and Paul, and at last they spoke, sending a message of love to their mother.

"But they had forgotten their mother's language—they spoke in English.

"She couldn't understand their words, but the moment

she heard their voices she sat bolt upright, her mouth twisted, her hands turned icy cold.

"When I gave her the signal to speak she could make no sound. I tried to encourage her — 'Come along, darling, speak to your boys' — and at last she greeted them.

"Her simple message was translated into English: 'God bless you, my sons. I am happy to hear you. Goodbye, my darlings.'

"I learned afterwards that John Gielgud was moved to tears and could not carry on immediately with the narration."

If I know Wilfrid Thomas, John Gielgud was not alone in his tears.

• "LIVING ON AIR" — By Wilfrid Thomas, published by Frederick Muller Ltd. in London.



WILFRID THOMAS rehearsing a radio show with Betty Hutton at the Palladium in London.

Sheer Enchantment

IN SHIMMERING

NYLON



Hanro has chosen the fairytale fineness of finest B.N.S. nylon in misty white, to create this dramatic nightgown and negligee set, just for you! The delicate purest-white water lily motif will really spring to life when you wear this glorious petal-topped nightgown and graceful satin-trimmed negligee. Surely, a bride's dream

Look for, ask for . . .

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Wiltshire
brings gay colour to your table with
Fiesta
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Fiesta carton of 4 Grill, Table or Dessert Knives, or 4 Forks, or 2 Grill Knives and 2 Forks.

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Think how thrilled your guests will be — and how proud YOU will be, too — when your party table is enlivened with this colourful new note in quality cutlery. FIESTA — blades of first grade stainless steel with colour-fast "Celsior" handles. In Teal Blue, Imperial Yellow, Royal Red and Dove Grey — Fiesta Table and Dessert Knives, or Grill Knives and Forks, in boxes of mixed or matching colours. For your gift-giving, make this a Fiesta year!

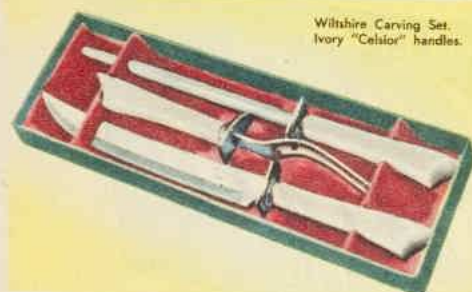


Carving Set. Available in presentation case.

Handles of Maroon, Black, Blue or Grey "Celsior".

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3-piece Wiltshire Carving Set in racked box. Also boxed in single units — Steel, Knife or Fork. Useful gifts at modest prices.



Presentation case containing 6 Wiltshire Grill Knives and 6 Grill Forks. Handles of Black, grained Ivory or Mahogany Xylonite.



De-luxe gift box containing 4 Wiltshire Grill Knives and 4 Grill Forks. Grained Ivory, Black or Mahogany Xylonite handles.

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GRILL FORK
to match the famous
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If you have Wiltshire Grill Knives already — or have given them to your friends — why not complete the set with these handsome matching Grill Forks? And, remember, combination sets of Grill Knives and Forks make doubly welcome gifts.

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Grill Forks in boxes of 6, 4 or 2.



Grill Knives in boxes of 6, 4 or 2.

The trials of a non-French maid

● Gay Paree isn't always as glamorous as it's supposed to be — at least not when you're a hard-working French maid. Here Judith Kenward, of Malvern, Victoria, tells her own story of the job she recently took for a month as a maid in a Paris apartment house.



JUDITH KENWARD, of Malvern, Victoria, who went abroad last year, wrote this story of life as a temporary maid in Paris. Earlier she had worked for nine months in London's East End as a teacher. She is now working in Rome.

SO you want to work in Paris. You want to become part of "La Vie Bohème," to be taken for a Parisienne by other tourists as you sip your black coffee in a pavement cafe.

I had much the same hopes when I went to Paris, blithely sure that I'd get a job there.

When I looked through the advertisements I decided the best bet would be a position as a maid, for there were hundreds of jobs offering in this field.

I picked out one that said "bon gages" and went for an interview.

During this interview with Madame I discovered the "bon gages," or "good wages," amounted to 25,000 francs, or about £A25, a month.

"Of course," said Madame, "you realise that maids in France work very hard."

"Oh, yes," I said in my innocence. "Australians work very hard, too."

I was engaged on the spot, and Madame showed me my room—a tiny attic on the seventh floor of their apartment building.

I should have been warned

of the footsore weeks ahead when I saw there was no lift. But I moved in.

After I'd unpacked my things I watched the dark blue Paris night come down on the neighboring rooftops, and listened to the hilarity of the other maids along the corridor, who seemed to be relaxing happily after their day's work.

At seven next morning I started.

At five in the afternoon I staggered up the seven flights and tottered to the footbath to soak my aching feet.

Cooking lesson

I'd vacuumed and dusted every room in the ten-room apartment, made beds, cleaned baths, answered the door, and, final horror, cooked lunch for a family of seven.

An omelet had been requested.

I served up the only sort I knew—a sort of mustard plaster affair heavy with flour—and it had come back almost untouched.

"Of course," said Madame kindly, "Australians naturally do not know how to make a French omelet."

I thought of the feathery yellow mounds I'd had in restaurants, and agreed this Australian certainly did not.

"However," she said, "I will teach you."

So when I went back that night at seven she showed me how it was done; exactly the right amount of oil and vinegar for a salad; and how to make a sweet called "The Floating House of my Aunt Rose."

This exotic-sounding dessert consists of a sweet vanilla custard base and egg-white topping, and that's not as mundane as it sounds when it's mixed with a French wrist.

I also learnt to lay the table with the fork prongs down.

Then Madame left me to begin the enormous wash-up we'd created and I finally finished at 10 p.m.

In the days that followed I seemed to be continually running—from the bedrooms to the kitchen because I had forgotten to put on the potatoes, to the bathroom because I hadn't finished cleaning the bath, to the door when the telephone rang, and to the telephone when the doorbell sounded.

The French believe in two

good meals a day. This involved endless peeling of vegetables, and pandemonium in the kitchen before and during each meal.

The aftermath with huge piles of dishes waiting to be washed was the worst part.

One day a solution offered itself. Madame had presented me with half a bottle of vin rouge.

Sitting in the kitchen, elbows on the oilskin tablecloth, eating the cold remains of the dinner and listening to two men in the courtyard having a lurid argument about cleaning the windows, I solemnly and unwaveringly drank the lot.

Washing-up, I found, had no terrors when accomplished in a vin-rouge haze.

The dishes suffered, of course, but . . .

I simply shrugged my shoulders in a Gallic gesture.

Sadly, no replacement of the empty bottle was forthcoming. The washing-up seemed to increase daily, till even the window-sills were piled high with it.

Finally Madame told me that three of her nephews were coming for a long stay. The

prospect of looking after a family of ten singlehanded overwhelmed me.

Forswearing "la vie domestique," I gave in my notice.

I emerged with at least a temporary ability to make an omelet and a vastly improved French vocabulary of severe ejaculations.

I don't doubt that my employers came out of the meeting with at least the latter accomplishment. And probably an unprintable opinion of Australian culinary methods into the bargain.

Want to see your figure neater?

Make your daily bread

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NO FATS OR SUGARS IN RYVITA

—and that makes all the difference!

Crunchy Ryvita is *all* nourishment, rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and protein to increase your energy. *No fats or sugars!* Ryvita satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer because it is made from rye in this very special way. You become less hungry and more energetic, so your surplus pounds melt *naturally* away.

Good for the whole family. Make munchy, crunchy Ryvita your whole-family crispbread. Ryvita is good for everybody, delicious with everything. Enjoy it with butter, cheese, salads, savoury spreads, use it for lunch-time sandwiches, after-school snacks!

Ask for Ryvita—no sugars or fats!

MAKES YOU FIT—KEEPS YOU SLIM





How to choose that first fine watch

First, make sure it really *is* a fine watch. One of the easiest ways of being sure is to choose a Swiss jewelled-lever watch.

The fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is the best of all gifts for the young—at school, at university, or just starting out to build lives of their own. It is a *special* gift that marks the occasion of growing up.

It's the best, but it needn't be expensive, for into *every* watch go all the priceless qualities

inherited by the Swiss watchmaker: skill, craftsmanship, precision engineering and applied ingenuity. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

There is an infinite variety of fine Swiss jewelled-lever watches for the young: for sportsmen and sportswomen, for future doctors and engineers, for everyday wear and for formal occasions. Ask a reputable watch expert to help you choose the best watches for *your* children. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*



It's the combination that matters—the word "Swiss" on the watch plus the jewelled-lever movement inside. Your jeweller or watchmaker can tell you why this combination guarantees you a truly fine watch.

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

I AM a youth of 17 and I am worried a great deal about the fact that I perspire very heavily under the arms. It makes me most uncomfortable and I do not enjoy being in company because of it. Can you tell me some way to combat it?"

"Worried Teenager," N.S.W.
The daily use of a good deodorant and a deodorant talcum powder should help you. You can never understand why more boys don't use deodorants as girls do. If girls didn't they would suffer in exactly the same way as you. Buy some deodorant and talc, and always use it after your daily shower or bath.

WHEN I dance with a boy for the first time I get very shy and do not know what to say. Could you please advise me on how to start a conversation? I am 15. Also, could you tell me something I could buy at the chemist to take away bad breath?"

B.B., Vic.
Boys ask you to dance with them, not to talk to them, so the first thing to do is to dance. You can always start a conversation if you feel you must talk (it's not necessary) by talking about the music or different bands on disc that you enjoy.

There are many brands of tablets available at all chemists that sweeten your breath. Ask for a breath-sweetener with chlorophyll in it, take one before you go out, and you may be sure your breath is sweet. But if you habitually have bad breath at your age you should see your dentist, because it is probably caused by decaying or dirty teeth.

I AM a 17-year-old girl and a boarder at school. I have been writing to a 21-year-old boy for a year. He asked me to go to dance with him, but my mother has forbidden me to have anything more to do with him. She feels he is too old and does not come from a wealthy enough family. I don't mind not writing, but I feel it will cause trouble and may hurt his feelings. What do you suggest I do?"

"Anti-Snob," Vic.
All you can do is tell him the truth. It is sure to hurt his feelings. I'm sure it would hurt yours if his mother told him the same about you. However, you must obey your mother, who, no doubt, has her reasons for forbidding the friendship.

I AM just on 16 years of age and I am very much in love with a boy who is 17. He loves me, too, but my family does not approve of him. Every time I go out with him my family finds out and I get into trouble and my father hits me, and I am made to stay home at weekends. It is no use trying to forget him, because I have tried. He has not got a bad reputation, he just gets round with boys his own age. What am I to do? I love him so much. Do you think I am old enough to go out with boys?"

"Melvie," N.S.W.
I think you are old enough for an occasional date, but only with someone your family knows and approves of. I don't think you should go out with boys without the permission of your parents. You're simply courting trouble if you do and deserve some kind of punishment.

I think girls are simply mad who don't



A word from Debbie...

• Is there a sweet tooth in the house? Here are some goodies you won't be able to resist.

• Melt 6oz. of solid white shortening, add three-quarters of a cup icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, and 1 tablespoon arrowroot sifted together. Add half a pound of crushed coffee biscuits, half cup of coconut, 1 egg, and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Mix well and press into a paper-lined 9in.-square tin. Sprinkle with nuts, stand in cool place or in refrigerator, and cut into squares when set.

• Make a batch of plain patty cakes, ice them with vanilla icing and put a soft-centred chocolate on top.



Again Available...

Arnott's famous Xmas Cakes

Arnott's famous high-quality, dark colour Xmas Cakes in 2lb. and 3lb. sizes are again available.

Buy also, and put aside, one of these for Easter or special occasions to come, whilst they are available over Xmas.

Order from your grocer now and avoid disappointment.



The 2lb. size is a square cake packed in a transparent, heat-sealed bag and enclosed in a carton wrapped in a colourful Xmas display wrapper.

Arnott's 3lb. cakes are attractively piped and decorated and packed in beautifully printed tins of lasting use.



There is no Substitute for Quality

ENGLISHMAN Peter Myers is looking for a girl tree-climber. "Her other attributes must be pretty legs (no muscles showing) and, of course, a pretty face," he said.

Pretty faces are a matter of course to Peter Myers, writer-producer of the successful intimate revue "For Amusement Only," which ran for two years in London's West End and will be presented in Australia by J. C. Williamson's.

"For the revue we need seven pretty girls and six men," he said. "The tree-climber is the compere and sits all night up a tree on stage."

Mr. Myers is a man who looks like actor Peter Ustinov and who owns—and wears—a scarlet velvet tuxedo.

He was conducting his tree-climber search in the darkened front stalls of Sydney's

Theatre Royal when we met him.

"So many pretty girls here—I almost get carried away," he declared as a pert and pretty redhead, Annette Andre, tripped on to the brightly lighted stage.

"Ronald would have listened to the voices instead of watching the faces."

Ronald is composer Ronald Cass, who arrived from London with Myers to select the cast but promptly got carted off to hospital for an operation, leaving Peter to cope alone.

Already selected are four of "The Pajama Game" cast—Toni Lamond, Tikky Taylor, John Newman, and Frank Sheldon.

Mr. Myers, an ex-Oxford science student, has written or helped to write 21 revues. Among them, "High Spirits" starred Cyril Richard in 1953, and "Intimacy at 8.30" ran two years in London.

He is 35 ("almost," he pleads), has three children by a first marriage, and is now married to dancer Diana Payne, who is, of course, "divinely pretty," according to the expert in pretty faces.

★ ★ ★
THE French like to prove their point. A fashionable Paris restaurant has installed a weighing-machine just inside the door. You weigh yourself going in and, later, going out—to prove you've had your money's worth.

Worth Reporting

Red Cross scholarships

THE Australian Red Cross has put forward a scheme for Red Cross scholarships for doctors and nurses that has been accepted by the International Red Cross and will soon go into operation.

Under the scheme the more advanced countries will send doctors and nurses to countries whose medical services are undeveloped—such as Ethiopia, where each doctor has an average of 210,000 people to look after.

Mr. A. G. Brown, National Commissioner for Australian Red Cross, announced the acceptance of the scheme when he returned from the 78th Session of the Red Cross Executive Committee at Geneva.

He suggests that the scheme will be a positive way of commemorating the Centenary of Red Cross next year.

From the wild outback?

IS Brisbane in "the outback"? We didn't think so until we read a letter from an Englishwoman who is going back to England for a visit after living in Brisbane for 10 years.

In the letter, published by an English beauty magazine, Mrs. Rita West asked: "Are my manners too outback for the European scene?"

The magazine advised her to go to a London beauty school for "polishing-up."

IN Pensacola, America, Clyde S. Lee has been convicted of assault with perfume.

Clyde, a perfume salesman, was spraying free samples on customers who came into a Pensacola store. One woman didn't like the scent, and filed charges. The judge fined Clyde £12/10/-.

He's got the girls typed

A LONDON business tycoon advocates a novel method of choosing a secretary.

"Showing off a pair of pretty legs won't get a girl far," said Mr. Michael Lewis, who employs more secretaries on his staff than he can count. "Family relationships come first."

So your prospects with Mr. Lewis are determined thus:

- If you are the youngest of three or more sisters you wouldn't get the job. You do not accept responsibility, because big sister takes it for you.
- If you are the middle one of three sisters, ditto. You are too used to feeling inferior.
- If you are the eldest, you'll probably be employed. You had the undivided love of your parents when you were a baby and are used to taking responsibility for younger sisters.
- And if you're an only child you're a moral. You are not competitive or aggressive, because you didn't spend your childhood fighting other kids.

Footnote: Mr. Lewis' own secretary has one older sister. "But she never makes a spelling mistake," he explains.



White cars for wedding

BREAKING with tradition Brisbane bride Patricia Hurley arranged for two streamlined white cars to transport the bridal party to her marriage to George Joseph at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, Goorparoo, on November 12.

Since childhood she has held the view that dark cars are too sombre for weddings.

Adopting an all-white wedding theme, Patricia's gown was made from 33 yards of white glass nylon and guipure lace.

Her two bridesmaids and flower-girl will also be frocked in white.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

MY husband was discussing his secretary: "She reminds me a lot of you," he said.

"Then I shall have to watch out," I remarked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "She's the last person in the world I should like to run off with."

£2/2/- to "Mrs. W.J.O." (name supplied), Blakehurst, N.S.W.

BIRTHDAYS were under discussion and my small son wanted to know how old I was. Thinking to get in a counting lesson, I said: "You start counting and when you come to my age I'll tell you to stop."

He gave me a look and said: "Aw, gee, Mum, you know I can only count up to 50."

£2/2/- to Mrs. B. Lewis, North Innaloo, W.A.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



By Appointment...

to the King of your Castle

and the Queen of your Heart

Johnson's
BABY POWDER



The softest, kindest powder for three generations—"Best for Baby... Best for You"

ROSES—and the modern hybridists

● The rose has for thousands of years been the favorite flower. No other plant can rival its place in literature. Although the genus consists of up to 250 species (opinions vary among botanists), many thousands of varieties have been produced by the patient art of the hybridists. Three of the world's greatest hybrid nurseries — those of the late Francis Meilland in France, the Wheatcroft brothers in England, and Jackson and Perkins in America — are featured on this and the next four pages.

Situated in the rolling hill country of New York State, at Newark, lie 17 acres of roses that attract more than 500,000 sightseers a year.

CAREFULLY planned in formal, mass, and small informal plantings, the 36,000 rose trees in this area are maintained for public show by the 86-year-old Jackson and Perkins Company.

Every type of rose, including hybrid teas, floribundas, miniatures, climbers, and tree roses, and a wide variety of colorful perennials is on show—all in prize condition.

From June until the first frosts of autumn this huge rose garden is open to the public free of charge.

Sightseers find only two types of signs there: one says, "Visitors Always Welcome," and the other proclaims that this is the home of the Jackson and Perkins Company, the world's largest rose-growers.

No secrets are withheld from visitors. The methods used to bring the plants to continuous and peak bloom are printed in free leaflets, and a staff of experts is present to answer questions. All plants are labelled.

Annual festivals

Constructed in 1945 at a cost of about £250,000, the garden is the centre for colorful rose festivals in June each year. A Newark Rose Princess is crowned, and most of the special events take place in a natural amphitheatre, with the entire rose garden as a backdrop for the stage.

Nearby is a garden house in which lectures, flower-arranging demonstrations, and radio broadcasts are held.

Its picture windows overlook a broad mall that runs 400ft. down the centre of the garden, broken only by an attractive pool and a fountain.

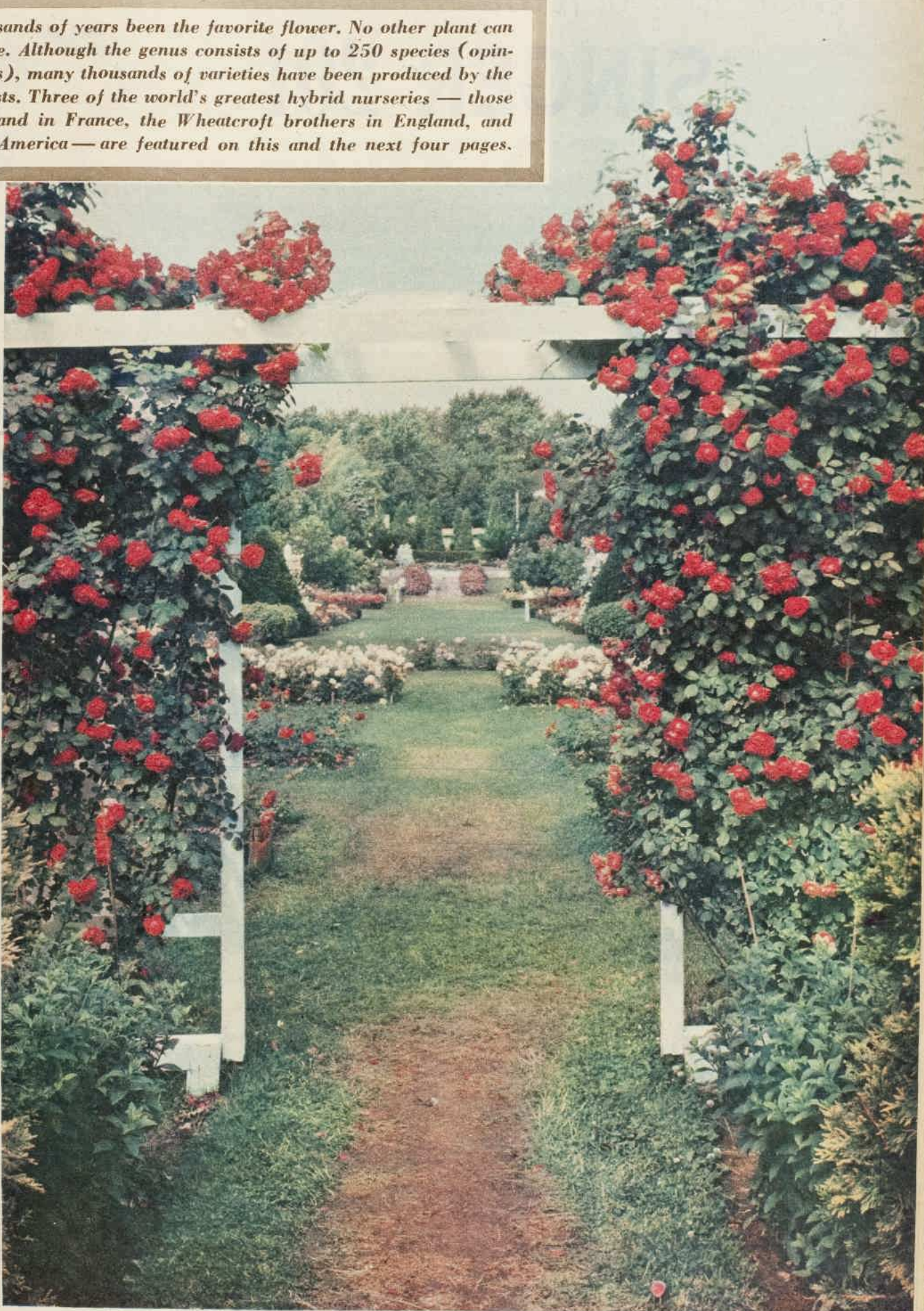
On each side of the mall are banked mass beds of roses with colors arranged in a basic pattern of pink, yellow, and red, with occasional variations for special effects.

Incorporated in the master plan are wide aisles to handle the large crowds, and to the sides of the aisles are small gardens built to provide ideas for the use of roses in home gardens and for home landscaping.

One garden has been designed especially for children. Varieties of the Pinocchio family and the attractive coral-pink Betsy McCall floribunda roses are planted around a turreted tower and a fairytale house.

Triangular beds bloom at the base of candy-striped flagpoles. A bird-house has its own semi-circular planting, and the All-America Floribunda Jimmy Cricket provides the background for a sandpit.

One section of the garden, named "Roses of Tomorrow," enables visitors to see still unnamed roses that will be featured in later national introductions. Another section contains all the roses chosen for the All-America Rose Selection awards.



CLIMBER BLAZE dominates the foreground of the 400ft. mall of the 17-acre public rose garden of Jackson and Perkins, in Newark, U.S. Every major variety of rose is included in the 36,000 plants in the garden, seen by half a million visitors a year. The aim of the garden, says the company, is to stimulate a desire for roses.

Mother and Home come first Give her a wonderful new **SINGER* 201**



Say Happy Christmas the big way, the family way this year—club together, give Mother a Singer! It's so easy—a £7 deposit will do it—and 24 months to pay! The Singer you give her goes on giving, built for a lifetime, it's the best you can buy. Mother deserves nothing less. The Singer 201* is in more Australian homes than any other sewing machine! Sleek, silent, gleaming—a modern masterpiece! Stitches smoothly at all speeds (forward or reverse) . . . sews over welts, seams, pins . . . automatic tension, bobbin winding and stitch-length control! Portable (a genuine lightweight) or console in striking two-tone Beige or Black. Every Singer is serviced for life—there's a complete range of Singer spare parts for any model at any Singer Centre! Give Mother a lifetime of happy sewing—give her a Singer!

*Addition of buttonhole and zig-zag attachments transforms the 201 into lowest-priced automatic there is! See right-hand panel.



SINGER 201—66 GNS.

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Francis Meilland's genius as a rose hybridist crowned the obscure efforts of three generations of Meillands, all gifted hybridists, who were forced to take up farming because they could draw no royalties from the hundreds of new varieties they had created.

MEILLAND was still in his twenties when he fought and established a right to royalties. When he died this year, aged 43, his family was wealthy and internationally famous, and his nurseries at Cap d'Antibes—between Nice and Cannes—the world's most modern.

A list of his friends and neighbors would have read like a "Who's Who" . . . the emperors, the Aga Khan, ex-king Umberto of Italy, film stars, socialites, and international business leaders.

Georges Bidault and Antoine Pinay, former Premiers of France, frequently took time off to visit the nurseries.

Once the beauty of Record had a literally stunning effect on Georges Bidault. Drawing back a step to admire the number's blooms, he knocked his head against a pergola-lattice, and collapsed unconscious.

But Meilland's recognition did not come easily. Throughout his life he fought against illness and obstacles.

Meilland's earliest memories are of helping his mother to push a heavy vegetable cart three miles daily to market in his native Central France. He was four years old.

Market school for character

"The open-air market of a small French town is hardly a comfortable place at 5 a.m., especially in winter," he said. "But it's a wonderful school for developing endurance and tenacity."

A one-time chain smoker, he gave up cigarettes because he believed they were weakening his sense of smell.

Name almost any of the 40 pests and 25 diseases that attack roses, and Francis Meilland could tell you — from first-hand experience — of the havoc they wreak.

"In the absence of effective prevention and control methods they had the whole field to themselves in my time," he said.

One year sap-sucking aphids gnawed the leaves and stunted the growth of a promising seedling in its first stage of development, robbing Meilland of a probable gold medal.

With Caddy, he had, in 1936, a Premier Award as good as won. It bloomed magnificently — then died after an invasion of thrips on the eve of the International Bagatelle Show.

On another occasion late frost and white worms wiped out most of the stocks he had been patiently building up for years prior to entering novelties in his catalogue.

Not only pests, viruses, weather, and weeds were against Meilland but poor health, wars, and even his dog. To bury a huge bone the breeder selected the bed in

which his master was jealously nursing the one seedling on which he had gambled for a blue riband.

These were only a few of the setbacks that Meilland's perseverance overcame in 25 years of developing outstanding roses.

Often, in fact, setbacks led to inspiration and better opportunities.

Like the time when the biggest supplier in France's cut-flower trade passed him an exclusive contract calling for greatly increased production.

No sooner was the first crop in than the supplier went bankrupt.

Meilland was desperate. "Here I was with heaps of bushes on my hands that no other firm was willing to buy



FRANCIS MEILLAND and his wife, Louise, in their Cap d'Antibes nursery. When violet-blue *Prelude*, last of the 89 varieties he bred, was first shown in northern France recently, it drew nearly four million sightseers in ten days.

in a seemingly glutted market."

He gambled his remaining capital on an unprecedented (for France) advertising campaign, centred mainly on a full-color catalogue — an idea he got from America.

Mailed by the thousands, the catalogues tapped the then unsuspected market of amateur gardeners, and within two weeks not a single bush was left in the nurseries.

In 1935 Meilland met the

By MAURICE MOYAL

great American rosarian Dr. Robert Pyle. "He was more impressed with my youth and enthusiasm than by the few sickly seedlings wrested from aphids and worms that I had to show," Meilland said.

Dr. Pyle invited him to visit America, and later that year he set out on a 20,000-mile tour of the U.S., Canada, and Mexico.

Feted everywhere he went, he studied market openings and cultivation methods. He was later to adopt the American method of wintering stock in cold storage, and of using

special machinery to pull out rose trees.

Returning to France convinced that the U.S. offered him limitless opportunities, Meilland broke into the American market with "Golden State."

Through the efforts of Dr. Pyle the rose was adopted by the San Francisco International Rose Show as its official emblem.

It won three Premier Awards at international shows, and was judged the most beautiful rose of France.

ROSES—and the wizard of them all

were carefully budded on Rosa canina understock.

"October 10, 1935, will forever stand as the highlight of my whole life," Meilland once confided.

"Inspecting our nurseries that morning I think by heart skipped a beat at the loveliness of 3-35-40 in bloom."

Meilland decided to name the rose Mme A. Meilland, after his late mother.

But as soon as he had climaxed its flaws, World War II broke out.

He barely managed to get stocks to a few distributors before he joined the French Army with his father.

In the absence of the men, his 22-year-old wife, Louise, took over the cross-pollination experiments and transplanting.

For three years after he returned from the front Meilland was out of touch with his overseas distributors.

At 3 p.m. on November 7, 1942, a friend in the U.S. Consulate at nearby Lyons phoned Meilland that Vice-Consul Whittinghill was about to leave for America.

Grandest rose of the century

He was willing to take a parcel, weighing no more than one pound, to Meilland's American friends, provided the parcel reached Lyons airport before 5 p.m.

At once Meilland packed 100 cuttings of the 13 novelties he had developed since the outbreak of war — including Mme A. Meilland — and addressed them to Dr. Pyle.

Dr. Pyle's acknowledgment came through two months later. Of Mme A. Meilland he said: "I am certain it is bound to become the grandest rose of the 20th century."

Berlin fell on April 29, 1945 — the day that American nurserymen, releasing the first Mme A. Meilland roses, renamed the tree Peace. Instantly the name caught the fancy of the world.

An outstanding rose, in a class by itself, originating from wartorn Europe, it could not have been released at a more appropriate time to symbolise the end of war.

In Germany it was called Gloria Dei, in Italy Gioia.

More than 13,000 members of the American Rose Society voted it the best garden rose ever, and a poem about it has been included in the prayer book of the Central Presbyterian Church of America.

A wealthy American woman endowed a special foundation providing for the planting of Peace beds around hospitals throughout America.

Francis Meilland died on June 15 this year after a cancer operation. The rose with four names is his epitaph.

Your own Cream-smooth Mayonnaise in two minutes



you simply use Mustard, Vinegar and Nestlé's Milk!

ECONOMY MAYONNAISE

. . . deliciously different dressing to balance summer budgets: $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar; 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Mix thoroughly Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen.

Your own cream-smooth mayonnaise in two minutes!

NESTLÉ'S sweetened condensed MILK

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(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

Menthols tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthols treatment TO-DAY.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1953



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A ROSE FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER at the recent Chelsea flower show from gold medallist Harry Wheatcroft, who looks confident of her approval. The Queen Mother, like the late Queen Mary, is an enthusiastic gardener and attends as many flower shows as possible. The rose is her favorite, too.

ROSES and the men who've sold millions

Anyone can grow good roses, according to Harry and Alfred Wheatcroft. Only two factors are essential, they say: good soil and good roses — Wheatcroft roses.

THE Wheatcroft brothers are probably Britain's largest—certainly most enthusiastic—rose-growers.

Every year from their 400-acre nursery and farm at Ruddington, Nottingham, they sell more than 300,000 rose trees.

And whether a customer buys one tree or 1000 he gets the same service and advice.

From one acre of land and 5000 roses in 1919 the brothers' business has grown to establish an enviable reputation among the world's best hybridists.

"The pick of the world..."

Their catalogue today bears the heading "Better Than Ever!" and it adds, "Our new roses are well up to the standard set by our previous introductions, acknowledged everywhere as the pick of the world's roses."

Such claims are common in nursery catalogues, but the Wheatcroft brothers do, in fact, rise above their competitors.

The walls of their offices are covered with certificates of awards, and they are the only British rose-growers to win six Royal Horticultural

Society gold medals in succession.

Probably the least, though best known, reason for this is the personality of Harry Wheatcroft himself.

Anyone who knows roses knows Harry. And a lot of people who don't know roses know Harry, too.

Harry, younger of the brothers, is a richly flamboyant showman. His racing-stable clothes, long curling hair, and bristling Dundrearies make publicity certain at any horticultural show.

And this publicity, says quiet, thoughtful Alfred—whose most flamboyant gesture is a bow-tie—is good for Wheatcroft roses.

The Wheatcroft nurseries do not develop new varieties of roses but introduce new roses from certain Continental hybridists, to whose output the brothers claim British rights.

Most of their supplies come from the nurseries of the late Francis Meilland.

The Meilland and Wheatcroft families are devoted to each other, and their children spend alternate holidays in England and Cap d'Antibes learning each other's language.

The 30 or so new roses produced at the Meilland nurseries every year are shown to selected buyer-growers each June.

Harry Wheatcroft, for example, will take back to England a few grafts of one or two roses and test them

under British conditions. This may take up to three years.

If it is successful, then the brothers may decide to grow it in quantity for general sale.

Once the new variety is released, anyone can grow it, buy it, and sell it.

Some years ago the Wheatcroft brothers fought and lost a High Court action to establish their rights in the roses they introduced.

First with the new varieties

They wanted a royalty from growers who might profit from selling, say, Meilland roses, and claimed that the introduction of each new variety represented a capital investment for both hybridist and introducer.

What the brothers lost in the action, however, they have overcome by being first on the market with new varieties today.

It's a busy life on the Nottingham nursery and farm. In addition to their roses, the brothers breed pedigree cattle and pigs and raise fields of crops.

And they thrive on it. Alfred Wheatcroft puts it this way: "The barley feeds the pigs, and the manure from the pigs is grand for the roses."



Mother!

TRU-FLO

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The completely new baby feeder

Modern, hygienic Tru-Flo gives baby the benefits of natural feeding. Designed as the result of medical research, Tru-Flo prevents wind, gives a true natural flow of the mixture. Start baby on Tru-Flo today—feeding will be more enjoyable, more beneficial. Enquire, too, about the great range of accessories available.

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HARLON PLASTIC. The only plastic bottle that can be thoroughly sterilized in high temperatures—unbreakable.



TRU-FLO MODERN NURSER TEAT Hermetically sealed for baby's protection. Has ball-shaped top for more natural feeding, with internal spiral ribs to make teat collapse impossible. Its resilient rubber will stand repeated boilings. Three sizes—small, medium and large hole perforations.

EXCLUSIVE TEAT COVER Keeps feeder sterile in storage or travel. Fits completely over cap and teat. Unbreakable and can be thoroughly sterilized.



CAP AND DISC Unbreakable and can be boiled without damage or distortion.

STERILIZING KIT New to Australia. Permits once-a-day preparation of baby's formula. Comprises bottle sterilizing rack, teat sterilizing jar—6 complete feeders.



Makes an ideal gift for a new mother



5/6 PYREX BOTTLE

complete with teat

HARLON PLASTIC BOTTLE

5/9

complete with teat

ROSES — and the inter

● *The International Rose Conference and this year saw the last of the roses developed by M. Meilland exhibited on his behalf by the Wheatcroft brothers*

By DIANA PHIPPS, of our Lo



● The late Francis Meilland began training his 15-year-old son Allain in the careful selection of seedling blooms worthy of further attention. M. Meilland used to say the boy would have to serve a 20-year apprenticeship before he could be called a fully fledged hybridist. Meilland devoted his whole life to creating sturdier, prettier, and more pest-free roses.

THE new roses are Saraband, Jolie Madame, Christian Dior (below left), Concerto, and Prelude (below right).

Delegates from twelve countries met at the rose conference, which was opened by the Princess Royal, patron of the National Rose Society.

Australia was represented by Dr. A. S. Thomas, 17 times president of the Victorian Rose Society, who, with his wife, is on a world tour of rose gardens.

The enormous glass-roofed Royal Horticultural Hall was not large enough to house the 40,000 roses on display, and they spilled over into another hall, nearly as big, across the road.

It was difficult to appreciate at once the breathtaking wealth of color; red roses so dark they were almost black, brilliant scarlets, delicate pinks, and fragile whites were massed together. The scent was intoxicating.

The so-called "atom bomb summer," with its ceaseless rain, seemed to have done little harm to the exhibits; only a few roses showed signs of bruising. But gardeners, especially British gardeners, are a philosophical breed, and as one said, "We just have to take our summers as they come." This one could hardly have come wetter.

Between discussions and lectures by and for conference delegates, there were trips down the Thames and bus excursions—to see roses, of course.

Dr. Thomas was asked to help with the judging of roses in most of the countries he has visited, and he shows in America on his way back to Australia.

He also gave a lecture entitled "Roses of Australia," which ended on a sad note. The Australian Government was about to restrict rose imports severely. Exports soon be allowed only 100 budding eyes. Australian restrictions were so rigorous that few of these were allowed to enter.

Australia today, one of the most advanced countries for rose cultivation, would soon lag far behind.

The breeding of roses is a long and hazardous business. It might raise up to 150,000 seedlings in one year, all but about 100 seedlings will be rejected.

Of these 10 seedlings might be considered worthy to keep, and two years later, with luck, two might meet the high standard required before a new rose is named.

A new rose must be resistant to disease, have a good form, and, of course, be of a new color. Once it stands up to these tests, it is patented, given a name.



● A beautiful red rose named Christian Dior was one of the last roses bred in France by M. Meilland. It was a posthumous memorial to the great cultivator, for he, too, had died before the new rose was registered and patented.

● A corner full of color in the huge glass-roofed Royal Horticultural Hall in Westminster, London, where rose experts met and some of the 40,000 roses in the centenary exhibition of the National Rose Society were displayed.



International conference

National Rose Show in London
Francis Meilland. They were
friends of the Meilland family.

on staff

He has judged
will judge at

Sunny South,"
ment, he said,
porter would
quarantine
survive.

is in the world

ask. A grower
three six months
turned.

only interesting
might reach
be patented.

long stem, good
a seedling can
number, and then

Rose enthusiasts do not agree with Shakespeare's Romeo that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Conference delegates deplored the practice of unethical rose-dealers renaming an established rose and selling it as a new variety—the new name having more "customer-appeal." Francis Meilland's Peace is an example of this.

The worst offenders, delegates agreed, were in the United States, where competition in the sale of roses, as in all consumer goods, is intense, and even retail stores sell roses among other merchandise.

On each of the three days of the conference, Miss Julia Clements, an international lecturer, gave demonstrations of flower-arranging. "This is the end product of the rose," she said, "the real purpose for which roses were created."

A woman in the audience asked Miss Clements to arrange a bowl of mixed roses.

Miss Clements looked pained. "Mixed roses? I am afraid it would never occur to me to mix roses in a bowl. I don't think the effect would be at all pleasing."

But the questioner refused to be put off. Many people had only small gardens, she said, and were not able to pick many roses of the same kind.

So Miss Clements solved the problem by putting a piece of driftwood in a shallow bowl, and with plasticine, moss, and stones twisting a few roses around the wood. A most pleasing effect.



● Madame A. Meilland rose, developed by Francis Meilland during World War II, is more widely known as Peace, the name given to it in America.

● Mauve Prelude, which Meilland bred from the Ampere and Fantasia roses, was acknowledged as the first successful step towards a true blue rose.



● The picturesque figure of publicity-conscious Harry Wheatcroft stands before a display of Anna Wheatcroft Roses, which he has recently bred. Wheatcroft is the only British rose-grower to win six Royal Horticultural Society gold medals in succession, the latest this year.



ASK FOR PHILIPS "Pearl"

for softer light
that's just as bright

—they cost
NO MORE



Be sure it's a

PHILIPS LAMP

FOR BETTER LIGHT



P457.58

Continuing . . .

to a nervous, blundering wreck. The tiger became a panic-stricken lamb.

"Think about it," advised Tom. "And any time you need assistance, well—" He patted David on the shoulder. "Come to Uncle Tom."

David blushed. "Thank you," he whispered.

Tom smiled at this reaction. Now was the time to introduce Eva Ellen.

"David," he said. "My boy, I see you need help right now. No . . . don't argue." He waved an admonishing finger. "You can't deceive your Uncle Tom. Your Uncle Tom, who wants to help you."

David was embarrassed, and he mumbled, "I'm all right."

"But you're not," insisted Tom. "I know. Look at the way you work. It's not natural. All work and no play. Davey-boy, you must relax. Or—" Tom tapped his head significantly. "Ker-plunk. It happens."

"What happens?" asked David.

"The end," said Tom simply. "Finish. Finis." He drew his finger across his throat. "Ker-plunk," he said.

"Ker - plunk," whispered David.

Tom caught him by the arm. "There's still time," he urged. "You are on the brink of disaster, but Uncle Tom can save you." He crooned, "Let Uncle Tom save you. He will help you, he wants to help you. Uncle Tom is your friend."

"Let me think," pleaded David.

Tom said harshly, "This is no time to think! This is a time to act! You need a girl. Don't you?" He thumped the desk. "Go, on, admit it! Quick!"

"All right!" cried David. "I do need a girl."

Tom relaxed. "There's a good boy," he said. "It's nothing to be ashamed of. Every man needs a mate. I will consult my catalogue."

He produced an address book. "Uncle Tom's summer

Uncle Tom and Little Eva

[from page 27]

offerings. he murmured. "Girls at bargain prices. Stock-taking throwouts." He flicked through the pages. "Sorry, no mail orders, no exchange on sale lines," he smiled. "Ah—ha," he said. "I have the girl for you. Eva Ellen."

"Eva Ellen?" "Yes. You'll like Eva. One of my little friends. I can thoroughly recommend this girl."

"What does she look like?" "Venus," announced Tom. He continued, "And Eva will like you. She adores the strong, masterful type."

David straightened his shoulders and asked, "When can I meet her?"

"Tomorrow night," said Tom. "We shall have a threesome at the Bounty Club. I will introduce Eva, then I will steal away and leave you two little lovebirds together."

The following day was a day to remember. The sun leapt up out of the ocean and climbed into the sky—a sparkling sun that smiled and smiled like a Cheshire cat.

David Davies pranced about under the cold shower and sang love ballads. He rejected the grey flannel suit for the blue silverfleck single-breasted. He wore a snap-brim flat-top. And a bow tie.

He examined himself in the mirror and winked. As he skipped to the railway station he raised his hat to passing

dogs, bowed to the gum trees, and whistled a gay tune.

Mr. Milligan greeted the gallant with a little hesitancy. He was perturbed by the wicked gleam in David's eyes. "Good morning, Mr. Davies," he said. "Good morning, Mill."

beamed David. He blew a kiss to the brown-eyed, blond secretary. "And good morning to you."

Mr. Milligan blinked. He adjusted his hearing aid and continued, "Ah, Mr. Davies, I have mapped out a selling campaign for you. A campaign for Snuggit sweaters."

"That's for me," declared David. He winked at Mr. Milligan. "What's buzzin', cousin?"

Mr. Milligan shuffled the heap of papers on his desk. There was something wrong somewhere. Perhaps he needed a holiday. He kept hearing voices. He went on with some trepidation, "A point of sale, Mr. Davies. We wish you to introduce Snuggit to the housewife. Door-to-door. Here is a schedule." He gave David a sheet of paper. "Get in there and sell."

"I'll be in there like a teddy bear," promised David. He bowed to Mr. Milligan. "See you later, alligator," he said, and waltzed out of the office.

Mr. Milligan was flabbergasted. He appealed to his secretary. "Miss O'Hara, did

Mr. Davies call me an alligator?"

"He did," confirmed Pat O'Hara, and explained, "It's the season, Mr. Milligan. Summertime. The birds and the bees and all that."

"Goodness gracious," said Mr. Milligan. "Alligators."

The gaiety left David Davies when he returned to the sales department. He slumped behind his desk, fumbled out a handkerchief, and mopped his forehead. Alligators. It was ridiculous. He could not keep up this pretence of the gay lover.

He could not deceive himself. He was terrified of womankind. He thought of Pat O'Hara and shuddered.

Tom Hanson piroquetted along the corridors of Winter Woollies. He thought of Pat O'Hara and leapt high in the air. Ah, she was a delightful creature. She had to be, to be worthy of Uncle Tom. He danced into the sales department.

David Davies showed no interest at this gay entry.

Tom stopped his tarantella. There was something wrong here. Davies seemed depressed, disconsolate.

"Davey-boy," crooned Tom. "What's the trouble? Tell your Uncle Tom."

David studied his uncle, then he burst out, "I can't do it!" "Now, now," soothed Tom. "You can't do what?"

"I can't meet Eva Ellen," said David.

Tom felt like screaming, but he spoke quietly. "Of course you can."

"I can't," David was adamant.

"Can't!" Tom lost control.

"Can't!"

Tom forced a smile. "Goodness me, we mustn't get upset, must we? We must examine the situation. No doubt it is some trifling psychological blockage."

David had prepared his argument. He paced about the sales department. "It's not right," he said. "Eva is your



"The trouble with peanuts, you eat one, then you can't quit."

To page 52

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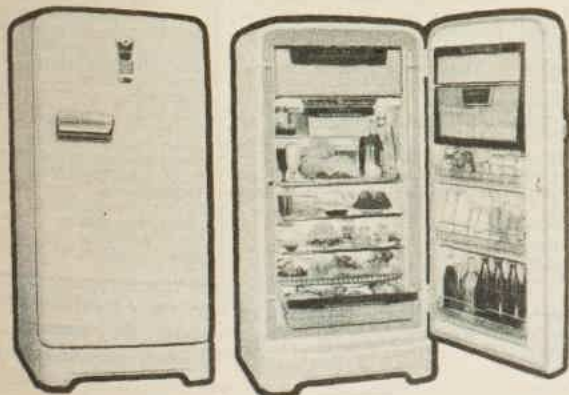
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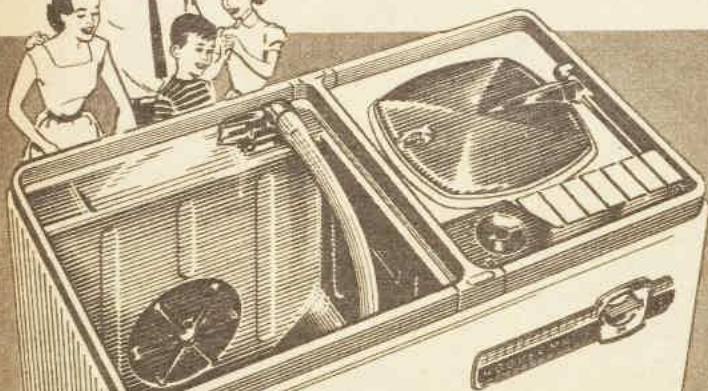
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HOOVER

Fine appliances — around the house, around the world.

Continuing

Uncle Tom and Little Eva

from page 50

girl-friend. It is unethical. I cannot kidnap her."

"Kidnap?" asked Tom. "Who talked about kidnap?" He paced in pursuit of David. "It's a gift. I am giving you this girl. Share the wealth, I always say. I am, in my fashion, a communist." He added hastily, "Don't tell Mr. Milligan."

"No," said David. "I have debated on this problem. It would constitute an act of alienation of affection."

"Goodness!" said Tom. "Would it?"

"Indubitably," announced David.

Tom hastily continued the argument. "But you haven't met Eva. Dear little Eva. Sweet little Eva." He took David by the arm and led him back to the desk. "Sit down while I describe this girl."

He forced David into the chair and stood over him. He placed his hand over his heart and sighed. "Listen while I tell you about an angel, a newborn lamb, a dove . . . Ah . . . I see her now."

Tom conjured up the vision of little Eva. "She's maybe five feet one inch, her hair is sort of black. And her eyes . . . big, gazelle-like eyes (brown, I think), warm with tenderness."

"And, Davey-boy, she's so very friendly. So sweet and sympathetic. And intelligent. Sense of humor. Dresses well. Cooks, darns socks."

"A charming girl?" asked David. He was apparently gaining interest.

"Oh, yes!" agreed Tom.

"Well," said David. "Now, do you see?" He raised his hands in appeal. "How can I deprive you of this wonderful girl?"

Tom gasped. It was a trap. David Davies was capable of animal cunning.

"This rare, exotic creature," continued David. "Filched from your loving arms."

"Now, wait a minute," ordered Tom. He was determined to remain master of the situation. He asked David, "Have you ever thought of your old age?"

David shook his head. "I thought not," mused Tom. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said carelessly, "it's your concern."

David frowned. This was a dangerous development. He said carefully, "I don't see what my old age has to do with this situation."

"No," said Tom. "You wouldn't." He pointed to the window. "Have you ever considered jumping out there?"

David did not trust himself to answer.

Tom looked at him. "You may as well," he said, "finish it," he whispered. "Ker-plunk."

"What do you mean?" asked David. His voice quavered a little.

"Spare yourself the misery to come. The cold, cold future. Forgotten, forlorn." Tom closed his eyes. "I see you now. Disappointed, neglected. Alone. Utterly, utterly alone." He shuddered. "It's a dreadful prospect."

David attempted a laugh, but it died under Tom's accusing finger. "Think," said Tom. "You live like the butterfly. Flitting away its life on a summer's day. And then — then comes the night. The dark, indifferent night. Consider this . . ."

David considered, while Tom continued: "I see a lonely, embittered bachelor. Eating tinned sausages in a back room. Shuffling about the streets, a social outcast, a pariah. A mess of frustration, a barren, impotent shell . . ."

"Stop!" cried David. He jumped to his feet. "Don't say any more."

"Think of it," urged Tom, showing no mercy. "People throwing dead cats at you . . ."

"Please," sobbed David. "Please." He stumbled out of the sales department.

Tom Hansom smiled. Well, he had handled that situation successfully. Calm logic, sober reasoning had given David a new outlook. Tom meditated on his argument, and gradually his smile vanished.

The Blue Room jewellery shop was alongside the Winter Woolies building. An ideal location for a certain distraught young man. For he had only to fall out of Winter Woolies, and blunder into the Blue Room. Within five minutes he reappeared. He clutched a small parcel, and he strode away along the street, now a determined young man. A man who had seen the light, the error of his ways.

"I have reformed," Tom Hansom told his companion that evening. He shepherded her into the Bounty Club. "An electric light globe appeared above my head, flashing the word: Repent."

The headwaiter greeted Uncle Tom effusively. "The usual table, Mr. Hansom? Champagne, of course."

"Of course, Pierre," agreed Tom.

THEY settled themselves down at the table. The Bounty Mutineers, three anaemic young men, harmonised their sweet voices in a sentimental ballad.

Tom raised a glass of champagne in salute to his companion. "To you," he said.

"To the new Uncle Tom," returned his companion, and asked, "What caused this reformation?"

"I had a sudden vision of my old age," said Tom.

The Bounty Mutineers, exhausted by their singing, sighed away into silence. An instant later the orchestra convulsed into the "Bligh Rock-n-Roll Jump."

"Darling!" cried Tom above the uproar. "They're playing our song." He rose to his feet. "Will you join me in this gentle quadrille?"

They were about to join the frenzied dancers when a man tapped Tom on the shoulder.

"David Davies," exclaimed Tom. "What are you doing out so late?"

David blushed. "I have a girl-friend," he said. He touched his heart. "Ker-plunk."

"You learn fast," acknowledged Tom. "But then you had a good tutor. Me. Uncle Tom. You owe your success to my wisdom."

"I am deeply in your debt," admitted David.

Tom looked about the Bounty Club. "Where is our little chum?" he asked. "You still need my assistance. Uncle Tom is anxious to guide you farther down lover's lane."

David said, "You're too late, uncle. I bought the engagement ring this morning." His girl-friend beckoned him, and he hastened away, calling to Tom, "See you later, crocodile."

"Alligator," corrected Tom. He shook his head in amazement. "Engaged," he murmured. "That was fast."

"It's not a bad idea," whispered his companion. "Is it, darling? It would complete your reformation."

Tom looked at David Davies holding hands with Pat O'Hara. Then he looked down at little Eva. "Sweetheart," he said. "It's an excellent idea."

"Ker-plunk," sighed little Eva with satisfaction.

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—the fire was taking too much oxygen out of the air.

He turned to Sharyn. She was gasping and choking, and he knew she couldn't hold on much longer. He shouted above the roar of the inferno: "You steer. I'm going to push. Ten yards, then we're on the hill. We'll roll the rest."

He twisted in his seat ready to get out, but she grabbed his sleeve. "You can't!" she screamed. "You'll be roasted alive out there. Look."

He looked at the road. The asphalt at the sides was shimmering. Treacherous black bubbles formed and slowly burst on its surface, and little tongues of flame twinkled over it like quicksilver. The very road under them was on fire.

Continuing Firetrap

from page 29

"The starter!" Sharyn choked. "The starter! Get out with the starter!"

Craig peered at her blankly for a moment through the dense air. Then he understood. He slammed the car into bottom gear and pulled on the starter and hung on. The car jerked and began to move, terribly slowly, inching over the melting road.

Slower and slower they went as the overworked battery ground out its heart. Agonisingly they trembled on the edge of the slope; and then they were over, rolling down, out of the fire, into the wasteland of grey ash and black-

ened stumps where the fire had passed through: wasteland — but there was air to breathe and the engine was running again, and the breeze was blowing away the smoke.

Craig leaned back and took a very deep breath. His heart was full—full of elation, of sadness, of humility, of pride. It was a moment before he could trust his voice.

"This is one of those moments when I'm extra glad you married me," he said huskily.

A mile farther on they

stopped and looked back. The head of the fire was up near the top of the hill now, but the valley was still full of blue haze, eddying and curling. The apples were all right—the fire-break had saved them. The cherries appeared to have gone.

Smoke still shrouded the house. Just once it cleared for a moment, and they could see that the roof had fallen in, and that flames were forking lazily from the blackened windows.

Craig felt drained of all feeling, sick with reaction. Sharyn was watching him, and for her sake he made an effort.

"Looks like that solves our problem, darling," he said wryly. "Nothing to keep us in the country now."

"But the apples—you saved them!"

He nodded wearily. "Yes," he agreed. "They'll sell. With that and the insurance on the house, we should get a start in Sydney."

She turned to face him squarely. "D'you think I'd walk out now?" she asked, almost fiercely. "I've only just begun to realise what Mount Opal means to me—to us." She clutched at his hand. "Darling, if you want to go to Sydney you'll have to go alone."

"But I thought . . ."

Sharyn shook her head. "Fire doesn't just burn, Craig. Sometimes it refines things, too. I know what I want, now, for the very first time. I want to live at Mount Opal." Her eyes had a dreamy, faraway look. "Those blackened gums aren't dead—they'll be green again next year. Our house will grow again, too—a new house. With big windows looking out over our valley. And a proper bathroom."

Craig looked at her for a long time. When she began to smile he bent forward quickly and kissed her. Then he started the engine, and they drove on to see their son.

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ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



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ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
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2  =  **x 128**
ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS
128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR
128 WASH-UPS

3 
USING SUDS—
NO MATTER WHAT KIND—
A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
AT LEAST 19 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
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4 NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF



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DISSOLVES
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TRIX WASHES CLEAN FASTER

5 AT THE VERY LEAST
TRIX SAVES $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTE
ON EACH WASH-UP—
A SAVING OF
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES
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TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
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PRACTICALLY EVERY
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cleaning windows,
upholstery, floors,
the car.



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Continuing . . .

The Lonely Shore

from page 25

the lovely face turned up to his. Despite her annoyance, he thought her mighty attractive, her cheeks still flushed with exertion and her green riding-habit clinging lovingly to her waist before falling in billowing folds around her feet. Her bare head with its prim braids of hair glistened warm chestnut, and, suddenly aware of the direction of his gaze, she put her hand to her head and colored faintly.

"Your bonnet, ma'am," said Jonathan Parkes, finding his voice. He held out the cap which had fallen to the ground as she slipped from the horse. It was one of the opossum-skin caps much affected by the local settlers.

"Thank you," she said, her evident annoyance deepening. "I am afraid, sir, I have subjected you to some danger, but I often gallop Prince along here."

"Forget it, ma'am," said Jonathan coolly. "No harm's done." The girl had commenced to anger him, for he had little use for her slightly condescending manner. She might have been the lady of the manor addressing an unusually stupid gardener, and Jonathan Parkes was little accustomed to being so addressed.

He guessed she was a daughter of one the settlers Captain Douglas had spoken of—"poor as church mice and proud as the devil." The captain had chuckled deeply in his beard and had gone on to speak of the well-born but sadly impoverished families who had come to mend their fortunes in the new colony of Western Australia. The English Government had promised them land to the value of the assets they brought, and through this many of them had put their money into a variety of goods without leaving a margin to

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

work the land. In addition, some of the best areas had been snapped up by speculators, so that many settlers were forced to go far afield to select land.

"They nearly starved the first years," said the captain. "And they're not much better off now. That's why they're mighty glad to sell their cheese and potatoes to us. Pay 'em a visit, though, and you'll think you're being entertained by the president himself. Pa and Ma sit around in their best clothes making polite conversation and sipping tea, and the daughters will probably condescend to arrange a few flowers or do a little needlework while you're there. But catch 'em unexpected and you'll find Miss Lucy and Miss Dorinda at the washtub or making butter—but they'll still be genteel."

"But they're grand people; make light of their troubles—and are mighty pleasant company. They are proud, though—maybe if they hadn't been so proud of their free colony and had convict labor, same as Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, they'd be better off today. Lack of labor is their big trouble, so if you've got a man you don't want to lose, watch out! They'll tempt him into their employ if they can."

Well, proud they may be, thought Jonathan Parkes, but he had no intention of being patronised by a slip of a girl.

He did not move when the girl gathered the long skirt of her habit on her arm and led

the horse downhill so she could mount more easily. But the big bay was still nervous. He had yet to recover from his fright of discovering the stranger sprawled in the way of his hoofs, so, although the girl spoke gently to him, he wheeled away sharply when she attempted to mount. She bit her lips in vexation and Jonathan was largely amused, surveying her stiff back as she led Prince again into position. Again the bay swung away, and Jonathan decided things had gone far enough.

"May I assist you, ma'am?" he asked.

FOR a moment he thought she would refuse, but she saw she was helpless, and without a smile on her face said, "Thank you." She put a small foot in his proffered hands, swinging herself lightly into the saddle, and Jonathan looked up at her with reluctant admiration.

She sat so easily on the bay, but when she bent her head to thank him it seemed that she spoke from a great way off.

"Thank you," she said. And, with an effort to be polite: "You are one of the Americans, are you not?" Her tone conveyed that she felt rather sorry for him for this fact, and Jonathan's mouth set in its straight line once more.

"Yes, ma'am," he said stiffly. "I am—" He was about to say conventionally and untruthfully he was happy to have been of assistance to her, but there was a sudden interruption. Through the low screen of peppermint scrub burst a second rider, to bring his mount to a halt that set the sand flying. A young man of about Jonathan's own age stared at them with amazement written clearly on his face. Then anger took its place and he urged his horse forward.

"What's wrong, Miss Farnaby?" he asked sharply. "Is this man annoying you?"

The girl turned her head and smiled, and Jonathan wondered why he had thought her face cold.

"On the contrary, Mr. Gilbert. I am afraid I have been annoying this gentleman. I was galloping Prince along the beach, and then turned into the sandhills, with the result we almost ran him down as he lay here admiring the beauties of our bay."

"I was worried." The young man's dark eyes were fixed on the girl's face and it was clear the stranger was in love with the girl, whatever she thought about him. "When we commenced our race I little thought you and Prince would outdistance me so easily, and when I broke through to the beach there was no sign of you. I did my best to follow your tracks—but I fear I'm a better surveyor than tracker."

Again dark eyes smiled into grey, and Jonathan realised that for all the notice they were taking of him he may as well not have been there. He also remembered he had been addressing a lady in his shirt-sleeves, and there was a trace of red under his tan as he hastily picked up his jacket. Behind its blue facade and shining buttons he felt more like the master of the Silver Bay. Miss Farnaby and Gilbert turned their attention to him again, and the girl said more graciously: "Thank you for assisting me into the saddle."

To page 57

Why let your child suffer?



LISTERINE

will protect **ALL** your family from so many illnesses

Listerine gargled 3 times daily fights illness originating in the mouth

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity.)



TESTS PROVE IT!

Exhaustive tests show that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

The gargling of Listerine, three times a day, is a potent protection. Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7%. 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour later.

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Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that such germs as Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes.

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and pray forgive me for disturbing your afternoon's rest, Captain—"

"Jonathan Parkes, master of the 'Silver Bay,' supplied Jonathan, bowing slightly.

"Thank you, Captain Parkes," she amended, and there was a flicker of amusement in her smile. She turned to her companion: "We must go back, Mr. Gilbert. Mama is expecting Captain and Mrs. Molloy to drink tea with her and will be requiring my assistance. I fear we are already late."

"Very well, Miss Farnsby," Gilbert turned to Jonathan.

"Thank you for your assistance to Miss Farnsby, Captain Parkes," he said. "We shall probably see you again. The Yankee captains have already made many friends in this town."

His smile was pleasant, but the girl made no addition to this statement, remaining cool and aloof, as though she had already lost interest in the episode.

"Good-day, Captain," said Gilbert, wheeling his horse, and there was a faint bow and smile from the girl as she urged Prince forward into his long stride homewards.

An errant breeze picked up the sand stirred by the galloping hoofs and swept it

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 55

back with mockery into Jonathan Parkes' face.

Elizabeth Farnsby was thoroughly at home in the saddle, as Jonathan had already noted, and now she gave herself up to a childish enjoyment of the ride home. Lips parted and eyes sparkling, she was a picture Mark Gilbert was anxious to keep before him, even while he was hard put to keep his mount within respectable distance of hers. Elizabeth looked back over her shoulder, laughing, and Mark Gilbert urged his horse forward until it drew level with Prince.

"Hold in Prince, please," he begged ruefully. "Sunboy is an honest, hard-working mount, but I'm afraid he sadly lacks the paces of your Prince."

Still laughing, the girl reined in Prince slightly and the big horse tossed his head impatiently.

"Prince is over-anxious to get home, I'm afraid, Mr. Gilbert," she said. She patted the sleek neck with a gloved hand as she spoke. "Here you see the pride and glory of the Farnsby, Mr. Gilbert. Papa is absurdly proud of Prince. I often wonder how he could

bear to give him to me for my birthday."

"He is indeed a handsome beast," Mark's voice betrayed his inattention to her words, for all his attention was focused on the lovely, laughing face turned to him. The direct grey eyes with their sweep of dark lashes; the high cheekbones contrasting piquantly with a pointed chin; the full red mouth he had imagined so many times yielding to his. He drew his breath sharply.

THERE was something different about her—a pagan streak which showed fleetingly behind the facade of a well-bred young lady and made her two sisters seem insipid in comparison. There was an eager demand for life and adventure in her that Mark recognised, because he was completely in love with her. Unless she received the utmost life had to offer, he thought, she would remain without content.

He liked to remember the first time he had seen her when his fellow surveyor, Mr. Ommanney, had ushered him into the Farnsby home. It had been a pleasant enough scene he had looked on. The light thrown by candles in the heavy, silver candlesticks on the Queen Anne table was augmented by a dingier light from the heavy brass whale-oil lamp above the huge limestone fireplace. The lime-washed walls rendered creamy with the addition of ochre reflected themselves in the jarrah floor, which had been beeswaxed within an inch of its life.

Mark Gilbert never ceased to marvel at the way the colonists created the effect of an English drawing-room in this harsh new country—here the only alien notes were the dingo skins scattered on the floor. An oil portrait of a lovely auburn-haired woman, flanked by jewel-colored miniatures, looked serenely down from above the over-mantel. More pictures showed up through the shadows in the farther corners of the room—heavy oils of storms at sea and one of Trafalgar.

Captain Farnsby, Ommanney had told Mark, had fought at Trafalgar and was not likely to let you forget the fact—even if his peg leg failed to remind you.

The captain, white-haired and commanding in appearance, had stumped across the floor to greet them, and his plump and amiable-appearing wife had hastily laid aside her needlework to stand beside him. But Mark scarcely heard the introductions, for a girl had come through the doorway and stood silently regarding them. For a moment Mark thought he was looking at the woman in the portrait, so alike were they. It was a hot night, and the girl wore a high-waisted gown of India muslin that set off the coppery tints of her hair.

There was barely concealed pride in the captain's voice: "My daughter, Miss Farnsby."

There were two younger girls—Miss Amelia and Miss Annette, and a boy, Charles, of about seventeen. But it was the eldest daughter, whom Mark judged to be little more than twenty, who captured his heart then and forever. He found her an eager listener, her slight aloofness dropping from her in her interest in his travels through the back country, as yet little known.

"How fortunate you are," she said at length. "I could imagine nothing more pleasant than riding through the bush without a care in the world."

He laughed: "Have I made it sound so pleasant? I assure you it is not altogether without care. You have not seen the Surveyor-General frown over a report—I assure you it is a sight to make the strongest quail."

"You do not like Lieutenant Roe?"

"On the contrary," said Mark simply, "I think I admire him more than any man I have ever known."

Six months had passed since then, and the young surveyor had long been received into the close circle of the Farnsby's acquaintance. Captain Farnsby obviously approved of a young man who listened with attention to his prolonged attacks on a Government which he held to be composed largely of upstarts, thieves, and vagabonds. Mrs. Farnsby thought Mark Gilbert exceedingly handsome, with his wide shoulders, boyish face, and curling black hair. His manners were charming and he had only been in the colony for eighteen months, which meant he was full of information regarding the England she had not seen for thirteen long years. Then there was the gratifying intelligence conveyed by English relatives that Mr. Gilbert was well connected and received an excellent private income—an item not to be taken lightly by any mama in this poverty-stricken society.

Mark was not unconscious that the Farnsby had passed favorable judgment upon him. He would have liked to have thought in Elizabeth's case this extended to something deeper. But it was not easy to gauge the girl's feelings.

Outwardly she retained her easy friendliness and was always avid for news of the social activities in Perth which Mark brought with him when his work demanded his return to the Geopraphe Bay area. But always he had that sense of aloofness that set her apart from her family and from him.

Mark Gilbert sighed. He was twenty-seven and in love—and so far he had lacked the courage to tell of his love. He thought it strange that one should sleep unafraid in the bush and retain one's presence of mind when a fellow surveyor lay cold beside you in the grey morning light—his body riddled with spears. And yet—one could hesitate to tell a woman you wanted to marry her. Mark Gilbert sighed heavily.

"You are in grave mood, Mr. Gilbert," Elizabeth said.

Mark produced a smile. "That's far from the truth," he lied. "But I fear I allowed my thoughts to turn to work. That is difficult country we are working in at the foot of the ranges and hard travelling, too."

"Sometimes I think there is nothing easy about this place at all," said Elizabeth, her face suddenly sombre. They were coming to the settlement, the inhabitants of which would take another half century to learn to call it by its official name of Busselton. Now it was known simply as The Vasse, from the small river which wound by it—taking its name from a French sailor lost here many years before.

It was a picturesque scrabble of whitewashed, thatched buildings among the dusky green of the peppermint trees. But for the moment any charm in the scene, with its backcloth of blue sea encircled by the protecting arm of Cape Naturaliste, escaped her. She saw only the absurdity of a transplanted English village in an alien land full of natives who stole flour and precious

To page 58



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supplies and speared your cattle with spears tipped with the glass they had stolen from your windows.

A land they had been lured to with stories that a man might live handsomely and run his own carriage on £80 a year. Well, that might have been in New South Wales, but here they came near to starving while their lives were governed by a far-away Government that thought of them vaguely as "the Colonies," and had long lost interest because it was obvious this colony was not likely to produce easy wealth.

Her resentment had been heightened by the letter which arrived that day by the colonial schooner, *Champion*—a letter covered with the excited cross-cross scrawl of her cousin the Honorable Stephanie Bradwaite, who had recently been presented at the court of the young Victoria. The kind-hearted Stephanie had found space between the talk of ostrich plumes and new gowns and her own triumphant social progress to spare thought for the exiles.

"My dear cousin, we truly grieve for you, removed from the comforts of civilisation and surrounded by savage and barbarous Indians. Mama feels that there is little opportunity for you to enjoy genteel and congenial company and to meet young gentlemen of good standing. Could you not return to England for a visit? We would welcome you at the Castle to stay as long as you wish. Do say you will come, dear Liz..."

Elizabeth had put the effusion away in her writing desk with a wry smile. Outside the window she could see one of the "savage and barbarous Indians" of the Honorable Stephanie's letter sitting cross-legged under a tree patiently chipping a spearhead from a

piece of broken bottle. Elizabeth remembered Stephanie as an exquisite, ringleted little girl of six—she herself had been eight—and even in those days her wardrobe had fallen far short of that of her cousin. She wondered what Stephanie and her mama would say to the shepherd checks and gingham that formed the larger part of her wardrobe now. Her arrival at the Castle, she imagined, would be a matter



for alarm, even if her father could provide the amount of the fare, which was quite out of the question.

But the letter, providing so much contrast to the colonists' way of life, had rankled all day. London in the season was an inviting and impossible dream; Western Australia a present and unpleasant reality.

She sighed impatiently, and Mark said: "You need some town gaiety. Will you be present at the June Ball? They propose to have it at Steele's Hotel. His Excellency will be present—and from what I

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 57

hear it promises to be an even gayer occasion than last year."

Elizabeth shook her head. "Not this year, Mr. Gilbert. Mama is sailing on the *Champion* tomorrow with Amelia to attend. It will be Amelia's coming-out ball, so Mama thought it would be as well for me to stay behind and look after Papa, Charles, and Annette."

"I had hoped you would be present." His disappointment was so obvious that Elizabeth found herself seized with the unreasoning panic that was hers every time she read adoration in Mark's face. He loved her—that was plain enough—but she hoped that his declaration could be delayed a little longer.

She glanced at Mark, and then, as his lips parted to speak, said sharply: "Poor Prince—I must give him his head now. He has been so patient," and raced away. She had turned in to the drive of the Farnsby home before he caught up with her, and there was no chance for further conversation before they were riding around the back of the house where the stables were, already almost hidden by the mulberry trees the Captain had planted when he first came to The Vasse.

Mark jumped off his horse, and, leaving the reins trailing, hurried to help Elizabeth dismount.

"You humiliate me when I'm left to plod in your wake," he laughed. "In future—" The sentence remained uncompleted, for Elizabeth was in his arms. Her foot had struck a loose stone as she dismounted, and as it rolled away she was

thrown forward and Mark had barely time to catch her. He stood looking down at her. The red mouth was desirably close. His arms tightened.

"Elizabeth!" he said, and it was as though her name had been on his lips so long it spoke itself. Then for the first time in her life Elizabeth found a man's lips warm and demanding on her own.

It was Mark who unknowingly broke the spell which had Elizabeth lying unresisting in his arms. His lips left hers to travel up the line of her cheek to her shining hair, and then he said:

"When are you going to marry me, Elizabeth?"

Marry? Elizabeth's eyes widened with apprehension. Did she love him or didn't she? How did one know whether one was in love or not? Did other women know this blind, unreasoning doubt when they received an offer of marriage, and did they put it aside to say "yes" and live happily ever after? Or should one know one's heart, with no doubts at all?

"I've loved you from the moment I first saw you," he was saying. "I'll love you until I die, Elizabeth."

There was no flamboyance in his declaration. It was the plain truth, she knew, and the certainty in his voice terrified her.

She made an effort to speak. "Mark—" she began, then deliverance came from an unexpected direction.

Old Jack Grebb, who had served under Captain Farnsby in his first ship and had come to Australia with him, ambled slowly around the corner of the stables. A smile lingered among

To page 60



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RD 44/58A

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1958

Page 59

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Continuing . . .

The Lonely Shore

from page 58

his sparse white whiskers, for he had already appeared on the scene, unnoticed by Mark and Elizabeth, and, seeing his presence would be an embarrassment, had retreated to make a second appearance, this time heralding his entrance with a cough.

Now as he unfastened Prince's girth, he regarded the embarrassed couple from the corners of his shrewd little blue eyes, hidden in a maze of wrinkles, and chuckled inwardly. Personally he considered the scene he had witnessed long overdue.

In his day he would not have been so laggardly as Mr. Mark, but then he supposed the gentry must conduct their courtship in as restrained a manner as befitted their station.

Miss Elizabeth, he thought, was a lovely young lady, though—heaven help him—she had been a rare imp of mischief as a child. And he thoroughly approved of Mark Gilbert—an honest young man if ever there was one—and his love written for all the world to see on his face every time he looked at Miss Elizabeth. Grebb was disappointed to see no similar radiance on the face of Elizabeth. She was very pale and her hair had broken away

hot water," said Mrs. Farnaby hastily. Her precious Sou-chong was not to be lightly squandered on extra pots of tea. She looked up and lifted her hands in horror.

"Elizabeth! Surely you have not been riding without a hat. You will ruin your complexion, and the direct heat of the sun is most injurious to the senses. You may easily have been sun-struck!"

"I have read lately that the rays of the sun can be most beneficial to health if absorbed in small quantities," interposed Mrs. Molloy gently. She decided it was no fault of the sun that a wave of scarlet swept Elizabeth's face and throat as she hastily put her hand to her bare head, and Mr. Gilbert seemed similarly disturbed. Georgiana Molloy thought the conversation could well be directed into other channels.

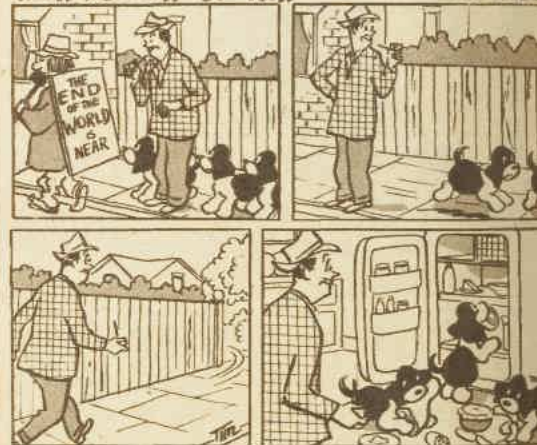
"You will be pleased to hear, Elizabeth," she said, "that the last consignment of plants and seeds reached Captain Mangies in excellent condition. His letter was most encouraging."

"How gratifying after all your work," said Elizabeth, flashing her a grateful smile,

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



from the smooth braids into little curls about her face. But she was perfectly self-possessed as she swept the skirt of her riding habit over her arm and turned to Grebb.

"Attend to Mr. Gilbert's horse, will you please, Grebb?" She turned to Mark. "You will be taking tea with us, will you not, Mr. Gilbert? There is only Captain and Mrs. Molloy with us, besides yourself."

"I should like to very much," said Mark, but his eyes held a puzzled look as he turned to follow her. Old Grebb was puzzled, too. "Mr. Gilbert" sounded mighty formal after the scene he had just witnessed, he thought, as he bent to pick up Elizabeth's cap from the ground, where it had fallen unnoticed.

Mark found himself hard put to it to keep pace with Elizabeth as she hurried towards the house. She almost ran up the stone steps, but swept into the drawing-room with unhurried dignity. Captain John Molloy, veteran of Waterloo, and local Resident Magistrate, rose and bowed, and his wife smiled warmly in welcome.

"Elizabeth, you are late," wailed Mrs. Farnaby from behind the low walnut table with its burden of heavy silver and thin china. "The tea will be quite cold."

"Mr. Gilbert is here, too, Mama," said Elizabeth. "Shall I make fresh tea?"

"No—no—just fetch more

and Mark said quickly: "I wish you could have been in the country about King George's Sound in early summer. Mrs. Molloy. It is a veritable flower garden and I'm sure would have delighted you with many new varieties. I saw a number I have not seen in any other district—a banksia with scarlet blooms and a eucalypt with red flowers—also a yellow one."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Molloy's blue eyes were bright with interest. "I should dearly love to have seeds of them."

"Take care, sir," interposed her husband. "Or you will find yourself a slave in the service of Captain Mangies and his precious plants. In the cause of botany my wife is quite ruthless."

"I shall remember in future to collect any specimens that appear quite new to me," Mark promised her with a smile.

"Pray tell me more about the flowers at King George's Sound," begged Mrs. Molloy, and while Mark complied Elizabeth found herself in the willing role of listener, as her mother was in conversation with Captain Molloy.

She saw youth come back into Mrs. Molloy's thin face as she pursued her favorite topic—youth—of which the hardships of the colonist's life had robbed her. Elizabeth could remember the unhappiness of the death of the first

To page 61

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1958

Continuing . . .

The Lonely Shore

from page 60

Molloy baby, born under a rough shelter in the rain soon after they arrived at Augusta. And then the crowning sorrow of her baby son, found floating in the well—Augusta had dealt hardly with Georgiana Molloy, as it had with them all. Pretty Ann McDermott—a widow while yet a bride—her husband drowned on the Cumberland, which had carried the Bussells' possessions to the bottom of the sea. The ever-present natives; the Bussells' home in flames; days of near starvation, when the crops failed and papa and the other settlers had been out day and night fishing and hunting to bring in food for the empty larders.

Mrs. Molloy had turned her knowledge of botany to good account then, solving the problem of smut which ruined the wheat crop. But after all the karri forest had defeated them. Lifting mighty arms in scorn, the giant trees had defied the settlers' efforts to carve a home among them. They had fallen back gratefully to the green pastures John Bussell had found so much nearer the capital on the banks of the river which flowed into Geographie Bay. At last the promised land—but the capital to work it had been swallowed by the disastrous Augusta venture, and the struggle had commenced all over again.

ELIZABETH sighed, and then blushed as she found Mrs. Molloy's inquiring eyes upon her.

"I was thinking of Augusta," she said bluntly, then regretted her words, seeing Mrs. Molloy's look of pain. But Georgiana Molloy said lightly enough: "I sometimes fear my garden at Fairlawn shall never match that of Augusta. But do come and visit us, dear Elizabeth, and see all the improvements Captain Molloy has made. Mr. Bussell and his brothers seem similarly industrious on the other side of the river. I see, too, your papa is ploughing a large new piece of ground."

"He plans to extend the vegetable plantings this year," explained Elizabeth, "especially the potato patch."

"The visiting Americans seem to favor our potatoes—as well as the onions and cabbages," said Mrs. Molloy. "Mr. Chapman tells me he and his brothers are hard-pressed this week to supply the whalers' demands, with fourteen ships in the Bay. How welcome fresh meat and vegetables must be after the long days at sea!"

"Mr. Gilbert and I had a most unexpected encounter with one of the Americans today," Elizabeth told her. "A stranger, I think—he was resting in the sandhills and narrowly escaped being ridden down when I came on him unexpectedly while galloping Prince. What did he say his name was, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Jonathan Parkes—master of the Silver Bay." Mark looked longingly at Elizabeth as he spoke.

"The Silver Bay?" queried Captain Molloy, rising. "Yes, she is new in this season. I interviewed the master yesterday. Quite a young fellow. Well, my dear," he said to his wife, "it's time we made our farewells. I have persuaded Mr. Gilbert to come out and play a game of chess with me this evening."

Mark Gilbert found it difficult to conceal his disappointment as he made his farewell. There was no chance of a word with Elizabeth, and soon he found himself on Sunboy, while the Molloy's bowed their

way out to where their Cape cart with two oxen awaited them. Horse-drawn carriages were still out of reach of the colonists in this part of the world.

As they trundled away, Mark lingered, looking down at Elizabeth.

"May I escort you riding tomorrow, Miss Farnsby?" he asked.

But it was her mother who answered for her.

"Elizabeth will not be able to go riding tomorrow, Mr. Gilbert. As you know, Amelia and I are travelling on the Champion, so I fear she will be far too busy. But pray call in the evening if you wish. Captain Farnsby is always delighted to see you."

Mark thanked her, while his glance once again strayed to Elizabeth. Her face told him nothing, which was as well, for she was aware of overwhelming relief. Tomorrow she might still manage to avoid private conversation with Mark Gilbert. Watching him out of sight, her hands strayed to her lips and cheek, and she wondered why she felt so unmoved by his kisses.

At that moment Mark's thoughts were also of those kisses, and, remembering that Elizabeth's lips had not been unresponsive, he felt his disappointment vanishing. Busy with dreams, he edged Sunboy into a canter, swerving as he rounded the corner of Chapman's store to avoid a group of men in the road. Among them he noticed a number of captains who were no strangers to the coast—two of them, Daniel Crocker, of the Connecticut, and James Gardiner, of the Hobart whaler Camellia, acknowledged his greeting pleasantly. But the big, fair man he did not at first recognise, although the stranger raised his hand in salute—then he realised it was Captain Parkes.

For a moment their glances met—lazy amusement in the American's blue eyes and polite recognition in those of the Englishman. Then Mark Gilbert set his heels to Sunboy's sides and galloped down the road until the trees hid them from view.

Captain Parkes was taking a swim. He had the sea, the sand, and the sky to himself, having walked sufficiently far around the bay to be out of eye-shot of intrusive females. The water was cold but as clear as crystal. When he stood chest deep he could see the tiny white shells on the sandy bottom.

He turned on his back and floated, squinting at the pale blue sky with its wisps of high cloud, indicative that the fine weather would not last much longer, but it was too cold to remain inactive and he turned over again and swam, following the line of the shore with long, strong strokes. Out on the Silver Bay, no doubt, Zeb Holly, his chief mate, would be cursing him for leaving him to overlook the loading of the stores, but there would be few more chances of a swim before the weather broke, and a swim was something he could not resist.

All summer through, far back as he could remember, he and his brothers and cousins had played about the New Bedford wharves and swum in the blue water until they were like so many seals.

As they grew older they had sailed their cockle-shell boats

To page 63

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COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

Continuing

The Lonely Shore

from page 61

to their own and others' peril. While young eyes, already squinting against the sun and sea, watched with envy the Atlantic packet ships beating their way out in a smother of sail, or the sturdy three-masted whalers creeping from the harbor to begin their long voyage to the northern ice-jacks or the far-away south.

Then when hunger called there would be a scamper of feet home to the old grey houses, peering at the sea through a tangle of rose and geranium—the repositories of so much treasure: big brass vases with dragons from the China trade, queer shells from goodness knew what outlandish island, tables inlaid with ivory, and models of ships lovelier than a dream. Turkey carpets on the floor in rich and wonderful colors, and pictures of sea battles and epic conflicts with the whale on the wall, check and jowl with strange, stiff portraits of whaling captains.

With the Indian Ocean lapping him in the quiet bay, Jonathan thought comfortably of scenes half a world away. His mother pouring coffee

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from the Indian silver coffee pot into paper-thin porcelain. His father taking his telescope in hand to go up to the Walk, that lookout incorporated in most New Bedford homes, to identify some unfamiliar craft. Well, within the year he hoped his mother would be pouring coffee for him. A couple more months along this coast and then for the long run home.

But it was time he got back to the ship. He walked to the shore and found the wind struck cold on his body as he stood for a moment drying off. He wiped himself down with his shirt; then dressed quickly, thankful for the warmth of his jacket. Carrying his cap in his hand so his hair would dry the faster, he set out to walk back to the landing.

He noticed signs of activity as he drew closer, and a small crowd had gathered there. The activity was repeated on the decks of the small colonial schooner *Champion*, which served the settlers in this region, and it was evident she was about to sail. Jonathan sauntered towards the group and was hailed by old Eli Kenniwick, master of the *Ladybird*.

"Thy mate, young Zebedee Holly, has been seeking thee," said he. A strict Quaker, he regarded with compassion somewhat mixed with disapproval the master and officers of the *Silver Bay*. Far too young and inexperienced, said Eli Kenniwick, who was following the whale long before Jonathan was born. A roistering crew, too, it was whispered—partial to rum and women.

"Where has thou been, son?" "Swimming," grinned Jonathan, who delighted in shocking the old man. Eli Kenniwick grunted.

"Salt water be like to give thee the cramp," he declared solemnly, and Jonathan grinned again.

"I doubt it! When is the *Ladybird* going out again, sir?"

"In the morning."

"We'll be with you," Jonathan told him. "Though I doubt the weather will hold many more days."

"Thou may be right." The grey-bearded, stockily built captain stared doubtfully at the sky. "The *Champion's* passengers may be lucky to escape a buffeting before they reach Fremantle."

Jonathan nodded in agreement and turned to look at the crowd at the landing stage. Half the settlement seemed to have gathered, with a fair sprinkling of ladies. One of them, he noted with brief interest, was the horsewoman of the day before. She looked quite the lady of fashion today; her grey morning gown had snowy ruffles at the throat and there were pink ribbons in her Leghorn bonnet.

An elderly woman, evidently her mother, was stepping into one of the *Champion's* boats, assisted by a sailor, and the dark young man who had been the riding companion hovered close to the girl. There were two younger girls he took to be her sisters, and a boy struggled with dress baskets and bonnet boxes. Stumping impatiently around them, his peg-leg digging into the soft sand, was a white-haired man who seemed likely to be the father of the family. Mrs. Farnsby's agitated voice came plainly to Jonathan, but the low tones of the girl, as she attempted to soothe her mother, were inaudible.

Getting Mrs. Farnsby and Amelia away with their pile of luggage was no simple task, and at the last minute Charles had been sent post-haste back to the house for the box containing the best bonnets, which had been forgotten. This omission had so alarmed Mrs. Farnsby that she was now holding a last-minute review of the luggage.

"The little chest, Elizabeth—have you seen it?" she queried anxiously.

"At your feet, Mama."

"And the big India basket and Amelia's box?"

"They went out to the ship with the first boatload of luggage, Mama," Elizabeth told her.

"And here are the missing bonnets," said Mark Gilbert, taking the box from Charles and dropping it into the boat. There was a glint of amusement in his eyes, but it faded as he turned to look down at Elizabeth.

"It seems as though we are about to depart. It is goodbye for a few days," he said. He had been bitterly disappointed at receiving the message which required his return to Perth. So far, although he had visited the Farnsby's that morning, he had found it impossible to have a word alone with Elizabeth, who had been kept busy with her mother's packing.

"You will be back soon," Elizabeth said politely, finding it hard to meet the longing in his gaze.

But her mother interrupted her.

"There is no need to say goodbye yet, Mr. Gilbert," she said. "Elizabeth is coming out to the *Champion* to take leave of us and see Amelia and myself safely settled in our cabin."

Elizabeth started. "Of course, Mama. I had forgotten for a moment—" To the bosun she said as Mark assisted her into the boat: "I trust this is not inconveniencing you."

"Indeed not, Miss Farnsby," he answered cheerfully. He had been on the coastal trip

To page 69



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ENJOY HOLBROOKS MUSTARD SAUCE, TOO — IT'S SWEET, NOT HOT

● So many readers have written asking for recipes for Christmas cakes, of such a wide variety, that we decided to give this selection of recipes. There is a cake here to suit every taste and budget.

THIS list of special-request recipes includes favorites that are asked for year after year. Heading the list in popularity is Boiled Whisky Cake, which won a major prize in our cookery contest in May, 1939 — nearly twenty years ago — but it is still asked for frequently.

Another top favorite is New Style Festive Cake, with its unusual flavor of Brazil nuts, dates, and maraschino cherries.

Among others that are slightly different in texture and flavor and the method of preparation are boiled fruit mixtures and not-so-rich types of cake. These are often preferred.

Your favorite cake could be a light or heavy mixture, beautifully and elaborately decorated, or a plain mixture with a simple sprig of holly or mistletoe on top.

All cup measures are taken from the standard eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup. Spoon measurements are level.

ECONOMICAL YULETIDE CAKE

One and a half pounds to 2lb. mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry, 8oz. good shortening, 8oz. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mashed banana, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch salt.

Place prepared fruit and peel in basin, pour sherry over; mix well. Cover and stand overnight. Cream shortening, sugar, essences, and banana until soft, light, and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in fruit, then sifted flour, soda, salt, and spice alternately with orange juice. Fill into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with three thicknesses of brown paper and one of white paper. Bake in a very moderate oven 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours. Cool and store in tin.

JAMAICAN FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces sultanas, 4oz. currants, 4oz. raisins, 4oz. peel, 2oz. cherries, 3oz. chopped prunes, 3oz. chopped dates, 2 tablespoons rum, 2 tablespoons port wine, 3oz. dried apricots, 1 tablespoon orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons spice, pinch salt, 3oz. blanched almonds.

Combine sultanas, currants, raisins, peel, cherries, prunes, dates, rum, and wine. Allow to stand 2 or 3 hours. Dice apricots; add orange juice, stand 2 or 3 hours. Cream butter or margarine with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with prepared fruits and chopped almonds. Turn into paper-lined 8in. cake-tin. Bake in very moderate oven 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Allow to cool in tin. Ice if desired.

BRANDY SYRUP CAKE

Half pound butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups castor sugar, 5 eggs, 2lb. mixed fruits (sultanas, raisins, currants), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of blanched almonds, crystallised or drained cherries, shredded peel, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour (sifted before measuring), 1 cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, golden syrup-brandy prepared as follows: Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup golden syrup, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy. Bring to boil, simmer 2 to 3 minutes, use immediately.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix in prepared golden syrup-brandy alternately with sifted dry ingredients and mixed fruits. Turn into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with 3 thicknesses of brown paper and one of white paper. Bake in a very moderate oven 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 hours. Cool in tin, wrap well to keep airtight until required.

NOEL BARS

One and a half cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups raisins, 1-3rd cup dried apricots (approximately 12), 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk.

Combine in saucepan water, coarsely chopped raisins, and finely chopped apricots. Simmer 5 minutes. Add orange rind, and leave to cool. Mix shortening with sugar, add egg and evaporated milk; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, and salt; add chopped walnuts. Fold in dry ingredients alternately with the fruit mixture. Spoon into 2 lined and greased bar-tins, and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. When cooked, cool slightly, and remove from tins.

CHRISTMAS CAKES FOR EVERY TASTE



ONE-EGG FRUIT CAKE

One egg, 1 packet mixed fruit, 5oz. shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons spice.

Combine fruit, butter, sugar, spice, and water. Place in a saucepan and boil together for 3 minutes. Allow to cool. Beat the white and yolk of egg separately and then together, add bicarbonate of soda, and stir into boiled fruit mixture. Lastly add well-sifted flours. Place in a cake-tin previously lined with greased paper and bake in moderate oven for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half pounds sultanas, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins, 4oz. currants, 4oz. crystallised or glace cherries, 4oz. shredded mixed peel (or use 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mixed fruit), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum, brandy, or sherry, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 4 eggs, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups

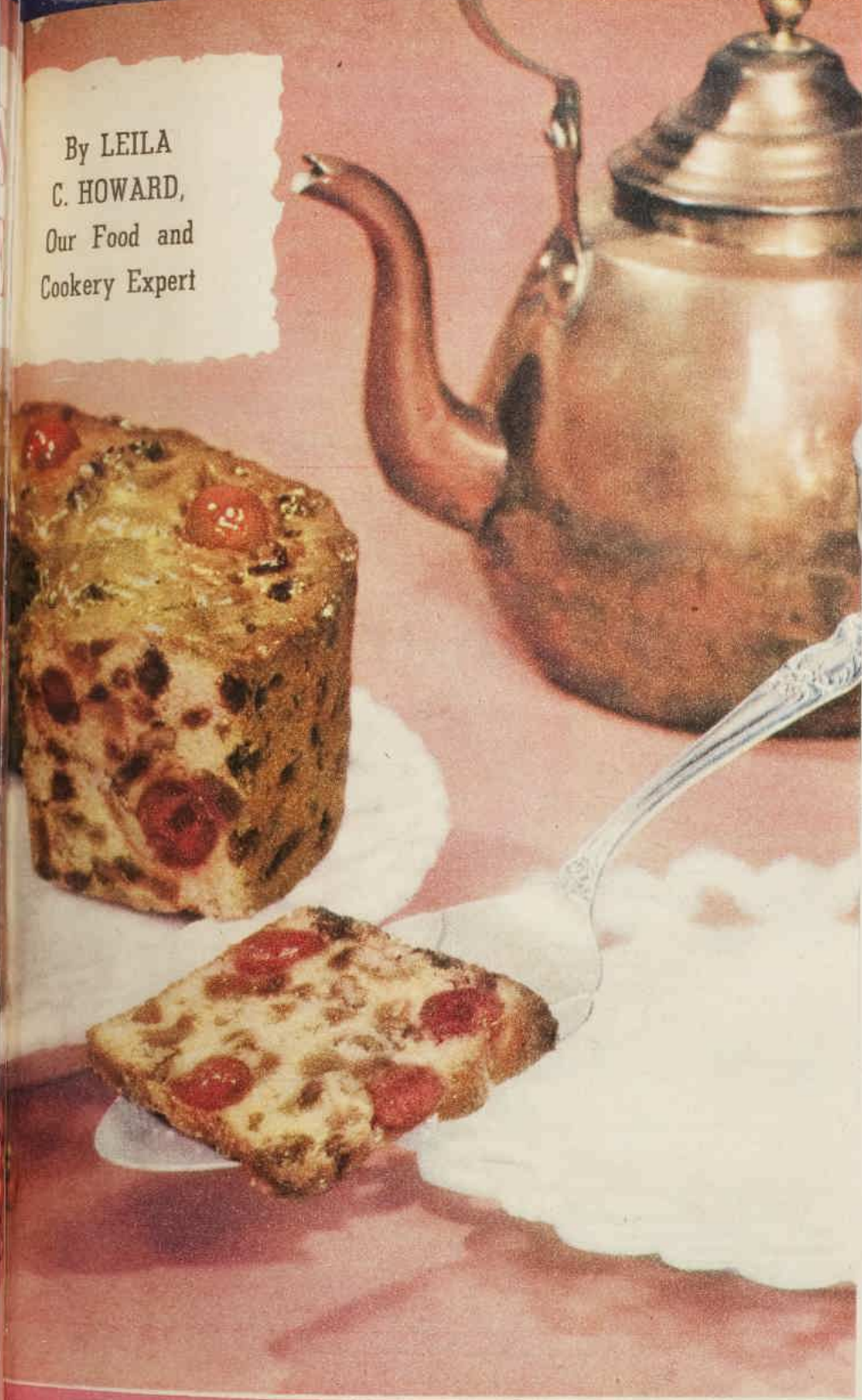
flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg.

Prepare fruit, place in basin, and pour spirits over; mix well. Cover and stand overnight. Cream butter with sugar, grated fruit rinds, and essences. Add marmalade and caramel. Drop in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into 8 or 9in. square or round cake-tin lined with three layers of brown paper and one layer of white paper. Bake in lower half of a very moderate oven 4 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Do not open door for at least 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove from oven, wrap (in tin) in clean paper, then a large towel. Leave until required.

WHITE HOLIDAY RING

Half pound sultanas, 6oz. raisins, 2oz. preserved figs, 2oz. crystallised pineapple, 4oz. cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pineapple juice (fresh or tinned), 1 tablespoon sherry or rum, 5oz. butter, 5oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{4}$

By LEILA
C. HOWARD,
Our Food and
Cookery Expert



WHITE HOLIDAY RING, the delicious, light-textured cake illustrated above, is just one of the many request Christmas recipes featured on these pages. There is a recipe to suit the taste and the budget of all. Make the richer cakes now so they can mature.

teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 4oz. walnut pieces, extra cherries.

Prepare sultanas and raisins, chop figs and pineapple and place in basin with cherries and peel. Add pineapple juice and sherry or rum; stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind, add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit and chopped walnuts.

Turn into ring-tin lined with 3 layers brown paper. Press extra cherries on top. Bake in slow oven 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, allow to cool in tin. This is a very moist cake with good keeping qualities.

FRESH FRUIT CAKE

Half pound margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 3 dessertspoons treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated apple, 1 mashed banana, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped figs, dates, prunes, nuts, cherries, 1 tablespoon chopped ginger, 1lb. mixed fruit,

10oz. flour, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, spice, ground cloves, bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Add treacle, then carrot, pineapple, and apple. Mix orange and lemon juice with mashed banana, add to mixture. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruits. Lastly add brandy. Turn into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with 3 thicknesses brown paper and one layer of white paper. Bake in very moderate oven approximately 4 hours. Allow to cool in tin.

REFRIGERATOR CAKE

Half cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups finely crushed breakfast cereal or plain biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each dried apricots, figs, dates, all finely chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped mixed peel, chopped crystallised pineapple, cherries, and nuts, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons sherry.

Combine softened butter with honey, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Mix thoroughly, add raisins and remaining in-

gredients. When well blended, press into a shallow 7in. square tin lined with greased paper. Place in refrigerator, leave several days. Serve in small finger lengths. Mixture is very rich. Keep in refrigerator; cut and serve as required.

AMERICAN-STYLE LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Fruit Mixture: Quarter pound crystallised pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds (cut into thin strips), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely chopped candied peel, 3 dessertspoons orange juice.

Remove sugar from pineapple and cherries, mix with almonds, candied peel, and orange juice. Allow to stand overnight before incorporating in cake mixture.

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 4oz. coconut, 1 tablespoon brandy, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins.

Soak coconut in brandy half an hour. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg-yolks, then soaked coconut. Fold in sifted flour alternately with orange juice. Add soaked fruits and nuts, raisins lightly dusted with flour, and then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into paper-lined 6in. square or round tin and bake in very moderate oven 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Leave in tin half an hour. When cold, this cake can be topped with icing and decorated with candied fruits and nuts.

BOILED WHISKY CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 10 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ wine-glasses of boiled whisky (prepared as directed below), 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coarsely shredded peel, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar. When very brown, remove from heat and add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ wineglasses of whisky. Return to stove and simmer gently until sugar is dissolved. Use at once.

Cut butter into pieces in a large bowl. Soften by beating with a wooden spoon. Add sugar a little at a time and beat until creamy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well, after each addition (about 10 minutes in all). Stir in boiling whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted dry ingredients. Turn into paper-lined 10in. tin and bake in a slow oven for 5 hours. Allow to cool in tin, then wrap until ready to ice and decorate.

NEW STYLE FESTIVE CAKE

One and a half cups shelled whole Brazil nuts, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stoned dates, 2/3rd cup chopped candied peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red maraschino cherries and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green maraschino cherries (both drained free of syrup), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Grease sides and base of large loaf-tin (8 by 5 inches), and line with 1 layer of greased paper. Place unchopped Brazil nuts, walnuts, dates, peel, cherries, and raisins into a large basin. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together 2 or 3 times; then mix with sugar. Add to nuts and fruits, and mix thoroughly. Make into a stiff mixture with beaten eggs and vanilla. Spoon into prepared tin, pressing and flattening with the back of a spoon. Bake in a slow oven 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes, loosen round edges, and turn on to cake-cooler, then remove paper. When completely cold, wrap in food-wrapping plastic and store in refrigerator.

HONEY FIG CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon honey, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3oz. chopped preserved figs, 3oz. seeded raisins, 2oz. blanched almonds.

Cream butter or margarine with honey and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add milk, raisins, figs, and almonds alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Can be left plain or coated with almond-flavored icing and decorated with figs.

Almond Icing: Sift 1lb. icing sugar into basin, add 2 tablespoons heated liquid glucose and 1 lightly beaten egg-white. Work into a firm but soft dough, adding approximately 1 teaspoon almond essence, or more according to taste. Knead until smooth and roll out on board, which has been sprinkled with extra icing sugar, to size and shape required. Paint egg-white over cake, lift on, and smooth over icing.

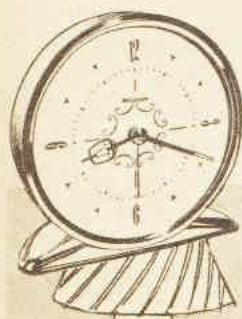
CANDIED-HONEY CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mild candied honey, 3 small eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 2oz. finely shredded peel, 2oz. chopped crystallised pineapple, 2oz. crystallised cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peanuts (or mixed nuts).

Cream shortening until very soft, gradually add honey, beat until well mixed. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit and nuts. Lastly fold in egg-whites beaten stiff but not dry. Turn into 7in. tin lined with two layers brown paper and one layer white paper. Bake in very moderate oven 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Allow to cool in tin.

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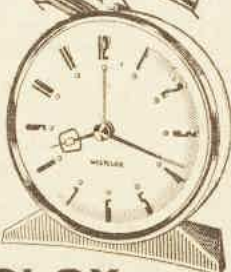
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FRONT ENTRANCE to the home is well protected from weather by the abutting wall of the living-room. The house would look equally attractive in brick or timber on a flat site, and set in either a natural bush garden or surrounded by cultivated flowerbeds and lawns. A broken building line gives the impression of a home larger than eleven squares.

Design with triple front

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BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

● Twin terraces flank a projecting living-room across the wide frontage of this week's home plan. The hip roof has extended overhangs to further the feeling of breadth and spaciousness.

THIS is one of our series of "signature" plans by leading architects, and is available from our Home Planning Centres for £7/7/- a full set. See addresses in panel at left.

The architect, F. T. Humphrys, has skillfully designed the layout to accommodate three bedrooms in an overall area of approximately 11 squares, while retaining reasonably generous proportions for each room.

Built-in wardrobes in every bedroom conserve valuable floor space.

The home opens into a vestibule with close access to both the main bedroom and living-room.

The living-room, a pleasant room stretching across the front of the house, has projecting windows overlooking

the garden. It is ventilated by the popular hopper windows set between large areas of fixed glass. A brick flower-box underneath the windows is visible from inside the room.

A dining area opens through french windows to the second patio to make a sheltered spot for outdoor meals in summer. It is also convenient to the kitchen for easy serving.

A section of the kitchen has been left free for an informal meals area, and the remainder of the wall space is occupied by useful cupboards and working benches. A door at the rear of the kitchen opens on to a small porch.

This porch is under the main roof, so it could be quite easily glassed in at any time.

Bathroom, shower, and lavatory are three separate units, with a connecting door to the adjacent laundry. A door leads from the laundry to back garden and clothes line, and a side window provides an adequate airflow.

Readers unable to call at our Home Planning Centres are invited to write for information. All inquiries by mail receive the same prompt and personal attention as given to callers. See panel at left for address and other details.

Plans are available also in the mirror reverse position or in variations to suit a reader's special requirements.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4950; timber, £3550; asbestos, £3340.

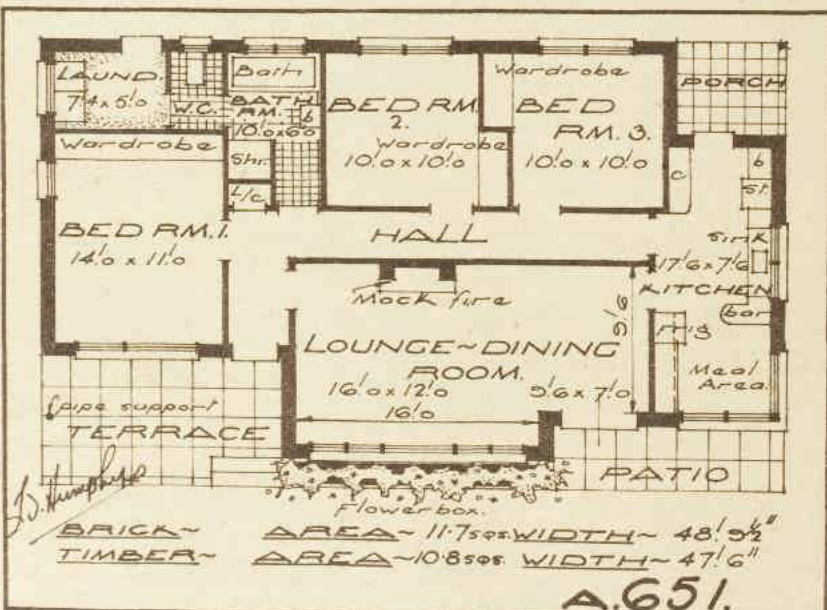
In Victoria: Brick, £4400; brick veneer, £3785; timber, £3115; asbestos, £3010.

In South Australia: Brick, £3455; timber, £3150; asbestos, £3075.

In Queensland: Brick, £4915; timber, £3250; asbestos, £3140.

In Canberra: Brick, £4895; timber, £3645; asbestos, £3435.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4855; timber, £3250.



ATTRACTIVE WIDE FRONTAGE allows the living-rooms and master bedroom to overlook garden. The design could be used successfully on a narrow block by building down the site. Positions of windows could be altered to suit the aspect of the land.

Cool, spacious home in old garden setting

FRAMED by sweeping lawns and lovely old trees, the simply styled brick home shown on this page is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fielding, of Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

This attractive house is designed to capture every scrap of breeze—always an important consideration in Queensland—and to make housekeeping as easy as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding had the advantage of a mellow setting for this modern house, which stands in the grounds of their old home

and covers a triangle-shaped acre of land.

A cool feature of this three-bedroom house is the spacious lounge-dining area, which opens on to a terrace on each side.

The front elevation (see plan below) allowed space for a large garage under the main bedroom. An interior staircase links the garage with the living areas.

The back of the house is at ground level and faces a heavily wooded hillside garden with many lovely shrubs.

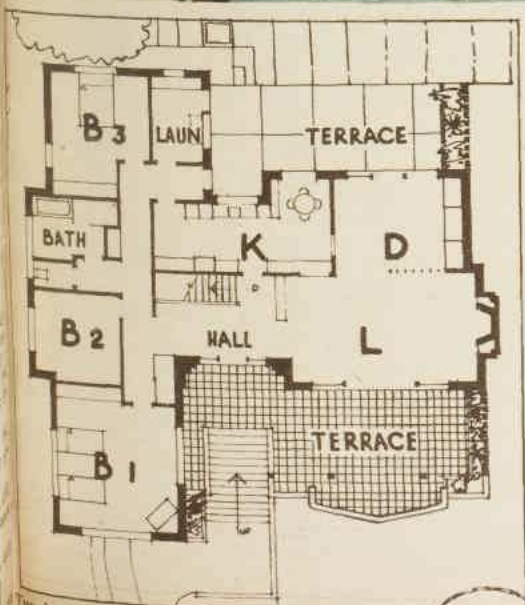
EXTERIOR of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fielding's attractive home in Brisbane is shown at the right.



BRIGHT AND SUNNY KITCHEN has cupboards and fittings of polished Queensland maple. There is ceiling ventilation, and the plate-glass sliding windows overlook the garden. The dining recess shown in the foreground features an American colonial-style bleached maple dresser and matching table and chairs. Daffodil linoleum inlaid with blue and burgundy is used on the floor.



ABOVE. The lounge-dining-room of the Fielding home is conveniently arranged for entertaining. The areas are divided by an ornamental, beautifully carved partition of Queensland maple. Mr. and Mrs. Fielding are seen here at the built-in cocktail cabinet, which is connected with the kitchen by a servery.



LEFT. Plan of the Fielding home at Indooroopilly shows the simple but effective layout of the rooms. All the bedrooms and the bathroom are located along one wing of the building, and the living areas are on the opposite side. The house is built on a slope facing north and overlooks a bushland park.



MAIN BEDROOM is furnished in restful shades of pale blue and oyster. Bedcovers of French brocade match the curtains and furniture upholstery. Landscape windows with full-width venetian blinds in a delicate pastel shade are featured on two sides of the room, which is air-conditioned. A capacious, built-in mahogany wardrobe covers the third wall of this room.



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SERVED piping hot with a garnish of red tomato wedges and sprigs of fresh parsley, this savory shortcake is a satisfying meal for hearty appetites. See recipe below.

Two recipes win prizes

● Recipes for savory cheese-flavored shortcake and a selection of sauces to serve with ice-cream win prizes in this week's recipe contest.

HOT Mornay Shortcake, which wins the main prize of £5, is a substantial and appetising main course for six, an excellent way of using left-over meat and vegetables.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to the recipe for simply prepared sauces to serve with ice-cream.

Spoon measurements are level.

HOT MORNAY SHORTCAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 3 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 3 cups mixed cooked meat and vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, parsley, tomato wedges.

Sift flour, salt, mustard, and pepper into basin. Rub in butter; add cheese. Mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board; knead lightly. Roll or press out to a round shape. Cut 6-8 wedges, using a sharp-bladed, floured knife. Place wedges on greased oven-tray, reshaping the round. Bake in a hot oven 20-30 minutes. While hot, split through centre of wedges, fill with meat and vegetables which have been reheated in sauce. Sandwich layers together, top with a spoonful of creamed mixture.

Sprinkle top with cheese, place in oven until cheese melts. Serve hot garnished with parsley and tomato.

First Prize of £5 to M. B. Smith, 90 Kendal St., Longreach, Qld.

ICE-CREAM SAUCES

Chocolate: One 4oz. pack chocolate pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid glucose, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup top milk, dessertspoon butter, vanilla.

Place chocolate pieces, glucose, milk, and butter in half of double saucepan basin over boiling water. Heat until chocolate is melted, mix well. Add vanilla and pour over coffee ice-cream.

Butterscotch: One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose, 1 tablespoon butter.

Combine ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil and cook, stirring until mixture thickens slightly. Serve warm over plain ice-cream.

Nutty-Date: One pound stoned dates, pinch salt, tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid glucose, honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Chop dates finely, place in saucepan with salt, lemon juice, and water. Heat until boiling, remove from heat, beat well. Mix in glucose, honey and walnuts. Cool, then with a little extra lemon juice and water if necessary, add spoon over vanilla ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Evans, 73 Goldie St. Wynyard, Tas.

FAMILY DISH

BEGINNING this week, our popular Family Dish series will include recipes for appetising desserts. These will alternate with main-course recipes. Apple and Lemon Crisp is the family dish this week. It costs approximately 4/3, and serves six.

APPLE AND LEMON CRISP

Three ounces margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 cup cornflakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 2 apples, 1 lemon, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, pinch salt.

Combine brown sugar, the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, cornflakes, and coconut; stir in melted margarine. Peel, core and slice apples. Mix water, lemon juice, and grated rind into sugar, flour, and salt, stir gently over heat until free from lumps. Simmer 3 minutes; remove from heat, add beaten egg.

Arrange one-third cornflakes mixture in dish, cover with half apples, then half lemon sauce mixture. Repeat layers. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes.

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 63

her arm. "Not until I have told you again I love you. Take care of yourself, my darling."

"I must go," she said, pulling away. "Goodbye—Mark." It was the first time she used his Christian name.

Seated at last in the boat, she looked up at the deck as they drew away from the Champion's side. Faces looked down at her: the excited one of Amelia, thrilled at the prospect of her trip to the capital. Mrs. Farnsby, still pink and flustered by the excitement of the morning, and Mark Gilbert—his smile a white flash



"I'm never sure whether he's talking about his fishing trip or about me."

against his tanned face. Elizabeth thought: "He IS handsome. And so very kind!" A sudden wave of affection for him swept her and her smile as she looked up at him was bright.

On the beach Jonathan lingered in conversation with Captain Kenniwick, though his eyes strayed impatiently to the Silver Bay. Zeb Holly, he thought, should surely send a boat ashore soon. He was reluctant to hail the ship, as they seemed busy enough on board. Glancing back he found Captain Kenniwick raising a hand in greeting to two men approaching them.

The taller was obviously the commander of the Champion—

Jonathan had not made his acquaintance, but the big Newfoundland dog gambolling at his heels was sufficient identification. Lieutenant Helpman's dog was as well known along the coast as Helpman himself, 'twas said. The man with him was also a stranger to Jonathan—one of the settlers, no doubt, as he was obviously no seafarer. Captain Kenniwick welcomed them warmly.

"Thou hast not met Captain Parkes, master of the Silver Bay," he said to Helpman. "Lieutenant Helpman—Captain Parkes. And this is Mr. John Bussell—Captain Parkes."

So this was John Bussell! Jonathan Parkes had expected the founder of the town to be a big man, stalwart in build as befitted the pioneer, but he saw before him a slight, brown-haired man below middle height and simply clad in a grey woollen jacket and trousers. He wore a wide-leaved hat and carried a short ebony cane with an ivory handle. Neither did he fall into the suggested role of patriarch, for Jonathan judged him to be little more than thirty-eight or thirty-nine.

"You are a stranger to the bay, Captain Parkes," John Bussell said. "But your countrymen are regular visitors here. Captain Kenniwick is well known—though his visits are not as frequent as we would wish."

His gentle voice retained the flavor of Oxford, for all his thirteen years of colonising. Jonathan thought: "He sounds more like a parson than a pioneer," and was not far wrong, for John Bussell had forfeited a career in the church to lead his widowed mother and brothers and sisters to the new land.

"It's a mighty pleasant spot you've got here," Jonathan told him. "I've been enjoying a swim here only this morning."

"Summer is even more pleas-

ant," said Bussell, pleased. "You could well follow the example of your countrymen who make it the base of their operations for the season."

"Guess they show better sense than we who go far south and move with the winter breathing down our necks. This is the pleasantest weather I have enjoyed in many months."

"Though I doubt it will last long," interposed Helpman. "Forgive me, gentlemen, if I take my leave. We are ready to sail and I'm expecting my boat ashore any minute."

"I must say farewell to my brothers, too," said John Bussell, indicating two younger men at the landing. "They sail with Lieutenant Helpman for the Swan. I trust Captain Kenniwick will bring you to visit us, Captain Parkes. My wife and I will be pleased to see you at 'Cattle Chosen'."

"They called the place 'Cattle Chosen' because a lost cow of theirs had strayed there and taken up residence before the Bussells," smiled Helpman. "You'll own it a wise beast when you see the place. Well, gentlemen, I will say goodbye—I see my boat is at last coming for me."

The four men stood watching the boat heavily burdened with returning visitors creep out from the Champion's side and start for the shore.

"She is fairly laden," said Helpman with a frown. "A fair sprinkling of ladies, too."

He broke off suddenly at the shout of alarm that went up from the ship and the shore.

So suddenly it happened, there was hardly time to comprehend the cause of it. Zeb Holly was at last sending a boat ashore and, with strong arms at the oars, the whaleboat had shot out from the Silver Bay's side with the speed of an arrow, just as the Champion's boat edged around the whaler's side.

For a split second the on-lookers surveyed the inevitable

To page 71

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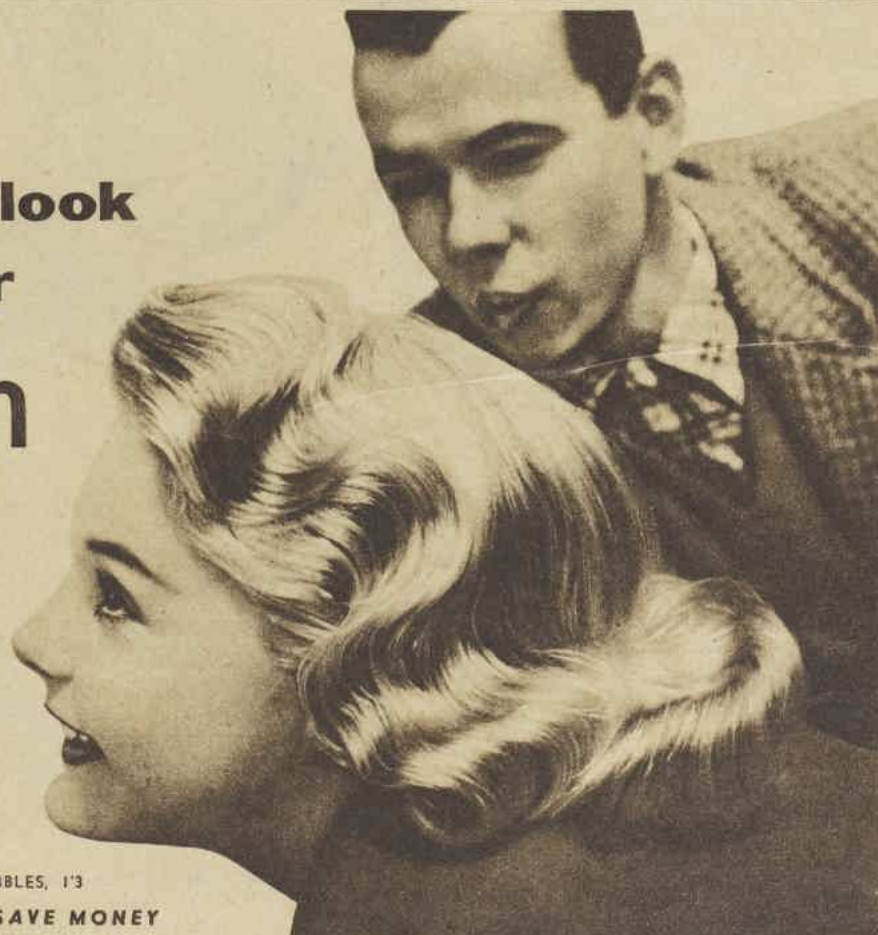
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SAFE GLARE-FREE VISION

collision, then the whaleboat crashed into the ship's boat, which made up with its heavy lead for its lack of size, enough to capsize the whaleboat. The Champion's boat was swamped immediately.

The shouts and screams from the shore echoed thinly on the Champion and from the overturned boats. A man dived overboard from the schooner, while Jonathan, his eyes on the struggling figures in the water, was dragging off his boots. He ran down to the water, tossing his jacket from him as he ran and cursing the resistance of the shallow water until he found himself at length at sufficient depth to swim.

By the time he had reached the spot where the two boats had collided the Champion's boat had disappeared. The man clinging to the whaleboat were struggling to right it, while Zeb Holly, holding an elderly woman in his arms, shouted: "The girl — get the girl!" before he vanished beneath the surface dragged down by his burden's struggles. A dark mass of cloth surfaced for a moment and Jonathan grabbed it. It was a woman's skirt and Jonathan pulled its wearer up so her head was above water. He saw by the trickle of blood that immediately started to run down her cheek that she must have been knocked out when the boats collided.

It was Elizabeth Farnaby. Treading water while he held Elizabeth's limp body in his arms, he looked around to discover Zeb Holly holding on to the now righted whaleboat, having subdued the elderly woman with a smart blow of his palm against her jaw. Another man with black hair dripping water from his forehead was holding up the third woman, and Jonathan saw it was the young surveyor, Mark Gilbert.

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 69

"Where did he spring from?" wondered Jonathan, then realised Mark had been the man who had dived from the deck of the Champion. Jonathan swam to the side of the whaleboat, for the weight of Elizabeth's and his own sodden clothes was beginning to weary him.

"Elizabeth—she is all right?" Jonathan knew that the Christian name had come unconsciously to Mark Gilbert's lips in his anxiety. He shook his head.

"Only stunned, I guess. Brass," he ordered a shivering seaman leaning over the bows of the righted boat, "take the lady."

The bearded sailor dragged

The time to start worrying about a boy is when he leaves the house without slamming the door.

Benjamin Disraeli

Elizabeth clumsily over the side and Jonathan followed.

"Now help the gentleman with the other lady—jump to it, man! Jonathan—give Mr. Holly a hand." Jonathan spoke sharply while he pulled Elizabeth's inert body up and rocked her to and fro until presently the water ran from her mouth. There was a reassuring flicker under the hand he held over her heart, and as Mark Gilbert struggled forward in the boat to kneel beside them she opened her eyes—closing them immediately with a frown of pain.

"You are all right, Elizabeth?—Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mark anxiously. He wanted desperately to take her from the American's arms, but there

seemed to be no reasonable excuse to do so.

"Brass," said Jonathan curtly, "give me your flask of rum."

"Rum, sir?" The visible area behind the heavy black beard turned a dull red.

"You heard me," snapped Jonathan. "I've little doubt from your habits you carry a noggin or two on you—unless you lost it when you went into the water."

"No, sir," said the sailor, and from the inside pocket of his jacket he pulled a battered metal flask.

"Drink this," commanded Jonathan, holding the flask to Elizabeth's lips.

"No, thank you, sir—I'm perfectly all right." She tried to push the flask away, struggling to sit up, but a strong hand tilted her chin while the other brought the flask again to her lips.

"Drink!" said Jonathan. "It will put some heart into you."

For a moment she meditated refusal, and their glances clashed. Elizabeth's eyes were enormous in her white face and her red hair, dark with water now and loosened from its braids, curled wetly on her forehead. Jonathan thought in sudden surprise: "She's beautiful!" But aloud he said sharply: "Hurry, ma'am. There are other ladies needing this beside yourself," and he held the flask so the spirit ran into her mouth.

"Let the others have some," said Jonathan, handing the flask to Mark.

By now they were almost on the shore, and as the boat grated on the sand Jonathan picked up Elizabeth and stepped into the shallow water.

Two steps he took—then something made him look down into the girl's face. Her eyes were open and she was staring at him, her expression unreadable. For a moment he stood stock still: a big, handsome young man with his shirt and trousers clinging wetly to his body, and holding an equally drenched young woman in his arms.

He had read romances in which spirits leapt to each other in a glance and had dismissed it as the love nonsense read by giggling schoolgirls. Women, to Jonathan Parkes, with his big healthy body, were part of the wine, the songs, and the laughter, and the smoke-heavy low-raftered dives a man knew ashore. The dainty, gloved, and bonneted misses, stepping from their carriages and escorted by a zealous governess or mama, were unknown to him.

He had no sisters, and his mother was a being apart—a gentle little body who reigned undisputed in a purely masculine household. But now—Jonathan knew if ever a look had bound two people with invisible chains it was in this moment. Elizabeth's eyes grew startled as awareness dawned for her, too, and involuntarily she laid a hand against his chest as though to push away a presence too strong for her.

"Elizabeth!" said Jonathan Parkes, his voice scarcely more than a whisper; but she heard him, a faint smile touching her lips, although she still stared at him with the look of having seen him for the first time. For a moment he held her closer, then—suddenly aware of his surroundings—shook

To page 72

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 19, 1958

Page 73

KL228

Blow in comfort—
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Blow your head off—
But blow on ...
NILE !



been immediately hustled off to bed by the old servant, Maria. Elizabeth had been only too glad to rest her aching head and to drink the tea the old servant brought her. She shut her eyes while Maria fussed about the room, and eventually, having decided Elizabeth was asleep, the old woman drew the curtains and left the room, tip-toeing heavily.

But Elizabeth was a long way from sleeping, although the movements about the house and the chattering and high laughter of the natives outside became a mere accompaniment for her thoughts like the drowsy humming of the bees in the late wallflowers beneath her window.

This day the gates had swung open on her dreams and through them had walked Jonathan Parkes. She remembered how blue his eyes had been as he looked down at her, and the softening of the grim lines of his young, tanned face as he had whispered her name. Strange that he could bring to her awareness in a look that she had not known with Mark's kisses. And yet she could not remember his name—how had he known hers?

She yawned, stretching her arms in the frilled sleeves of her nightgown, behind her head. It seemed stupid being in bed while the sun still shone, but she felt deliciously drowsy now. Her final waking thoughts were of the American—and she smiled for now she remembered his name. Parkes—Jonathan Parkes. Jonathan—a pleasant name and one much favored in America she believed. Musing on it, she fell asleep.

The bay was deserted. The whalers, graceful as ballet dancers, had spread their sails and vanished one by one over the horizon as at the bidding of an unseen director in the wings. Very early in the morning they sailed while the mist lingered, and the bay was calm and green, with a greener line of bush in the foreground and the faraway range a thumb-smudge of blue.

Only the supply ship *Gro-tious* remained and the bay and little town had a lonely and

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 72

dejected look. For the next few nights there would be no singing and shouting of the sailors, nor squeak of fiddles and twang of guitars across the water. The settlers would go to bed early, with no Americans lounging as comfortably as humanly possible in the stiff horsehair-stuffed chairs, while the daughters of the house played the new popular airs that had been laboriously copied by relatives and sent by the last English mail.

The freshening breeze set the waves dancing in the cool morning and sang quietly to itself in the shrouds of the light-ridden *Silver Bay*. The other whalers were so widely spread that only a few of them showed as a fleck of white sail on the horizon. As the steward poked his head through the scuttle to announce breakfast the smell of freshly brewed coffee came with him and Jonathan sniffed appreciatively.

"I can do with my breakfast," he told Zeb Holly. "To the man at the helm he said: 'Mister Holly and I are taking our breakfast. Keep her steady.'"

"Steady it is, sir!" "Mister Spence! Mister Candace!" "Aye, aye, sir." "Breakfast!"

As always when they hunted the whale—a sort of tension hung over the ship and men—a tension that would only break with the cry: "Thar she blows!" The men were having their breakfast on deck as was their custom when it was fine and calm, and they sat in little groups around the forward hatch talking in low voices while they watched the sea, as though they half expected the whales to overhear them. There was the same sense of expectancy among the four men seated at breakfast in the captain's cabin, where a splash of early morning sunlight broke through the skylight to lie across the canvas tablecloth.

"Well," said Zeb Holly, picking up his bone-handled knife and fork. "I can do with this good lamb. Fresh chops for breakfast over weevilly salt pork and hard tack! But you don't seem to be enjoying your breakfast overmuch this morning, Ob," he said to the second mate. "Can it be the change of diet is too much for you and you hanker for salt pork?"

Obadiah Spence smiled wanly. "The settlers make an uncommonly strong beer," he said. "I feel none too well this morning."

"Better stick to rum, Mister Spence," laughed Jonathan. "Anyway, a good salt breeze and a lively chase are sovereign remedies to clear the head."

The wilting Spence smiled wanly, but the third mate, James Candace, chuckled suddenly and said: "You have not yet been to visit any of the settlers' homes yourself, sir. If I may mention it, several young ladies have shown interest in your activities and those of Mr. Holly."

"What do they know about us?" asked Jonathan in some astonishment.

"I think the news may have spread of your bachelor state," elaborated Candace with a sly grin. "I shouldn't be surprised when we return to port if you find yourself receiving invitations to some social occasion at one of the settlers' houses."

"To the devil with them!" growled Jonathan, annoyed to find himself reddening at the third mate's words. "I fear they will have to sigh for my favors—but while Mister Spence drowns his sorrows at leaving his wife and family in strong drink, you and Mister Holly, no doubt, will be more accommodating."

He laughed boyishly. "I can see you, Zeb, turning the pages for some ringleted miss while she warbles a melancholy ballad. Perhaps you will make it a duet? Or have you for-

sworn social excursions since your unhappy experience at King George's Sound?"

It was Zeb's turn to redden, though he joined in the general laughter. It had been most unfortunate when old Gabriel Hellard had discovered Zeb Holly and his daughter very close together on the drawing-room sofa, where the young lady was listening with modest avidity to the words of love that came with astonishing ease to Zeb despite his Puritan ancestry.

Her father's reaction had been to grab his gun, which, as in all pioneer dwellings, hung handily above the mantelpiece, and Zeb's departure had been as rapid as an open window would allow. It had amused Jonathan hugely when Zeb had appeared on the beach, shouting desperately for a boat to be sent ashore without delay, and the annoyed Mr. Hellard had not hesitated to send a charge of shot whistling around their heads as the whaleboat pulled hastily away from the shore.

Jonathan laughed again at the memory as he looked contentedly about the table. There was an easy atmosphere here, noticeable after the long days of strain that had sat heavily on them farther south.

Jonathan shouted for more coffee, but as he picked up the steaming mug the steward set down beside him there was a shout that came thinly, because it was far above their heads.

"There she blows!" exclaimed Jonathan, echoing the cry from above. He drained his coffee, crashing down the mug on the table, and clattered up the gangway with the other three close behind him.

Already there was a stir above, as the first breeze stirred the trees in advance of a storm, and they were just in time to hear the three look-outs cry "Flukes" in a sort of distorted harmony which signalled the whales had died.

"Ahoy, there!" he hailed the

To page 76

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Authorised by W. R. Colbourne
— Trades Hall, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1958

Page 75

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lookouts. "What fish, and where-away?"

"Sperm—a small pod less than three miles on our star-board bow."

"Back the mains' and heave to!"

Now there were darker patches on the sea's face than the drifting weed, and as the cry again came—"That she blows"—the sun shone for a space on wet black backs.

The whales were closer now—travelling in leisurely play in the direction of the Silver Bay and now, as ever, Jonathan drew his breath deep at sight of their might and majesty.

There were four of them, their spouts a thin tracery of white against the sea. With luck the Silver Bay would have a fish or two alongside when next she sighted the Tub, that lamp in an open barrel which guided the whalers back to their anchorage.

Behind Jonathan there was breathless activity which had a subdued note about it as though the sea and the gulls were spies that could carry a warning to the quarry. While the mates superintended the stowing of gear—the harpoons, the lances, and the line tubs—Jonathan stayed at the bulwarks—and only when Zeb stood at his elbow with the announcement that all was ready did he finally lower his spy-glass.

"All ready? The four boats?"

"Aye, aye—the four boats, Jon," Zeb said mockingly.

Jonathan turned to the sea again, raising his glass. The whale had vanished, but a vaguely stirring patch with a flicker of foam indicated the school was underwater not half a mile from them.

"Tell 'em to lower away."

"Aye, aye!"

Zeb was gone, and as Jonathan turned to follow him he heard him shouting for them to lower the boats. As they swung out over the water the crews waited expectantly. Then as the boats struck the water lightly in showering spray the men went over the sides, scrambling down and taking their places. Jonathan dropped into the stern of his boat, where, as headman, he took the task of steering, while his harpooner,

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 74

Amos Kallin, manned the foremost oar.

"Spread well out," Jonathan ordered. "Keep the boats well spread out. I'll be a sorry man and you sorrier if there be not two fish alongside this night-fall."

They were head on into the wind and the waves slapped vicious hands against the boat as it sliced the water. Jonathan smiled a satisfied little smile, knowing full well his crew needed no urging from him to head the other boats. But as Zeb's boat swept around in a wide arc Jonathan saw him hoist sail to make use of the wind and spurred his own men to fresh effort.

"There she blows—and it's a beauty! Pull, my hearties!" He jumped to his feet excitedly as the great bull rose slowly only a few hundred yards away. "We'll beat 'em to it with luck! Spring to it, men—pull, I say!"

JONATHAN had discarded his jacket, and stood with his cap far back on his head, looming hugely in the boat in his blue flannel shirt, with canvas trousers tucked into the tops of his sea boots. Now the whales had taken fright, suddenly aware of their danger, and the big bull swam furiously, conscious that danger threatened on both sides. Jonathan gave an exultant shout.

"We've beaten them to it—I swear it! Start him, men, start him! A long sure stroke, Kallin!"

They were right on the whale now—as Zeb Holly's boat came like a bird down the wind, Jonathan's boat seemed almost to glance off the whale's hide. It was now . . . now!

"Give it to him, Kallin! Give it to him!"

The husky Cape Cod harpooner dropped his oar, seizing the harpoon from the crotch, and the line hissed as the steel buried itself in the whale. As Jonathan rushed forward to take Kallin's place he saw out of the corner of his eye Jolson,

Zeb's harpooner, drive his steel house. Stung by sudden pain the sperm sounded, leaving behind him the boats tossing in a smother of foam and water, to the thin hiss of the running lines.

Minutes passed, then the whale rose fifty yards away and now it was on the run. It turned seawards, swimming furiously, and the lines ran out smokingly while water was baled on to them to keep them from burning. Now both boats were rowed furiously so that when the lines came to an end the jar would not dislodge the harpoons and swamp the boat. But the whale sounded again, and once more the lines slackened. Jonathan breathed deeply with relief, still closely watching the uneasy waters.

"Now where the devil is he? Keep an eye on the lines, men!"

The sperm rose again with a convulsive heave of the waters on the opposite side of the boat and the linemen had only just time to get the lines free while Zeb and Jonathan shouted their warnings to keep the boats apart. The whale raced away, still towards the open sea.

Another half hour passed with the sperm alternately swimming and sounding, keeping them so busy that there was little chance for the two boats to exchange more than directions to keep clear.

As the waves closed over the whale once more Jonathan became impatient. It was after midday and the bright promise of the morning had gone. They were now a good five miles from the Silver Bay.

"It should be tiring now," he grumbled. "Take it!"

The old bull surfaced again and it was plain his strength had gone. He swam slowly and aimlessly, and now the boats were dogs, snapping at the anguished whale and quick to scurry out of range of each desperate wallowing.

A final flurry in a cauldron of boiling sea and blood, and the sperm turned his fifty-foot

length in one last convulsive heave on his side and died.

Cheers broke harshly from the weary men in the boats, but Jonathan was silent. No matter how often he hunted the whale there was always this moment of sadness mingled with the thrill of victory. Quickly he shook the feeling from him, swinging briskly on to the men.

"Make the lines fast!" he commanded. "We'll get under way as soon as we can fix a tow with Mister Holly's boat. There's weather fast blowing up."

The men were quick to discern the menace in the weather and now they were as anxious as their captain to get back to the comparative safety of the Silver Bay. By the time the whaleboats, with Jonathan's boat in the lead, had taken the dead giant in tow, the wind had turned icy cold, and the sun—now low in the sky—was hidden altogether by the racing cloud.

Silence descended on the boats as the men put all their strength into the steady sweep of the oars. They rowed grimly now, with a cross-current to add to their difficulties. The last half mile to the ship was a fighting nightmare, and they shipped several seas before they came gratefully to the lee of the whaler.

"Grog andchow is what we need," said Jonathan out of the darkness, "but first to make the fish fast!"

As they swung in against the heaving ship, Jonathan clambered lightly up over the side.

"Make the fish fast!" he roared, and the bobbing lanterns went over the side and chains clanked through ports to make the huge carcass fast to the heaving ship.

"You're not staying here, are you?" questioned Zeb Holly, appearing out of the darkness at Jonathan's side.

"Not I!" snorted Jonathan. "Once Spence and Candace are back and make their fish

To page 77

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 19, 1958

Fashion FROCKS

Continuing

The Lonely Shore

from page 76

fast—if they have one—we'll run for the bay like a dog with a can to its tail!"

He looked out into the dark and then down at the men below standing dangerously on the wet and glimmering back of the whale.

"There they are now!" he exclaimed with relief as the dim lantern lights caught the whaleboats creeping in to the ship's side. "A fish, too!"

"Hurry, men, hurry," Jonathan shouted above the wind. But they did not need his bidding. They were racing against the storm and it seemed Spence and Candace had hardly come on deck before the smaller whale was in tow astern and the boats back in the davits.

"Haul in the weather main braces! Spring to it, men!" There was a rush of feet on the heaving deck. "Trim the yards!" There was the thunderclap of filling canvas and the Silver Bay surged forward triumphantly.

"Pass the word to reef tops'ls, Mister Holly!" Jonathan shouted.

"Aye, aye!" As the main yards swung around and the Silver Bay rolled heavily, Zeb fought his way back to Jonathan.

"You are going to lie in by the Naturaliste, are you not, Jon?"

"Yes," replied Jonathan. "I had a mind to run to the Inlet, but I doubt it would be wise. If we'd been earlier, yes—but it's too late. To stand off just inside the Cape will be safest."

Later, as the Silver Bay was edging in to shelter with sails closely reefed, Jonathan stood beside the man at the wheel. It was Brass, the seaman who had given the rum for Elizabeth on the day of the accident, and Jonathan, catching a glimpse of his face in a sudden lightning flash, decided, not for the first time, that the helmsman was an ugly devil.

His overhanging forehead and broken nose were not enhanced by the black beard and piggy, bloodshot eyes. There was something queer and unwholesome about Brass, Jonathan thought. His greasy blue-black hair and gold earrings gave him a barbaric look, and as the man moved at the wheel there was a glint of light on the belt that was apparently his most prized possession. Certainly it was a handsome piece of work. Three inches or so in width with short sections of silver-studded leather linked to one another with twisted silver snakes with ruby eyes, it looked incongruous on Brass' thick waist.

Jonathan had not favored Brass from the first, but, apart from his heavy drinking ashore, he seemed a competent enough seaman and could be relied upon at the helm.

"I'm not sorry shelter is at hand," said Jonathan, adding jestingly: "I fear your friends ashore will await you for a few days, though. I doubt whether we'll get in sooner."

The man gave something that was closer to a twisted grimace than a smile, and his brow was as black as thunder.

"He seems disappointed," thought Jonathan. "Though I doubt it's a female he hankers after so much as the settlers' home-brewed grog."

It had started to rain—a thin, sleeting rain that hurt the eyes—and the thunder rolled angrily and continuously above the roar of the wind. In the shiver of lightning they saw another sail flit closely beside them through the veils of rain.

"We have company, Brass! Looks mighty like the New London."

"The Montezuma," Jonathan's mouth tightened.

To page 79

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 19, 1958

Page 77



Good things come in glass

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pleasure. All good things come in glass — keep fresh and pure in glass — taste better from glass to glass. Top quality products with nothing to hide, reveal their goodness through the translucent walls of a frosty glass bottle. Insist on glass containers for your soft drinks. Buy only what you see, and buy the best!

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He had not missed the omission of "sir," nor the tone in which Brass spoke. In the next lightning flash he peered closely at the ship and said firmly: "As I thought—the New London! She's seen us and is sheering off!"

Brass and his insolence stayed in Jonathan's mind. He would be glad to get rid of the man in many ways. There had been trouble at King George's Sound, he remembered, and it had been necessary to go ashore and bring Brass back to the ship. He had been raving drunk at the time, wanting to fight everyone—and had tried to draw a knife. Certainly the other men seemed to treat him with caution—probably with the knife in mind. Certainly he seemed to be without friends among the crew.

Jonathan would have been more uneasy if he had known that the former owner of Brass' measured belt lay at the bottom of the East River—a knife between the ribs of the skeleton long ago picked clean by the fishes. But the next hour or two gave Jonathan plenty to think of besides Brass, and he was grateful when they at last lay in the sheltering arm of the Cape, with the sea moderate enough to allow the Silver Bay to ride fairly easily.

Clad in his heavy jacket and sou'-wester, Jonathan stood on the bucking deck amid the roar of wind and rain, the crash of thunder and the rivers of lightning which seemed to fall from the sky as part of the rain filled him with a sort of exultation.

And with the sense of exultation came the memory of Elizabeth Farnsby, and he found himself wishing that she were beside him to enjoy the grandeur of the scene, with the good rain from heaven beating on her lovely face. He had a feeling she would delight in it as much as he—and he found himself remembering again how fair she had been to look on, even when he held her in his arms half-drowned from the sea.

"Elizabeth," he said softly,

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

[from page 77]

and the name ran easily over his lips. Elizabeth—stranger, yet again, no stranger, as she herself had recognised. "Elizabeth!" He said the name louder this time, and wished the salt-laden gale that flicked the name from his lips could carry it to her ears.

The helmsman's inquiring look brought Jonathan abruptly to his senses.

"I said she rides easier!" he shouted loudly and untruthfully, and turned to stamp down below in a sudden fury with himself. "What's come over you, Jonathan Parkes?"

he thought angrily. Women and whaling did not go together—only the women that went with the wine of a roistering night ashore. That was as it should be—and a sweet draught it was, even if the dregs be bitter. But to moon over some girl like a sick calf—he was still angry when later he was able to clamber wearily into his bunk to snatch a little sleep.

But, nevertheless, Elizabeth Farnsby came and stood beside him in his dreams.

FOR two days the gale continued and several times while the Silver Bay tossed on the swell, a naked thing with closely furled sails, Jonathan wondered whether he would have shown more wisdom by running out to sea. It could easily prove unpleasant if the gale turned to the north. But his fears proved groundless and on the third day they looked on a sky that was blue again, with only powder puffs of cloud and the long weed-wreaths on the still dirty sea to remind them of the storm. Gladly they hoisted sail and crept back to their old anchorage.

The Silver Bay had not been alone in its travail. Half the fleet had remained with her, while the others had taken the alternative course of riding outside. Later in the day these other whalers began to come into their anchorage, with last

of all a disconsolate Ladybird, trailing a broken wing in the shape of a lost mainmast. The Montezuma, Camellia, and the New London, as well as the Silver Bay, had whales alongside, and as the day progressed the carpets of blubber rose to the mastheads as the crews cut into the rubbery blubber with their sharp spades—sharp as any razor and as dangerous—as they strove to keep their footing on the slippery carcass rising and falling on the swell.

The rest of the week passed busily—the blubber finally being taken ashore to the giant hearth where the big iron tripots stood in line, bubbling and roaring, as boatload after boatload of blubber was emptied in to them. Then, with the oil casks full and stowed in the hold, the Silver Bay put to sea again. On that day Zeb Holly came down into the cabin looking annoyed.

"Brass is not on board!" he said.

Jonathan swore irritably. He had had little time to keep an eye on the seamen as he had intended to, and now he cursed himself for his omission.

"Some of the men went ashore today—Brass with them—to visit the store. When they returned he was missing—the fools can't remember when they last sighted him. Of course, they waited until we sailed before thinking to report the matter."

"Drunk again, I suppose," said Jonathan angrily. "Though how he would have money enough to get properly tipsy I don't know—there have been no advances made to him."

"Perhaps the settlers have him. They are desperate for labor."

Captain Douglas' warning that it was easy to lose a valued cooper, blacksmith, or carpenter to the labor-hungry settlers had also crossed Jonathan's mind, but he dismissed the thought. Brass was none of these things.

"Brass is no skilled tradesman—I doubt that his appearance would recommend him."

"What about the natives?"

"Pretty harmless from all accounts—unless he interfered with them. Anyway—there's nothing we can do now. We'll be in again in a couple of days and if he's not waiting on the beach then we'll launch inquiries and make a search if need be."

The Silver Bay was out nearly a week before they secured a fish, and it was the threat of bad weather that brought them in again. It was now the beginning of June and from now on it would be a game of pitch and toss between the whalers and the weather before they sailed northwards to the sun and to top off the holds before commencing the homeward voyage.

Coming ashore with Zeb Holly, Jonathan dropped in at Chapman's store and launched inquiries regarding the missing Brass. Jamie Chapman, a tall man with a limp, came out from behind his barrels of flour, dusting his hands on his canvas apron reflectively.

"I did see such a man about four days ago," he said thoughtfully. "I remember he came in demanding tobacco, and I must say he appeared very tipsy. He waxed exceedingly indignant when I told him he couldn't have any without paying for it, and I had to call one of my brothers to persuade him to leave the shop. An ugly devil if you don't mind my saying so."

"I do not," said Jonathan briefly. "You are sure you haven't seen him since?"

Chapman shook his head. "It is not a face easy to forget. Also he wore a most unusual belt I could not but help admire. Leather with entwined silver snakes." Jonathan nodded and the storekeeper continued.

"I would suggest your best course would be to see Captain Molloy, the Resident, or

To page 87

Model of the Year takes plunge!



Judith Godley, "Artist's Model of the Year", says:—"After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. I find it most refreshing and invigorating."

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

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Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

"Tired" Blood? Low Vitality? Here's New Life!

How minerally rich Bidomak Tonic helps you eat well, sleep well, feel well, quickly.



Now happy, healthy again

"Two months ago," writes Mr. L.B.A., "my wife had a complete nervous breakdown and the worry of this placed me in almost the same state of ill health. I spent pounds and pounds to no avail. I tried Bidomak and after one month my wife and I are now both in splendid health."

Mr. C.H.C. writes: "After having flu I lost 20 lbs. in weight, was run down and could not do my daily duty. After taking Bidomak I feel the best I have for years, and recommend it to anyone suffering from nerve trouble."

Mr. E. says: "I have seven in the family to do for, and I got run down in general health and was unable to do my work. I have been taking Bidomak for one month only and feel quite wonderful. I enjoy life, thanks to this wonderful tonic."

Run down? Weary and depressed? Feel "no good" for work or play? Beware of that generally worn out feeling. It's an almost certain sign of mineral starvation—a warning that your system lacks important life-giving, revitalising minerals it needs to rebuild new energy, better appetite, resistance to illness and renewed zest for living.

These blood nourishing, body building mineral elements are concentrated in the famous tonic—Bidomak—which has brought radiant health to thousands of run-down men, nervy women and cranky children.

Bidomak—"the Tonic of the Century"—contains in balanced, easily assimilable form Ferrum, Calcium, Phosphates and Glycerophosphates that feed starved nerve cells and bloodstream, bone and tissue. It tones up the whole system safely, surely and quickly—without drugs. It helps you eat well, sleep well, feel well. Its benefits are guaranteed.

Don't let mineral starvation keep you below par—always feeling sick-and-sorry for yourself. Start on a course of energising Bidomak Phosphated Mineral Tonic now. You will feel a new person in just a few days.

Sold and recommended by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Pleasant to take—safe for children. Large economy size bottle, 7/-

Mr. R.P.W. writes: "After a month in hospital as a test cure, I felt very depressed and weak and tired, and was unable to sleep. After I had taken the first bottle of Bidomak I felt a different man and now feel well and happy."

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Heinz-Ade
INSTANT SOFT DRINK MIX

A PIN-UP OF PERKINS

● Anthony Perkins, ambitious young man with the relaxed look who's rocketed to the top of the American film scene, will be in Australia next year.

HE will play Peter Holmes, the Australian naval officer, in the film version of Nevil Shute's novel "On The Beach."

With plenty of brains tucked beneath his dark brown hair, Tony Perkins, former student of Columbia University, is a 25-year-old, six feet tall, 160lb. bachelor.

Perkins was "discovered" as a real actor should be — not by merely looking handsome in a drugstore but on the Broadway stage, where he played opposite Deborah Kerr in "Tea and Sympathy" when John Kerr relinquished the part.

Son of a famous American actor, Osgood Perkins, and a cultured, Boston-born mother, Tony was only five when his father died.

As a small, pyjama-clad boy, Anthony peered through the dining-room door at home to see such theatricals as Katharine Cornell and the Lunts visiting his parents.

He says he "was hardly out of rompers when Mother began taking me to Sardi's Restaurant"—a famous New York gathering place for actors.

After leaving school, Tony studied for a while, then hitch-hiked to Hollywood. He got a bit part in "The Actress," which starred Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy, but Hollywood remained cool, so he returned to New York—and "Tea and Sympathy."

Then an offer from producer-director William Wyler took him back to play Gary Cooper's son in "Friendly Persuasion."

That did it. Anxious movie-makers scrambled for his services, and he got starring roles in "The Lonely Man," "Fear Strikes Out," and "The Tin Star."

Tony went to Rome and Thailand for scenes in "This Angry Age." He will co-star with Sophia Loren in "Desire Under the Elms," and with actress Shirley Booth in "The Matchmaker."

Though Hollywood has banked more than £7,000,000 on his career, Perkins is still an individualist, determined to perfect his acting.

He is a wealthy young man, but his tastes aren't expensive. His apartment on Sunset Boulevard has a rather spartan appearance — no luxury furnishings, but shelves lined with books, particularly those of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe.

Tony collects long-playing records, likes tennis, riding, and swimming, lounging about in old clothes and bulky sweaters. There's no talk of romance yet.

According to Perkins, his ideal girl would be about 24, attractive, intelligent, a good cook, and socially mixed. He doesn't want to marry an actress.

He says: "I'd prefer somebody who isn't in this business and doesn't know anything about it. I want to run my own career." And that's one thing he's running well.

Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1958





NEW NYLONS?

No, worn and Lux-washed
every day for five weeks

HERE'S WHY the makers of Holeproof say

**"Wash nylons in LUX
because it's so safe!"**

Fashion's new "leggie" look calls for sheer, sheer nylons, smooth and un snagged. Big stocking bills? Not a bit of it. It's five whole weeks since the girls in the picture bought their nylons. It's Lux that keeps them so lovely.

Stockings last longer with Lux care. As the makers of Holeproof nylons say: "Never risk bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods with nylons. Always use safe, gentle Lux. A Lux dip after every wearing removes harmful perspiration . . . restores elasticity . . . keeps nylons lovelier far longer."

Treasure all your pretty things with Lux. A nightly swish through creamy Lux suds keeps all the things you wash soft and fresh and lovely.

*Lux is pure and gentle — as kind to your hands
as it is to your clothes.*



LUX IS SO SAFE . . . YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS

Fierce TV competition hard on viewers

● Australian television was tremendously vigorous and lively and its technical quality was excellent, Mr. John McMillan, an executive of a British commercial TV station, said recently.

MR. McMILLAN, on a business visit to Australia, said the picture was excellent and the sound "the best I've ever heard anywhere."

He was more reticent about our programmes, and described them as "generally good considering the resources of the country."

Mr. McMillan was franker speaking as a viewer. He said he was maddened and dismayed as a viewer to find that our TV stations showed similar programmes in direct opposition with one another.

He instanced as a glaring case of this the Saturday night Western battle for top ratings when Sydney's Channel 9 shows "Cheyenne," Channel 7 "Maverick," and Channel 2 "Wells Fargo."

"Competition such as this between three good shows simply means that sooner or later one or perhaps two of these programmes are knocked out."

Mr. McMillan's own phrase that he used to describe Australian TV — "vigorous and lively" — is an excellent description of him.

He is 43, and is an Australian who has lived in England for 24 years. In that time he has acquired an unmistakable English accent, but has retained an un-English sun-burnt look and an easy, informal manner.

He has also married and acquired four children, two girls and two boys, "ranging from 17 down to three," and become one of the top executives of Associated Rediffusion.

His recent visit was his first since he left here at 19.

Australia lives up to his memories and more, and Australians astonish and delight him with their friendliness.

"Everyone goes out of his way to help you — everyone from executives, taxi-drivers to shop assistants."

He named Sydney as the friendliest city he's ever been in.

I was fascinated with the title of the company, Associated Rediffusion Ltd., for which Mr. McMillan is Controller of Programmes.

Mr. McMillan assured me that it is only the name of a



JOHN McMILLAN, Controller of Programmes of Associated Rediffusion Ltd., a British commercial TV station, talks with the chief executive of Sydney's Channel 9, Mr. Ken Hall.

television station and invited me to call it "AR" for short.

"AR" is part of ITV, Britain's Independent Television service. Mr. McMillan explained to me that Australians should substitute the word "commercial" for "independent" and added that the British find "independent" less common than "commercial."

AR also creates and produces its own programmes and sells them abroad. One programme of theirs that was very popular with Australians was "Boyd, Q.C.," which recently ran for its 13-week

sequence on Channel 2 in Sydney and Melbourne.

While he is in Australia Mr. McMillan will make arrangements with an Australian TV station to film the Australian part of a new series of 30-minute TV shows designed to show the families of the British Commonwealth how their counterparts overseas live.

The first one will be called "What Do You Get to Eat?" In it you will meet families, who will talk in their own homes about what they get to eat, what it costs, what they like to eat (if expense didn't matter), and what kids like.

The series will not be a cold, statistical documentary, but a story full of the warmth of family thought.

"AR thinks it's very important that such a series should be done in terms that the or-

inary person can readily understand," Mr. McMillan said.

"AR's attitude is that anyone running a TV station has some part of the general responsibility of keeping the British Commonwealth of Nations together."

"Most of our programmes are, of course, pure entertainment, but about one-fifth of them are aimed at something more — something without guns barking."

"Another of the series will be called 'Where Do You Live?' In this one we hope to open up the whole question of Australia's housing shortage."

"There'll only be one stipulation made to the TV company who makes the Australian part of these programmes," he said. "As we are subsidising the programme heavily, we would insist that the local company show it at a not insignificant time."

AR has a lot of Australian girls working as secretaries. "They are wonderful to have about the place," Mr. McMillan said, "they're good workers and their direction is a real tonic."

"They speak up in a pleasant way and really add something to the place where they work."

Mr. McMillan says the best asset an Australian girl on a working holiday abroad can have is proficiency in shorthand and typing.

"If she has this, a girl can generally get a good job. If she has not she should save money."

Mr. McMillan named singer Lorraine Desmond as the outstanding success among Australian girls on English TV.

"She is a good example of someone who has worked hard and whose success has not gone to her head," he said. "She is not temperamental — there's no place for temperament on TV — she is still learning; at present she's taking dancing and elocution lessons."

"She's a great success in variety shows on both AR and the B.B.C."

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

sequence on Channel 2 in Sydney and Melbourne.

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"AR thinks it's very important that such a series should be done in terms that the or-



"We charge the same prices as the cinema."

ANNIE OAKLEY



ANNIE OAKLEY (Gail Davis), unlike the Annie of the song, gets her man with a gun regularly every Monday at 5.00 p.m. on Sydney's Channel 9 in the popular TV show "Annie Oakley." But Annie, a mighty fancy shooter, only immobilises her victims until the Sheriff takes over. She doesn't go in for the shooting-to-kill technique of the adult Western. Annie generally appears in blue jeans and shirt, with her blond hair in pigtails, but, above, she's

wearing her walking-out dress with fringes. According to mood, she wears with it either a plain mink or a mink-and-gold-kid holster. Her wardrobe also includes 90 rhinestone-studded hair-ribbons. Annie in real life is 28, 5ft. 2in., weighs 6st. 11lb., measures 34, 23, 34in., takes size 4B shoes. Western star Gene Autry calls her "the perfect Western actress because she has freshness, femininity, and dignity." An expert with pistol, rifle, and horse, she never uses a stand-in.

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In just 15 minutes, a complete wave!

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15 CURLS FOR ONLY 5/6

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This is the
gentlest soap
you'll ever use

Coronet IS BLENDED FROM EXPENSIVE BEAUTY OILS —
DELICATELY PERFUMED WITH FINEST FRENCH LAVENDER.

CORONET IS A NEW EXPERIENCE IN GENTLENESS FOR YOUR SKIN. You can actually feel Coronet smooth your skin while you wash. Coronet gives you a silkier, smoother, younger-looking skin because it is truly mild — blended from rare and expensive beauty oils. See Coronet bring your loveliness to light. Take a cake of Coronet from its gleaming foil wrapper. Feel its ivory smoothness. Smell its exquisite French lavender fragrance. Now feel the silky touch of Coronet lather on your skin. Isn't this the gentlest soap you've ever used? Look your loveliest with Coronet.

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FILM PREVIEW

MARDI GRAS



... on leave in New Orleans during carnival week, four military cadets have a ball.

THE STORY

SHOT in De Luxe color on location in New Orleans and at a Virginia military academy, Fox's "Mardi Gras" is Gary Crosby's debut film.

Of the cadet quartet, Pat Boone is the serious-minded descendant of a military family, Gary Crosby a born go-getter with a flair for publicity, Tommy Sands an easy-going Texan, and Richard Sargent a wary Northerner.

French actress Christine Carere is the famous movie-star the boys meet during the carnival week, and Sherree North plays the role of her press-agent.



While Christine is dancing with Cadet Sands at the Academy prom, most of her thoughts are with his pal Pat Boone.



TIRED of her role of Queen of the Mardi Gras, Christine slips out of her hotel dons a mask, and is swept up in the merrymaking

THEIR PART in engineering the fake engagement of Boone and Christine begins to cause cadets Crosby and Sargent considerable worry

★ ★ PROUD REBEL

M.G.M. period Western, with Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland, David Ladd. In Technicolor. St. James, Sydney.

IN humanising the much-abused West and employing first-rate art directors and cameramen, films such as this are doing a lot to win new friends.

As has been so noticeable this year, the chapped cattle-men of the old Hollywood back-lots are giving way to the sheepman-farmer, photographed in carefully selected, true locations.

The real-life father-and-son team of Ladd and Ladd are two Southerners wandering an unfriendly post-Civil War North in search of a doctor to cure young David's loss of speech.

An outstanding portrayal comes from de Havilland as the frankly middle-aged, unmarried farm-owner who comes to the aid of the wandering Ladds.

As the boy shocked into vocal hysterical paralysis by his mother's death at the hands of Yankee troops, 11-year-old David makes a promising screen debut.

Though he has shed a good deal of surplus weight, Ladd, as the widowed father, comes a poor second to the combined talents of de Havilland, David, Dean Jagger (a mean neighbor), and a notably intelligent and handsome sheepdog named King.

In a word . . . **APPEALING.**

★ THE NAKED TRUTH

Rank Organisation comedy, with Terry-Thomas, Peter Sellers, Peggy Mount, Dennis Price. Embassy, Sydney.

A FAIR share of laughs are supplied by this unsophisticated comedy about a smooth Londoner (Price) who runs a magazine of the "Confidential" type, blackmailing the intended subjects of its stories.

Those invited to pay up, or be exposed, are a man-about-town Earl (Terry-Thomas), a much-feted woman author (Peggy Mount — playing a role that cries for Margaret Rutherford), and a smarmy TV star (Sellers).



DEERSTALKING DIRECTOR. Wearing something really snazzy in the way of directional headgear, Sidney Lumet confers with Tab Hunter before he does a scene with Sophia Loren in "That Kind of Woman."

New Film Releases

Most of the noisy and un-subtle fun comes when, individual plans to do in the blackmailer having failed, the victims band together with a master plan to outwit him.

Adopting a number of disguises, Sellers proves his extreme versatility. But it is the crude and heavyweight Peggy Mount, as the author, who bulldozes her way to the lion's share of the laughs.

In a word . . . **CHEERFUL.**

★ THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO

Columbia drama, with Heather Sears, Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi. Lyceum, Sydney.

MOST interesting thing about the screen version (that never goes far beneath the surface) of Nicholas Monsarrat's melodramatic novel is the performance of Heather Sears, the young English actress who is feminine star of "The Siege," now being made in Sydney.

Her moving performance as the girl shocked into blindness, deafness, and dumbness by a childhood accident won her the award of British best actress of the year.

In playing the wealthy American woman who helps Heather overcome her disabilities, Crawford makes a valiant effort but never quite succeeds in breaking out of the old - style Hollywood - star mould, whose legend she has helped create.

Brazzi plays Joan's newly reconciled husband, who exploits her success with Heather for his own and his friends' financial gain.

As practised in his own way as Crawford, Brazzi suffers from the same inability to identify himself freshly with a new screen character.

Australian Ron Randell, looking considerably the worse for wear, is one of Brazzi's go-getting friends.

Matching Heather's refreshing sincerity is Lee Patterson as the decent young newspaper reporter who loves her.

In a word: **NOVELETTISH.**

★ DESIRE UNDER THE EILMS

Paramount drama, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, Burl Ives. In Vista-Vision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S unpleasant play about unpleasant people with no moral sense will appeal only to a very limited film audience.

Sophia Loren, as the young third wife of an old farmer, Burl Ives, presents him with a child fathered by Anthony Perkins, his youngest of three sons by two former wives. She then smotheres the baby in a vain effort to win back Perkins' love.

Emotional scene follows emotional scene, occasionally relieved by almost hillbilly humor supplied by the two elder brothers, Frank Overton and Pernell Roberts.

The three stars almost succeed in making the audience believe in the unbelievable characters and Burl Ives manages to arouse real compassion as the hard old man who loves his land to the exclusion of his family.



POSIES from two little compatriots welcome Finnish Taina Elg on her arrival in England to star with Kenneth More in the Rank remake of "The 39 Steps." Taina plays the old Greer Garson role.



CONSTANT Hollywood twosome over the past few months have been Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac, a former husband of Ginger Rogers. They were photographed at a gala premiere.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

Unfortunately, good acting isn't enough when the situations are so overdrawn and the emotions have to be so overplayed.

In a word: **NASTY.**

Movie news

"I FEEL that I have grown tremendously as an actor and that I am on my way to some very important things," said Fernando Lamas. Recently he turned down an offer to star with Brigitte Bardot, and explained that he had some money saved and felt that life was too short to rush into work when he didn't like "the material."

IT has taken Carolyn Jones a full five years to get around to starring with Frank Sinatra. It was all set for her to test for the "From Here To Eternity" role that won Donna Reed an Oscar when Carolyn went into hospital with pneumonia. Now, five years after, she has been named to star with Sinatra in "All My Tomorrows."

Natalie Wood starring in "MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR"

a Warner Brothers film in WarnerColor



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 19, 1958

Mr. John Bussell. They would know of any untoward happenings in the district and would have received any reports of lawlessness on the part of your man.

"Where do I find the Resident?" asked Jonathan.

"Follow the river for a mile and a half—his residence is right on the bank," Chapman paused and then said: "Can you ride?"

"But indifferently," Jonathan said. "Then borrow the old bay mare we have here in the yard," offered Chapman. "She's quiet enough, and it would save you a weary walk."

"Why thank you, sir!" said Jonathan. He and Zeb followed the storekeeper to the back of the shop, where an elderly mare hung over the fence, nickered softly when she saw Chapman. The storekeeper laughed.

"She's spoilt," he said. "She expects a handful of sugar lumps every time she sees me."

Finally astride the bay, Jonathan thanked Chapman again for his kindness, said a cheerful farewell to Zeb, and rode down the sandy main street to the track along the river.

At first he passed a few thatched cottages built of the inevitable wattle and daub, but soon the bush closed in and tall red gums mingled with the willow-like peppermints. Paper barks crouched over the water like brooding ghosts, strands of bark hanging from them raggedly, while between them jacksonias showered a golden rain of flowers.

The vivid blue-plumaged rooks with their red bills stalked silently through the reeds, while night herons sat in their trees as staid as elderly clubmen. Every few hundred

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 79

yards wild ducks would rise on iridescent wings, and once a small kangaroo hopped across his path, crashing away in fright. To the American absorbed by a landscape very different from any he had known before, it seemed no time before he broke through the trees and "Fairlawn," the Molloy home, lay before him. As Jonathan dismounted, fastening the reins to the stout hitching-post in front of the thatched-roof dwelling, dogs began to bark and several natives peered around the house, only to vanish as he approached.

He knocked at the door, and a few moments later there was a patter of bare feet inside, and a young native girl opened the door.

"I wish to see Captain Molloy," he said.

The girl glanced sideways, looking doubtful.

"He talk with Mowen?" she said nervously.

"Who is it, Katy?" asked a gentle voice. A fair-haired woman appeared, and from her elegant appearance, despite her plain and mended blue-print gown, Jonathan concluded she must be the Resident's wife.

"I wish to speak to the Resident, ma'am," he said politely.

"I think that might be possible," she smiled. "What name shall I tell him?"

"Jonathan Parkes, master of the Silver Bay, ma'am," Jonathan told her. "I am seeking information that may lead to the recovery of a missing man from my ship."

"Wait a moment, Captain Parkes, and I shall tell him."

She disappeared, to return a few moments later and hold the door wide open for him.

"Come with me, Captain Parkes. My husband will be pleased to see you."

Jonathan found himself in a low-ceilinged room, elegantly furnished, although the windows had but panes of calico in place of glass. Half expecting to see some native chief with Captain Molloy, he was surprised to find John Bus-

sell standing before him with a welcoming smile.

"I have already met Captain Parkes," he said. "We still await a visit from you, sir, to our home, as you promised."

"I have had but little time to spare, so far," confessed Jonathan, shaking hands. "But I hope to remedy the omission."

He turned to the Resident to explain the reason for his visit, and was a little surprised at



sell instead and concluded he was the "Mowen" to whom the native girl referred.

Both men rose, and Captain Molloy came forward to greet him.

"How d'ye do, Captain Parkes. We're no strangers. I think—I interviewed you but recently on your ship. I do not think you have made the acquaintance of Captain Parkes, m'dear," he said to his wife.

Mrs. Molloy smiled in acknowledgment of the introduction, but as the Resident turned to John Bussell he stretched out

the grave expression on his listener's face.

"You say the man is partial to liquor?" Captain Molloy interrupted him.

"To put it somewhat mildly," confessed Jonathan.

"You are sure, sir, that the man may not have been dissatisfied and deserted?"

"He had no reason I know of. What are you getting at, sir?"

There was a worried frown between "Handsome Jack" Molloy's heavy brows, and there was again a quick interchange

of glances between himself and John Bussell before he spoke.

"The truth is, sir—though we are disposed to keep it as secret as possible—a report was brought yesterday that no less than twenty-two casks of wine had been washed up in the river estuary, evidently from some wreck—we suspect the Devonshire or Transit. I rode out immediately with Mr. Bussell to lay claim to the salvage in the name of His Excellency the Governor, but on reaching the spot we found three of the casks had vanished."

"We can only conclude they have been stolen—but whether by some of the less reputable workmen, or by deserting sailors, or by the natives we cannot tell. I have placed an armed guard on the remaining casks—but I do not have to tell you, sir, how serious it might be in the hands of the natives, especially as their habit is to gorge on whatever offers until it is finished. There could be equally unpleasant consequences if the casks are in the possessions of lawless seamen—such as your man, Brass."

"The natives are still troublesome?" asked Jonathan.

The Resident shrugged.

"Civilisation rests but lightly on them as yet. Beyond stealing household goods and spearing a few horses and cattle they have been at peace this year, but it is only as recently as last year that they speared one of the settlers—Mr. Layman—to death."

"They find it hard to understand that we do not consider all food sources common property as it is in the tribe. Therefore they fail to see why they should not hunt our horses and cattle as we do the kangaroo—we must seem a niggardly lot to

To page 90



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA have discovered a remote Indian village which is menaced by a being known to the natives as "Thunder-god." This spirit has actually been seen by one of the tribesmen. The young man trespassed in a sacred place

called the Mesa, bringing the wrath of the god upon himself, with a warning to the other tribesmen to keep away. Mandrake, curious to know just what is taking place, sets out for the Mesa, but the Indians, fearing reprisals, attack his car, forcing him to halt. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

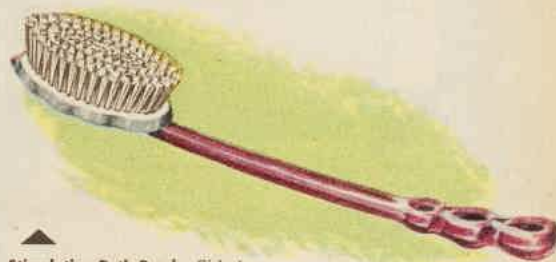


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them," said John Bussell with a touch of sadness in his smile. "But now, Captain Parkes, about your man Brass—"

"Yes, indeed," said Captain Molloy. "I think Mr. Bussell will agree that the best possible course would be for you to send out a search party for the missing man. When, and if, you find him it might well be that you will do us a service and locate the missing casks as well."

"It would be a good plan," agreed Bussell. "Captain Molloy and I were in the process of discussing a search party of local settlers and soldiers when you came."

"If you and your men could stick close to the coast—a wise precaution as they are unfamiliar with the country—my party could then be free to search farther inland," proposed the Resident. "Can you do that, sir?"

"Gladly," said Jonathan, his mind flicking over likely members for the party. "I could supply a dozen men, sir."

"Good!" "I shall go back to the ship and get my men out immediately," said Jonathan, getting to his feet.

"I cannot impress on you too strongly," Captain Molloy told him in parting, "that your men refrain from using firearms except under the most dire necessity should they encounter any opposition from the natives."

"Not if they be in peril of their lives!"

"Only in dire necessity," repeated Molloy firmly. "Our Governor, Mr. Hutt—backed by the Colonial Government—is so zealous for the protection of the natives that I sometimes think they are rated more highly than the colonist and his property."

"But I am not answerable to the British Government," retorted Jonathan, "and should my men be in danger—"

"But I, unfortunately, am answerable to His Excellency not only for the welfare of the natives but the conduct of the whitemen as well," interposed

Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 87

Molloy dryly. "You will do me a service, Captain Parkes, by regarding my request."

"Very well," Jonathan said rather stiffly.

All afternoon Jonathan and his party combed the coastline, but there was no trace of Brass or the missing casks. A little after four in the afternoon it started to drizzle, and as the rain threatened to become heavier Jonathan—who was still riding Chapman's mare—ordered the men back to the ship.

They obeyed with alacrity, having little taste for a search

creasing to a steady downpour. He would be soaked to the skin at this rate and it was worth waiting in shelter to see whether the shower would ease off.

A big peppermint with a massive trunk loomed up close to him, and dismounting he led the mare to the shelter it offered. He stood there in the deepening darkness, with the bush about him gloomy and mysterious. A chorus of frogs, rejoicing in the wet, held jubilee all about him, and he could

holding the reins tightly, while he felt for his pistol with his free hand. He brought it up from his belt by the barrel, holding it like a club, as he strained his eyes to see into the darkness before him. It might be a native, armed with one of their vicious glass-tipped spears. It might be the missing Brass—or perhaps only some timid bush animal. But now the silence was about him again, with only the drumming rain, the frog song, and the far-away yapping of a dingo.

Now his eyes were becoming used to the dark, and Jonathan thought he could discern a darker patch against the tree, and that it moved slightly as he watched it.

"Who is there?" he asked sharply.

There was no reply, but now he was sure there was movement, and that whoever it was there in the darkness was trying to edge unnoticed around the trunk of the tree.

The mare was quiet now, and gently he loosened the hold of his right hand on the reins and moved forward rapidly, throwing a powerful arm about where he judged the throat of the stranger to be. There was a choked scream, and he cursed fiercely as teeth bit deeply into his hand.

A woman—and not without fight in her! Loosening his grip slightly, he slid his arm down her body and pulled her sharply against him, with her arms imprisoned by her sides, so that she was powerless to move.

"And now, my lovely," he said grimly, "perhaps you may be persuaded to tell me who you are and what the devil you're doing here!"

He peered close into the pale glimmer of face before him and then gave a startled exclamation. It was Elizabeth Farnaby.

To be continued



through dusk and rain, with the wet scrub lashing their faces and soaking their clothes as they pushed their way through it.

Leaving Zeb Holly to go directly back to the ship with the party, Jonathan set out for the town to return the mare to Chapman.

He felt irritable and dejected, for he had had high hopes of locating Brass and being able to present the Resident with his missing wine into the bargain. Also it was close to night and the rain was in-

well imagine the first colonists' fears that they were surrounded by savage and dangerous animals hearing the haunting frog-song, punctuated by the deep grunts of the old man bullfrogs.

The night seemed full of the drumming rain, and he led the mare closer to the tree for more complete shelter. It was then he sensed, rather than heard, the stealthy movement beside him—and at the same moment the mare sheered away, snorting her terror.

Jonathan stood stock still,

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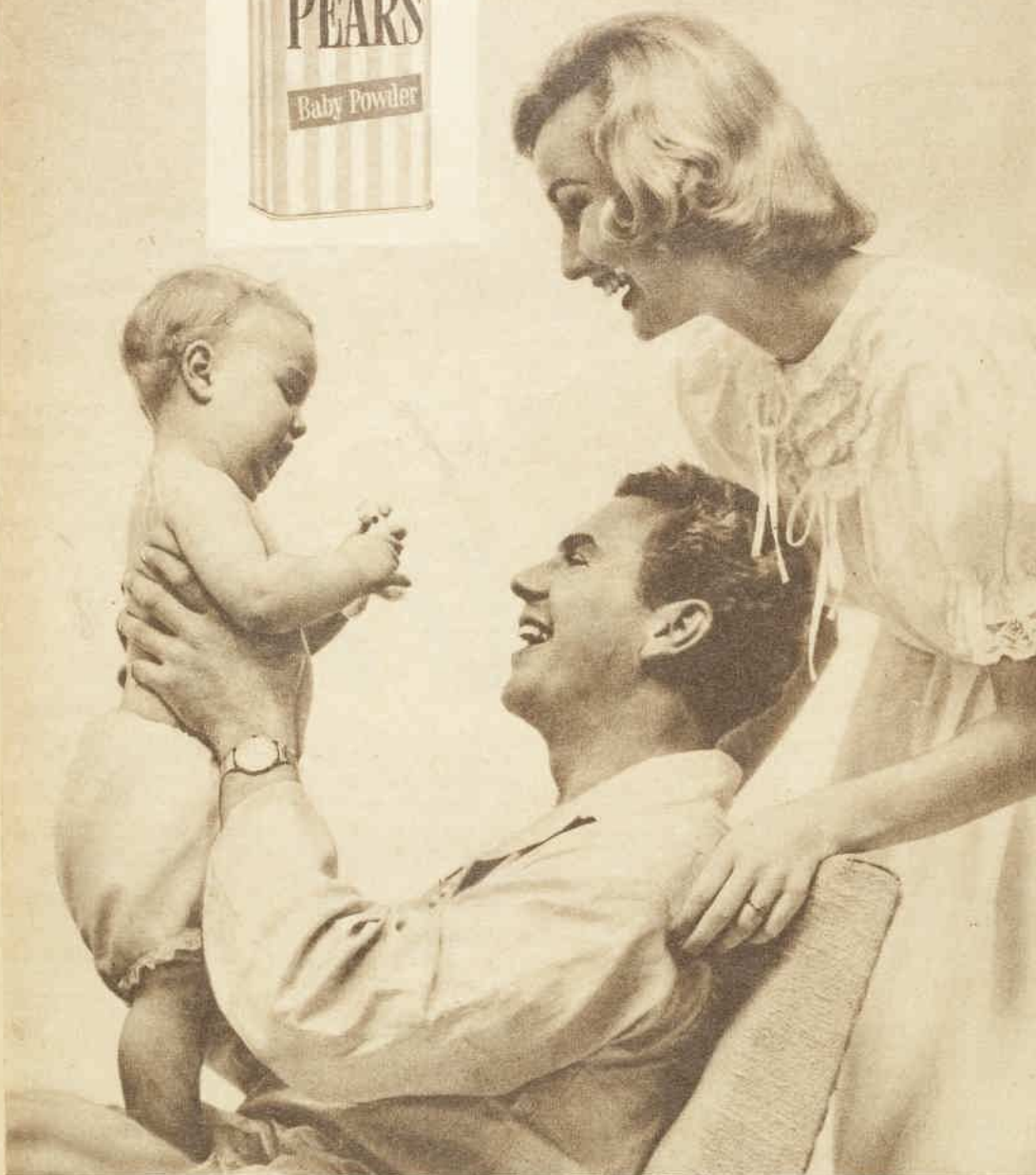
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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning November 17



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, navy.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in good management.

★ Do you really make the most of what you have? Many people who are far from beautiful make a charming impression. Others appear well dressed on a slender income. Some homes are pleasant, hospitable, although a little shabby. What you can create by careful planning can give you poise. This may be tested soon. You win only if you try.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, rose.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a venture shared.

★ Entertain workmates, committee members, bosses, keep in touch with those whose interests parallel yours. You may shop for children or a housebound elderly friend. Watch far, mistakes in goods or accounts. It may be desirable to let the man in your life think he is running things, but it will be up to you to keep things functioning smoothly.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in playing safe.

★ You could easily find you've been chasing an impossible goal. Limit your objective to what you know you can do. Don't let go of one job until you are certain of a better one. Don't arouse jealousy in your best beloved or you will find yourself discarded. Showing off will cost you friends, popularity. Be willing to listen, go along with the crowd.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
★ Luck in popularity.

★ Friendships through groups or individuals become suddenly important; they open doors to new interests, activities. Be a winner when invited, accept your share of the work along with the fun. Return hospitality, but don't be left paying all the bills. You may attend a wedding or celebration. Any occasion with dancing could mark a turning point.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in a hunch.

★ If a parent, a teenager may need advice but be too shy to ask for it. If a homemaker, you may be faced with a problem regarding a neighbor or a too-frequent visitor who arrives at inconvenient hours. If you hold a job you may struggle between the claims of your work and your home. Let intuition guide but not rule, your head.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, green.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in know-how.

★ If you can do something better than most people you'll be called upon to use your skill. Whether it's managing people, making a cake, running up a costume for a special occasion, being treasurer of a community effort, you're the one they'll ask, and you can't refuse. There will be plenty of work involved. Your beloved may feel he is playing second fiddle.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in practical affairs.

★ It's down to earth for you; you'll demand value for every penny you spend. No amount of sentiment is likely to sway you. You turn a deaf ear to requests for a loan and you grow impatient with those who are content to muddle through. You surprise with your business ability and may stop the man in your life from an unsound undertaking.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in love.

★ Your sign cannot live without love. The Scorpion loves with both heart and head, is capable of extraordinary sacrifices where loved ones are concerned. If a teenager, first love blossoms. If older, you meet or become engaged to your life partner. If married, harmonious relationships add to the joy of living. Others work for their children's happiness.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, pastels.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in solitude.

★ Mental processes may function too fast for your own good; walk, drive, speak with care to avoid dangers arising from absent-mindedness. You need to be able to work out details of your plans and aims. If spirits are sagging and aimless, turn to new equipment for hobbies, the home or wardrobe. Love affairs are in the day-dreaming stage.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a new pastime.

★ A hobby is essential to everyone. All need escape from daily routine. Whether you choose sport or arts and crafts you can enrich your life. You may join a sketching class or raise prize-winning flowers, but the rewards will be far beyond the time you give. Should the one you love share your interest, it will provide a life. Many improve skill.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 23-FEBRUARY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in prestige.

★ What you say and do may set the pattern for your group. If you use your influence wisely, you are bound to increase. Be in arrangements for special occasions, such as a community welfare drive, money-raising stunts, or functions marking the beginning or ending of a season's activity. If you shirk responsibilities you will lose face.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 23-MARCH 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck across distance.

★ A letter may change the direction of your interests. You may be visited by an old friend with a proposition or a traveler returning from a long journey. Here is a new factor which may lead you to explore new scenes, change your place of residence or your circle of friends. Temporary moves may be only temporary but you are facing a crossroads.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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F3448

F3685.—Small girl's pinafore-dress. The blouse is not included with the pattern. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires ¾ to 1 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/9.

F4097.—Prettily sashed one-piece is designed for the 2 to 8 year age group. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4728.—One-piece dress styled with an attractive portrait neckline and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5075

F5075.—Slender-line dress designed with a softly bloused bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5087

F3685

F4097

F4728

F5087.—Chic two-piece jumper-suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 837.—BLOUSE AND SHORTS
Junior size blouse and shorts are obtainable cut out ready to make. The blouse is in printed herringbone; the shorts in headcloth trimmed with the shirt material. The color choice includes herringbone in red, white, and aqua; blue, lemon, and white; pink, green, and white; blue, red, and white; headcloth in white, lilac, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 5 to 8 years, blouse 15/3, shorts 12/3; 7 to 8 years, blouse 15/3, shorts 12/3; 9 to 10 years, blouse 16/6, shorts 13/3; 11 to 12 years, blouse 17/9, shorts 14/3. Postage and registration 1/6 for each garment.

No. 832.—DUCHESS SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 11 x 17in., small mats, 8 x 8in. Price 7/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 830.—SUNDRESS AND MATCHING BOLERO
One-piece dress and matching bolero are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton ruffin. The color choice includes pink, grey, and lilac; grey, pale grey, and turquoise; and aqua, grey, and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/6; 36 and 38in. bust 52/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

837

No. 840.—SUMMER MATERNITY JACKET AND SKIRT
Practical maternity ensemble is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice include woven gingham for the jacket in red and white, blue and white, lilac and white, and green and white; and Dacryn for the skirt in junior navy, navy-blue, dark grey, and black. Sizes: Jacket, 32 and 34in. bust 22/3; 36 and 38in. bust 24/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Skirt, 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 29/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

838

839

840

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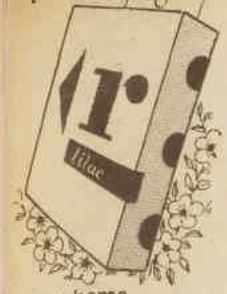
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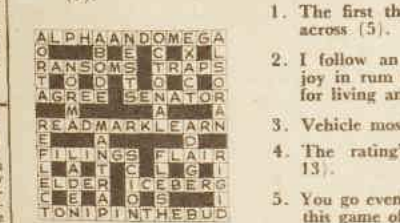
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 19, 1958

TEENA by Linda Terry

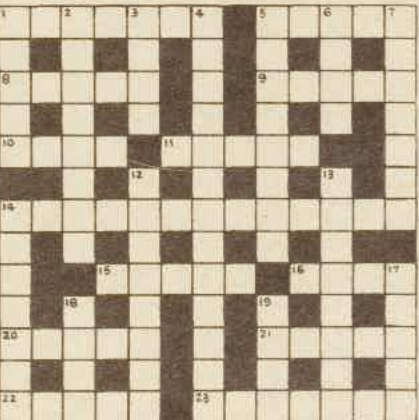


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Beginners who must be faultless (7).
 - Test as to a statement (5).
 - Five hundred above a place famous for its white cliffs (5).
 - Wreckage at the bottom of the sea with a high Turkish officer in it (5).
 - Fibre to spin in a long story (4).
 - Wild ox is surrounded by French good (5).
 - For married couples or for a two-in-hand (6, 7).
 - Rage noticeable in a Bavarian German (5).
 - Indiscretion committed with lips (4).
 - Sepal for decay (5).
 - Set or a stock laid up (5).
 - Telephone calls, probably on your fingers (5).
 - By the sound of it they must sell 144 (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN**
- The first three letters of 5 across (5).
 - I follow an exclamation of joy in rum to make a park for living animals (8).
 - Vehicle mostly skill (4).
 - The rating's gin (Anagr., 13).
 - You go evenly if you run on this game of cards (3, 5).
 - Man of wisdom produced once in ages (4).
 - Inhabitants of New England, U.S.A. (7).
 - Defames falsely (8).
 - This praise is certainly not rare (4, 4).
 - Worker who has a faculty of great penetration (7).
 - Iron newspapers and periodicals (5).
 - Bookie in a whirl (4).
 - European capital city (4).

5 DAYS . . .



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JJ10/10.2

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next
time

you
"change"
Baby...

change
to

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BABY
POWDER**



**HERE'S WHY! STOPS CHAFING
SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKIN • RESISTS MOISTURE**

These are good reasons why Nyal Baby Powder brings so much comfort and contentment to your baby. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. Nyal Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer... helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

Nyal Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

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